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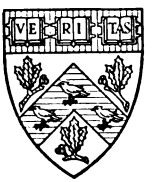

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UNITY

HYMNS AND CHORALS

FOR

THE CONGREGATION AND THE HOME.

EDITED BY

W. C. GANNETT, J. V. BLAKE, F. L. HOSMER.

CHICAGO:
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PREFACE.

THE HYMNS.

We have tried to give in our little hymn-book two hundred and fifty hymns likely to be loved by congregations whose simple feeling in religious service is that of children seeking the Father. Most of the recent hymn-books for church-use contain nearly a thousand hymns, one-fourth of which probably receives three-fourths of the actual use. The limitation to the small number makes possible so low a price that even young or small societies can afford a full supply of the books: and without the full supply,—a book, at least, to every two persons,—"congregational singing" can hardly be successful. So many of these hymns will be found fresh to all collections that we hope our little work may do some service, also, as a cheap *supplement* to older books too dear and useful to be given up.

Some hymns in the collection (like 47) may be thought too tender, too delicate, too private, for use in the miscellaneous congregation: then let us sing those at home,—the book is "for the Congregation and the *Home;*" but we like to think of the Sunday hour as an hour of "family-worship." Some (like 31) may be thought beautiful in themselves, but not to flow easily to music: we think so, too, but forgive that fault in each case for the special beauty's sake,—in no case having passed the line, we trust, of practicable use. Some (like 188) may be called "songs" rather than "hymns"; or (like 55) may, perhaps, be thought to "preach" or to "teach" rather than to "sing" at all: we half assent, but claim that one function of a congregational hymn is to sink great thoughts from the mind into the heart. One of our tests has, therefore, been the *sermon-test*,—does a hymn echo grandly to some frequent and impressive sermon-thought? For a similar reason we offer a "Creed" (228) to be sung, believing that song may carry convictions deeper and farther than the catechism.

Many of the hymns will be found altered from the originals; in most cases slightly, in but a word or line; yet not a few are largely altered. If the alteration, whether made by previous collectors or by ourselves, amounts to more than two or three words, the author's name is printed *in italics* to indicate the fact,—save where we have his permission for the change. If freedom to change hymns in this way be questioned, we can but beg, "Allow it, friendly author, for the widened service which your heart's song thereby secures. Rejoice that you have sung a song in which, *with* alteration, you can help other hearts to rise toward God." To all friends, known and unknown, consulted or unconsulted, from whom we have ventured thus to borrow work, we give warm thanks.

THE HYMN-TUNES.

The tunes to which we recommend the hymns to be sung are designated in italics on the title-lines of the hymns, and the page of the tune is added. We suggest these settings, not to forestall the taste of others, but to help congregations without choir-leaders, and choirs when obliged to sing with little time to make their own selections. The cut page enables a few noble tunes to serve conveniently many hymns, and secures to every hymn the range of all the music in the book to find its best adaptations. The principles followed in the selection of the music have been (1) to have, within our narrow limits, as many as possible of the old, familiar, dear tunes, and these the best of them: (2) to give new and special tunes for the hymns which require them either by metre or sentiment; and to have these new tunes simple, grand, worthy to last, and easy for congregational use: (3) to suggest two settings as alternates when both seem appropriate, especially using the new music in this way so as to help it to become familiar.

This new music is new only to us, either as not familiar, or as now offered for the first time in a collection of English psalmody. But it is, for the most part, very old,

and is entirely from German, Latin or English sources. We think it includes noble chorals which will be welcomed and loved. If the proportion of new tunes seem large, this was necessitated by the somewhat peculiar character of the collection of hymns; but we hope that few of the greatest and dearest of the old tunes will be missed.

In the new music the harmony has required much attention, and for this we are under great obligation to the kind, skilful and learned aid of Prof. Rich. J. Wilmot of Quincy, Ills.

CHORALS AND ANTHEMS FOR THE CONGREGATION.

One chief hope with us has been to offer aid in enriching the somewhat bare form of the usual congregational worship in churches not liturgical. For this purpose a few elements of choral and responsive service will be found at the end of the book, which may be combined variously according to the customs, feelings or circumstances of a congregation. The three following forms may serve as suggestions:

(1)	(2)	(3)
1. Organ Voluntary.	1. Organ Voluntary.	1. Organ Voluntary.
2. Old Hundred, or other Choral.	2. Choral by Congregation.	2. Choral, or Choral Responses, by Congregation.
3. Prayer.	3. Psalm, or Responsive Service.	3. Hymn.
4. Trisagion, or other Choral, or Anthem.	4. Hymn.	4. Prayer, closing with "Our Father" chanted by Choir.
5. Reading.	5. Prayer, followed by Organ.	5. Readings.
6. Anthem by Choir.	6. Readings.	6. Hymn or Choral by Congregation.
7. Hymn.	7. Anthem by Choir, or Hymn.	7. Sermon.
8. Sermon.	8. Sermon.	8. Anthem by Choir.
9. Hymn.	9. Hymn, closing with choral strain.	9. Hymn.
10. Benediction.	10. Benediction, with choral Amen.	10. Benediction,-choral Amen.

Of course, our congregations need *training* in the use of such choral elements; and success is not the work of a Sunday or a month. Within a year it may be hoped for, if the people are in earnest; and an increasing love for the service will be the almost sure encouragement. Five things will help greatly toward this result: (1) A Choir, at first to teach, and afterwards to lead and guide, the congregation,—a Choir inspired with the feeling that no anthem they can sing will so enrich the service, will be so glorious a deed for them, as Choir, to do, as the waking of a people's voices to utter nobly their own worship. (2) An interested Organist, sensitive enough to know that each verse in a hymn may need its own interpretation on the organ. (3) A number of heartily interested singers in the congregation. All depend on these; the others are to *catch* from them, and hide themselves, at first, in them. The older children, here, can greatly help. (4) A few conscientious rehearsals by such singers with the Choir. (5) A family-feeling pervading the congregation,—which itself is likely to be deepened by singing thus together in Sunday worship.

There should be no haste to attain variety in the use of these choral parts. Only repetition will secure good singing from a congregation. Let the hymns give the variety, and the choral strains give, rather, the uniformity equally desirable. Simple, noble music alone can bear the test, but such grows dear with association; and the dearest parts of a religious service are usually those around which associations have begun to cluster. We venture specially to urge the congregational *beginning* of the service,—the very first sound, after the organ-prelude, being the voice of the people praising God together. And the aim should be for the people to recognise by the *organ-touch*, without other announcement, which one out of the several selections is to be sung by them. Thus, too, at the other choral moments of the service. Let the first three months' experiment be with a single strain or two, perhaps "Old Hundred," till it becomes familiar: then gradually add others. By the year's end a rich and flexible service will probably be within the power of the congregation,—a new joy, because a new beauty, for the Sunday.

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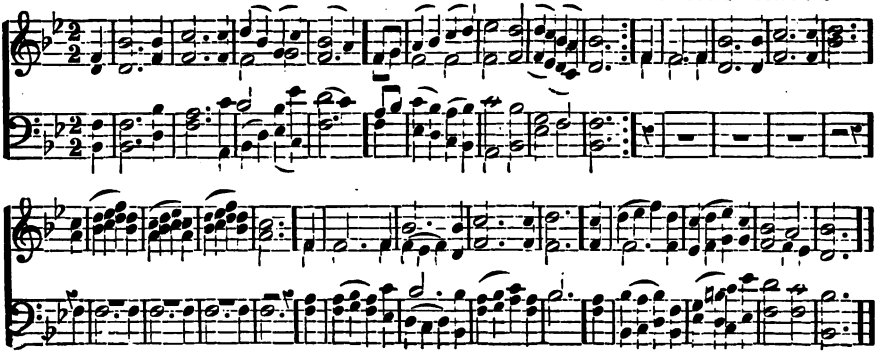
CREATION. L. M. 8 lines.

HAYDN'S "Creation."



ASPIRATION.

1. **The soul.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the soul,—mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. FURNESS.

2. **Seeking.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

F. P. APPLETON.

3. **Nearer to thee.** *Bethany*. 56.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

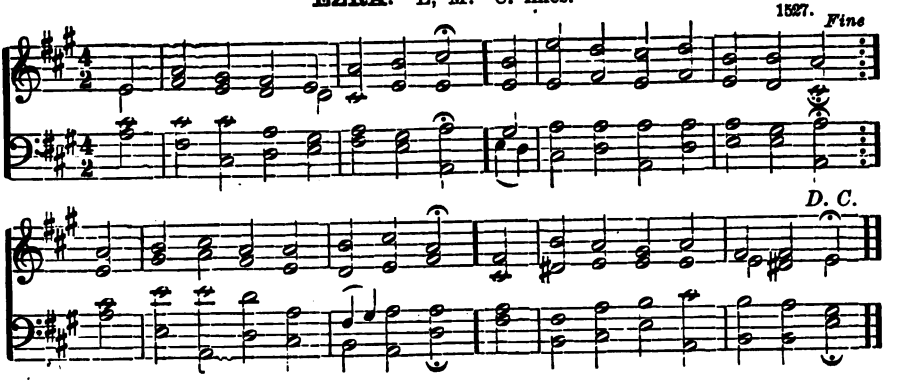
Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.



4. **Rise, my soul.** *Amsterdam*, 52.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

R. SEAGRAVE.

5. **Seeking.** *Milton*, 15.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way:
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

G. TERSTEEGEN.—*Tr.* J. WESLEY.

6. **For a holy mind.** *Naomi*, 28. *Marlow*, 27.

Father in heaven! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.

Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown:
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

And do thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

W. H. FURNESS.

7. **Conscious of weakness.** *Whittier*, 62.

Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name;
That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

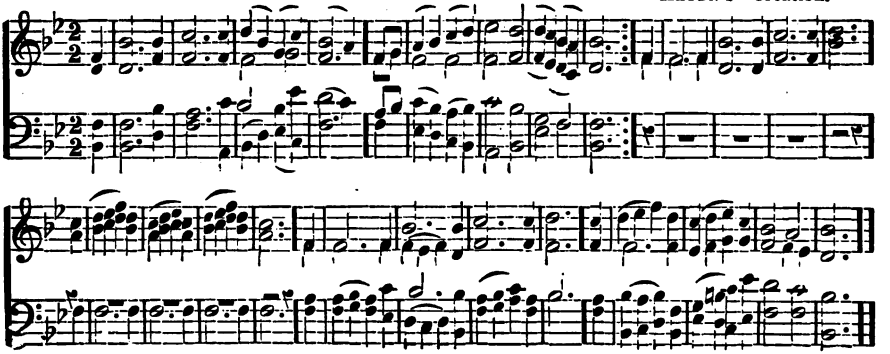
J. F. CLARKE.

8. **For inspiration.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

CREATION. L. M. 8 lines.

HAYDN'S "Creation."



Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well! forever spring."

S. LONGFELLOW.

9. Liberty. *Boylston*, 32.

O, COME and dwell in me,
Spirit of Power within!
And bring thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of Health, remove!
Spirit of perfect Holiness!
Spirit of perfect Love!

That blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,—
O, write it in my heart!

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

WESLEYAN.

10. Strength, love, light. *Italian*, 57.

O THOU almighty Will!
Faint are thy children till
Thou come with power:
Strength of our good intents,
In our frail hour Defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour!

O thou most tender Love!
Deep in our spirits move:
Tarry, dear Guest!
Quench thou our passion's fire,
Raise thou each low desire,
Deeds of brave love inspire,
Quickener and Rest!

O Light serene and still!
Come and our spirits fill,
Bring in the day:
Guide of our feeble sight,
Star of our darkest night,
Shine on the path of right,
Show us thy way!

Tr. from King Robert of France.

11. Morning within. *Italian*, 57.

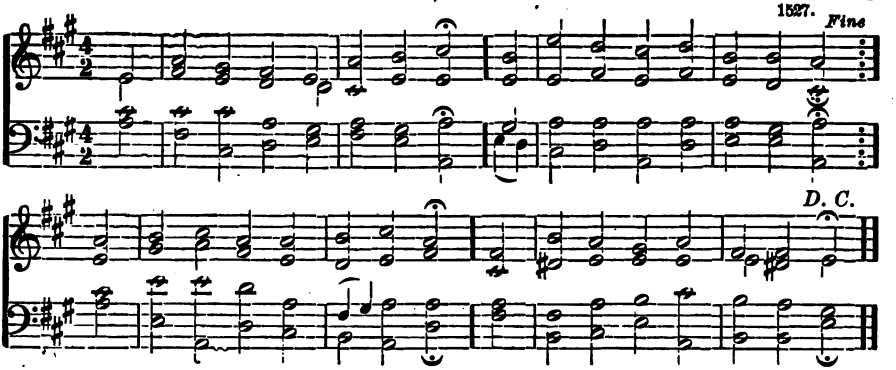
FATHER of world and soul,
Changeless while ages roll,
Boundless in grace!
Who, with thy strength and rest,
Quickenest and quietest,
Now in each yearning breast
Unveil thy face!

Word, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all Nature still
Life, light and bloom!
Now, with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with thy heavenly day
Our souls illume!

C. T. BROOKS.

12. Calling. *Nicæa*, 67.

FATHER, thou art calling, calling to us plainly;
To the spirit comes thy loving message evermore:



Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

In the whirling tempest and the storm thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the after-glow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow, thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low:
Enter, O our Father! truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go.

In thee living, moving, unto thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill the soul,
Father, we adore thee, asking naught nor fearing;
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

J. V. BLAKE.

13. **Listening.** *Old 132*, 29.

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars!
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

O, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?

Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory;
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say: "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way!"

W. C. GANNETT.

14. **Indwelling.** *Autumn*, 43.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

C. WESLEY.

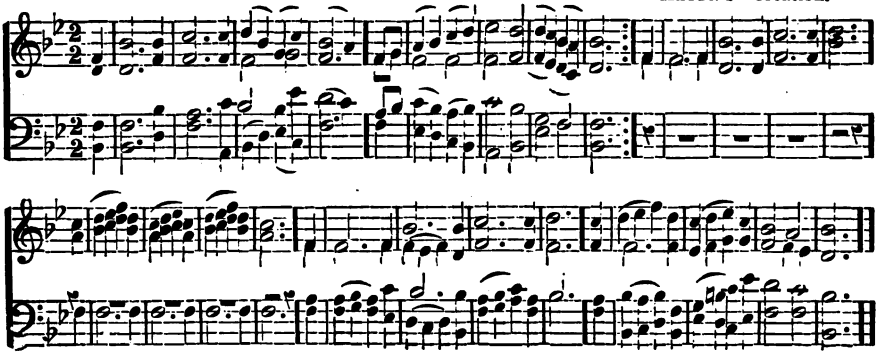
15. **Visited.** *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Sweetest Joy the soul can know,
Fairest Light was ever shed,
Who alike in joy and woe,
Leavest none unvisited!

Spirit of the Highest God,
Who upholdest everything,
Thou from whom my life has flowed,
To my life thy gladness bring!

CREATION. L. M. 8 lines.

HAYDN'S "Creation."



For the noblest guest thou art
That a soul e'er sought or won:
Have I wished thee to my heart,
Then my wishing all is done.

TR. *from* P. GERHARDT.

16. **Salutation.** *Greenville*, 46.

PEACE be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart herein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace, to worldly minds unknown,
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace! be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessed freedom come;
Come, with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought!
Come, with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!

C. Wesley.

17. **For joy and peace.** *Autumn*, 43.

HOLY Spirit, Source of Gladness!
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life, and shed thy light:
Send us thine illumination;
Banish all our soul's annoy;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Joy!

Let the Peace, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled Peace!

Tr. from P. Gerhardt.

18. **Greeting.** *Creation*, 8. *Ezra*, 9.

O LIFE that makest all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again:
From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new!

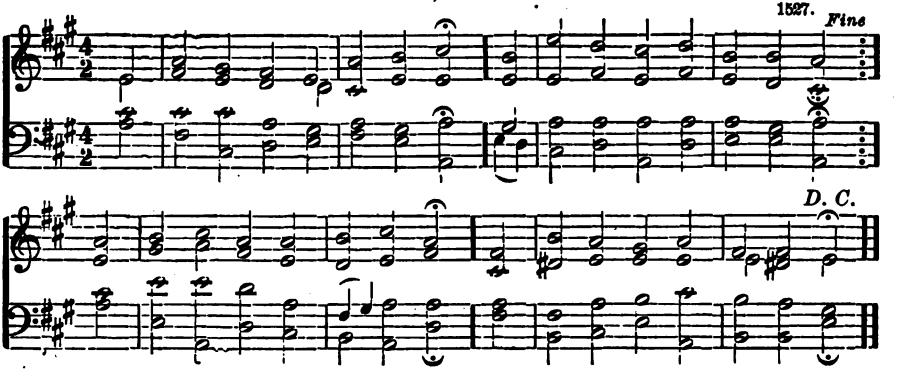
S. LONGFELLOW.

19. **Unity.** *Channing*, 58. (*Repeat first two lines.*)

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day!
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow Truth, and so be one with thee!

J. W. CHADWICK.



20. **For truth and love.** *Hebron*, 13. *Mann*, 14.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That Truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That Love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

21. **A day of rest.** *Federal St.*, 10. *Mann*, 14.

O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine;
But each unholy wish departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

O Father, God below, above!
Our silent thoughts are praising thee;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

Emily Taylor.

22. **The temple.** *Autumn*, 43.

God is in his holy temple:
  Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
  And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,
  When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
  Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple,—
  In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
  In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
  Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
  Lord, be temples worthy thee.

ANON.

23. **The pure in heart.** *Boylston*, 32.

Blest are the pure in heart,
  For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
  Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
  He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
  Chooseth the pure in heart.

J. KEBLE.

24. **The still, small voice.** *Amsterdam*, 52.

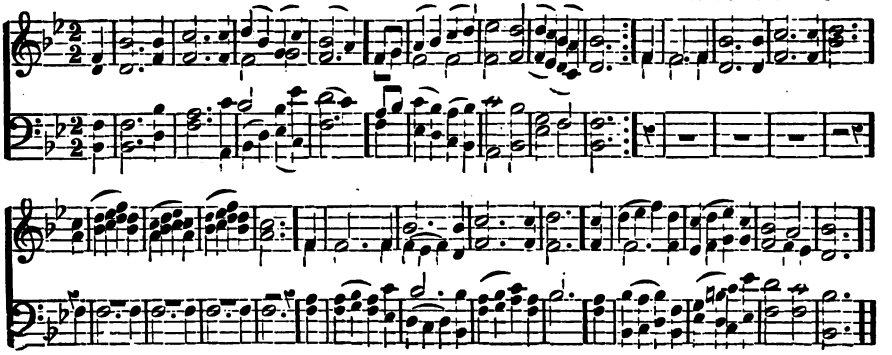
Open, Lord, my inward ear,
  And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
  The comfort of thy voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,—
Still and silent is the sound,
  The whisper, of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
  And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
  I wait with humble awe:
Silent I am now and still,
Would not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
  The secret of thy love.

C. WESLEY.

CREATION. L. M. 8 lines.

HAYDN'S "Creation."



25. **Before thee.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Noyes*, 38.

Lo! we stand before thee now,
And our silent, inward vow
Thou dost hear, in that profound
Where is neither voice nor sound.

Not by any outward sign
Dost thou show thy will divine;
Deep within thy voice doth cry
And our quickened souls reply.

Thou dost hear, and thou wilt bless
With thy strength and tenderness:
Lo! we come to do thy will;
With thy life our spirits fill.

J. W. CHADWICK.

26. **Heart-speech.** *Mornington*, 34.

HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to thee this day;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

Thy words are true to me;
Let mine to thee be true,
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of striving for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to thee.

True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief:
Lord, I believe,—O, hear my cry,
Help thou mine unbelief!

H. BONAR.

27. **Benediction.** *Sicily*, 48. *Vesper*, 50.

FATHER, give thy benediction;
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

S. LONGFELLOW.

28. **At parting.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Nuremburg*, 39.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

When we move at duty's call,
He is with us by the way;
He is ever with us all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong;
Hallow every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

J. NEWTON.

29. **Part in peace.** *Sicily*, 48. *Benneson*, 44.

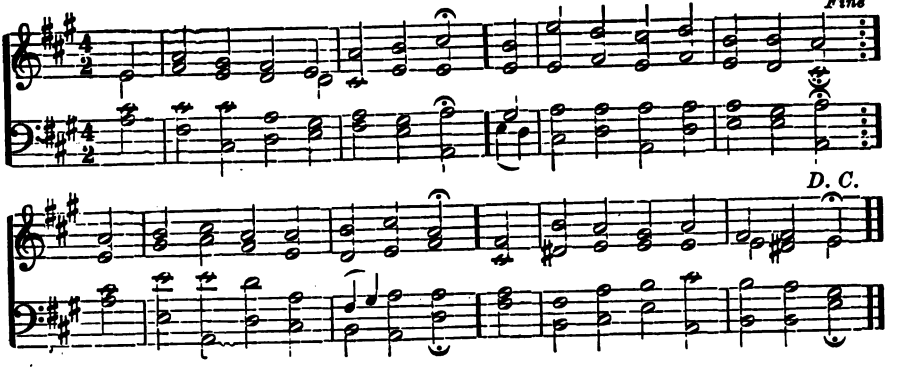
PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to our dead.

Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

EZRA. L, M. 8. lines. 1527.



30. **Let us go.** *Laban*, 33. *Mornington*, 34.

Come, brothers, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And be the way or bright or dark,
He journeys at our side.

Come, brothers, let us go!
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards us round about.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, when they fall;
In love and peace and quiet go:
God's blessing keep us all!

Tr. from G. Tersteegen.

31. **To be alive!** *Melton*, 59.

We wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, "How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Lo! all around us his bright servants stand:
And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hands!

And our lives may in glory move along;
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see,—the very air
We breathe, self-shaped into a natural song.

And ever towards new heights we still may strive,—
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

H. S. Sutton.

32. **Still with thee.** *Whittier*, 62. *Pilgrims*, 61.

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

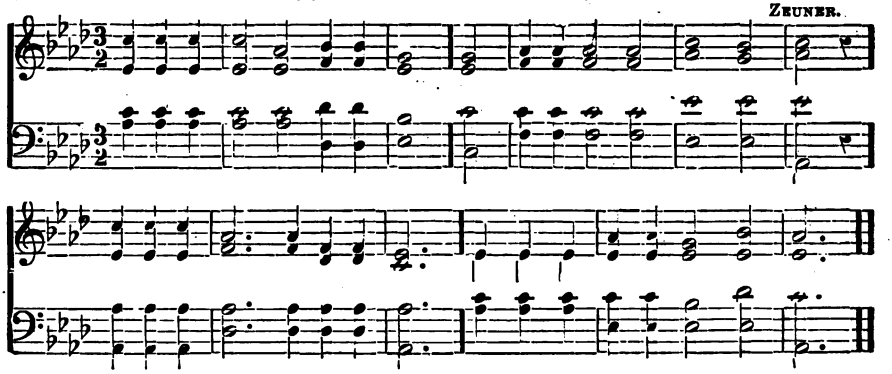
So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought,—I am with thee!

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

33. **In the morning.** *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day:
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

ZEUNER.



Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God! from tears;
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from harm defend.

W. H. FURNESS.

34. **Another day.** *Hebron*, 13. *Mann*, 14.

O GOD! I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to thee;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn.

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare;
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

MRS. C. A. MASON.

35. **To-day.** *Dundee*, 22. *Hummel*, 23.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
To-day, for love's sweet sake.

New hopes to open in the sun;
New efforts worth the will;
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day,—

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Shall be with thee for guide,
Then blest be every happy hour,
That keeps me at thy side.

From Chambers' Journal.

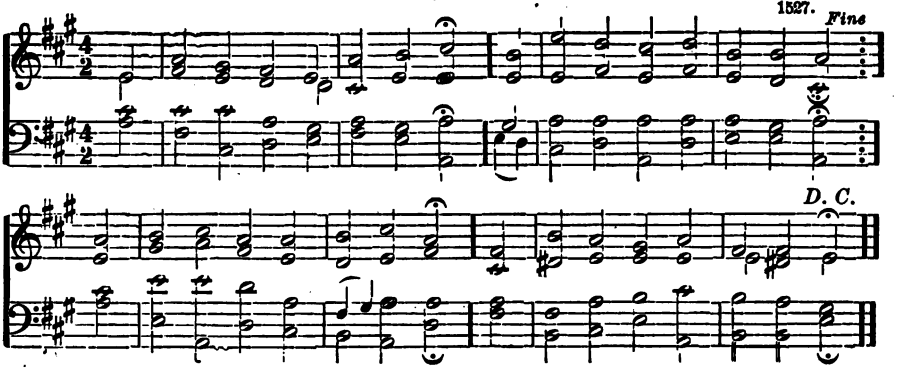
36. **From day to day.** *Paul*, 70.

FATHER supreme! Thou high and holy One!
To thee we bow;
Now, when the burden of the day is gone,
Devoutly, now.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.

Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.



From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good thou art;
Hallowed forever be thy holy name
In every heart!

ANON.

37. **At even-tide.** *Simeon*, 30.

O SHADOW in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day has lost
The twilight vigil brings;—
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

C. M. PACKARD.

38. **Twilight.** *Vesper*, 50.

Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. LONGFELLOW

39. **The light of stars.** *Holley*, 37. *Noyes*, 38.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, here am I!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought!
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

W. H. FURNESS.

40. **Vesper hymn.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16. *Germany*, 11.

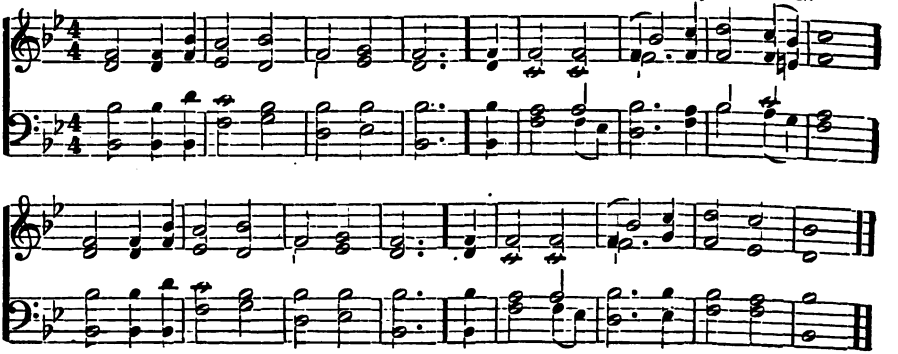
AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. LONGFELLOW.

41. Thou knowest.

Dundee, 22.
Manoah, 26.

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

Thou knowest all our absent ones
Who have been with us here,
As in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

All weary eyes, all aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
Thou knowest, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

42. Sunday evening.

Stockwell, 49.
Benneson, 44.

Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

C. ROBBINS.

43. Even-song.

Conant, 36.
Holley, 37.

Lord! a happy child of thine,
Patient through the love of thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright:
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Father, Guardian true!
All my life is thine to keep;
At thy feet my work I do,
In thine arms I fall asleep.

ANNA L. WARING.

44. God's household.

Conant, 36.
Nuremburg, 39.

Father, now our prayer is said,
Lay thy hand upon our head:
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But we know that Love will stay.

While we sleep it will be near;
We shall wake and find it here;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.

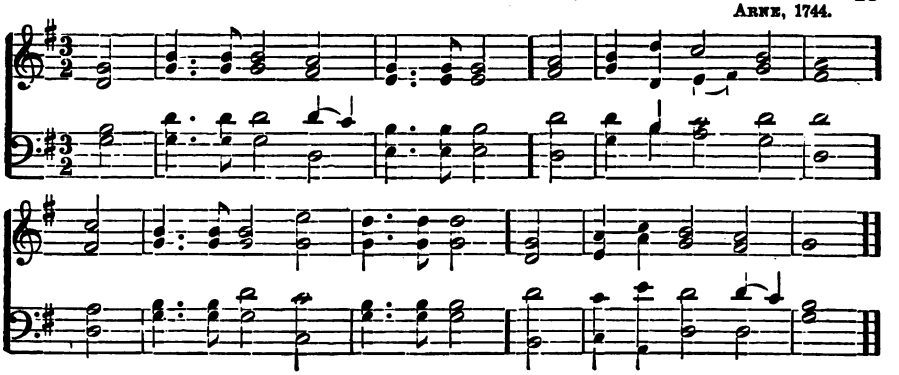
And when things are sad or wrong,
Then we know that Love is strong;
When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that Love is deep.

Love is old, and Love is new;
Love outlasteth firm and true:
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in his love for us.

W. B. Rands.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ARNE, 1744.



45. **He knoweth.** *Balerma*, 21.

THE old, old story! yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
My Father knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all: I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since my God knows!

And he has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred;
My cares are his! my pain and smart
Find healing in the word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding on his breast,
Who knows and pities all,

And holds the morrows, far and near,
Within his love alway:
Let come what will, he bends to hear
The story, day by day!

Anon.

46. **In thy hand.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Conant*, 36.

WEARY now I go to rest,
Close my drooping eyes to sleep;
Father, let thy vision blest
Tender watch above me keep.

Hush to rest my dear ones all
In the hollow of thy hand;
All men sleep, or great or small,
Safe beneath thy kind command.

On sad hearts let peace descend;
On the weeping eyelids, sleep;
And thy moon the skies ascend,
And the still earth vigil keep.

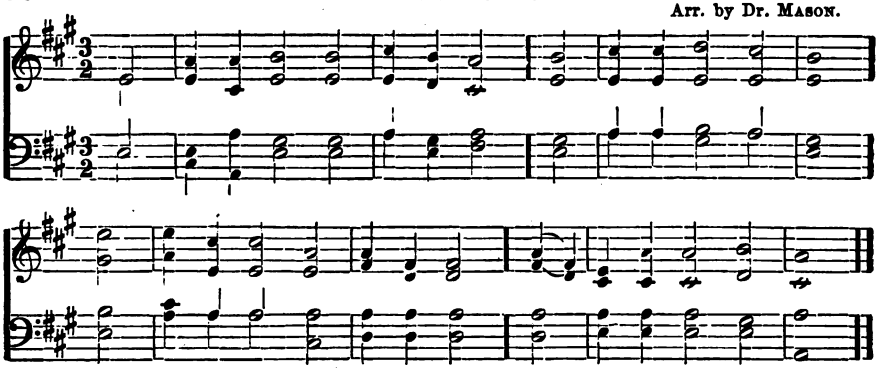
TR. *by* J. V. BLAKE.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



DUTY.

47. **Homeward.** *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw.
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands!
See, he reaches out his hands!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

S. Longfellow.

48. **Just as I am.** *Jerome*, 65.

Just as I am,—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love will search each spot,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am;—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve;
My shame is all that I can give,—
Yet, loving God! I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

49. **With shame.** *Azmon*, 20. *Arlington*, 19.

O, richly, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by thee!
And morning, noon and night thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

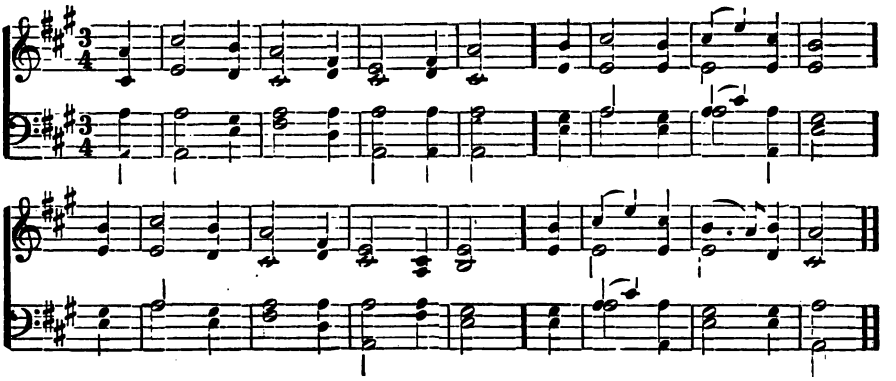
Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father! O, more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me!

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

W. H. Furness.



50. Through and through. *Olmutz*, 35.

We name thy name, O God,
As our God call on thee,
Though the dark heart in us meantime
Far from thy ways may be.

And we can own thy law,
And we can sing thy songs,
While this sad inner soul in us
To sin and shame belongs.

On us thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot in us look down,—
And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not thy fires,
The searching light and pain;
Burn out the sin in us; and, last,
With thy love heal again.

F. T. Palgrave.

51. Brother, come! *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

J. F. CLARKE.

52. My wants. *Mornington*, 34.

My God, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

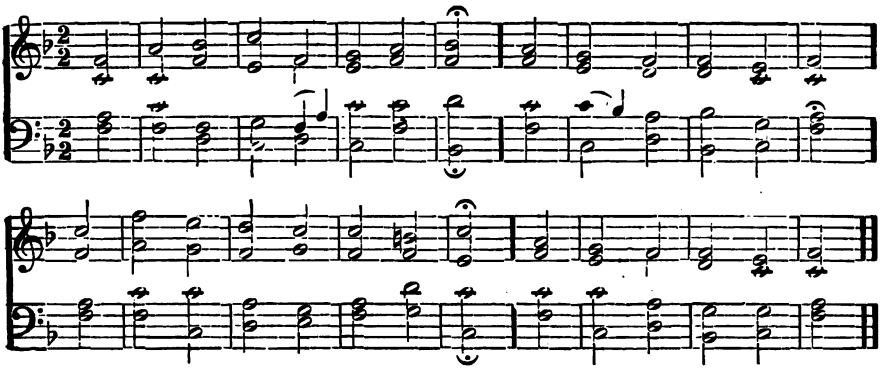
I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

This blessing above all,—
Always to pray I want:
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew!

C. WESLEY.

53. All for God. *Noyes*, 38. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.



Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,—
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my will and make it thine,—
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

54. Working faith. *Mornington*, 34.

Only to living faith
The promises are shown,
And by the love that passeth death
The rest is won alone.

Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent faith our part,—
For God is working still.

Then newer lights shall rise
Above these clouds of sin,
And heaven's unfolding mysteries
To glad our souls begin.

Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might forever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

W. H. HURLBUT.

55. Morality. *Milton*, 15.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost rest in Nature's eye,
Triumphant in thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality,—
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
It was the life of God in thine!"

M. Arnold.

56. The everlasting yea. *Channing*, 58.

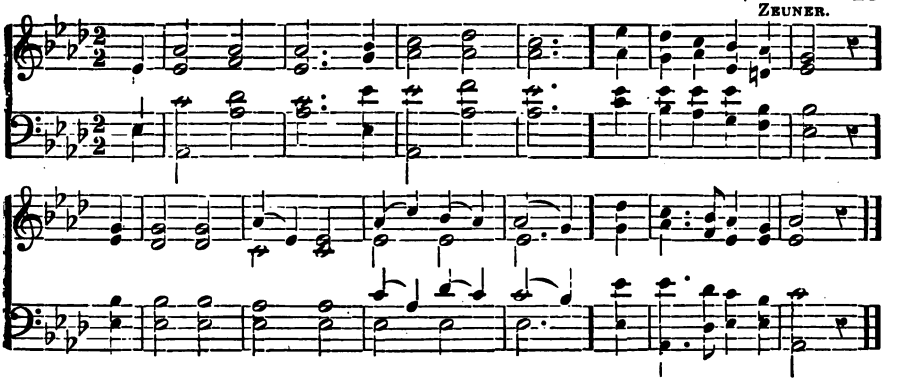
Soul, struggle on! Within the darkest night
Still broods the majesty of deathless Right.
If to its promptings clear thou still art true,
The larger, sweeter lights will flash to view.

The stars will shine, and the blue pomp of day,
And to thine ear the Everlasting Yea
Will breathe its music and its lofty song:
And we shall know that Beauty still is strong;

That there is heart and life, the good, the fair,
That God is smiling in the sunny air,
And Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
And Love is yearning where the lowest are.

S. P. PUTNAM.

ZEUNER.



57. **Duty.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

THOU, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

But to-day we sing of one
Older, graver far than thou;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is Duty: in her hand
Is a sceptre heaven-brought;
Hers the accent of command,
Hers the dreadful mystic *Ought*.

But her bondage is so sweet!
And her burdens make us strong:
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips and song.

Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly burdened every day,
Freedom, make us free to speed
In her ever brightening way!

J. W. CHADWICK.

58. **Love and law.** *Federal St.*, 10. *Mann*, 14.

ONE Lord there is, all lords above,—
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—

Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

W. B. RANDS.

59. **Thy deeper tone.** *Hebron*, 13. *Ward*, 18.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

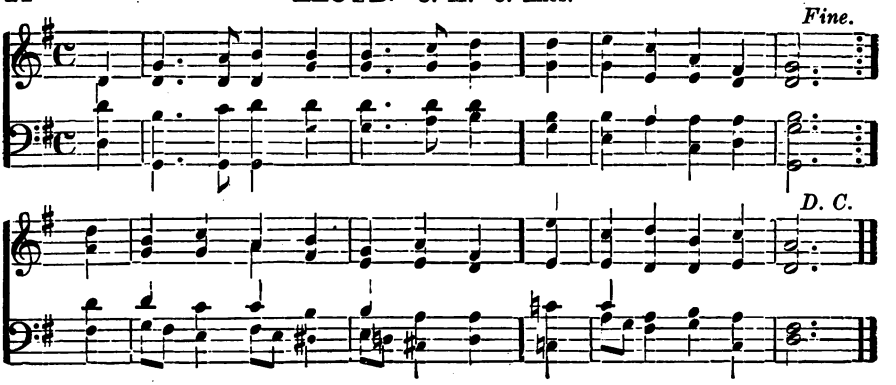
Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach our hearts to love thy law!

J. STERLING.

60. **Vaster music.** *Mann*, 14. *Hebron*, 13.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!



Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest art thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

O Living Will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure!

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
Till mind and soul, according well,
Make music vaster than before!

A. Tennyson.

61. Our prayer. *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

ANON.

62. Beauty and duty. *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

ANON.

63. Psalm of life. *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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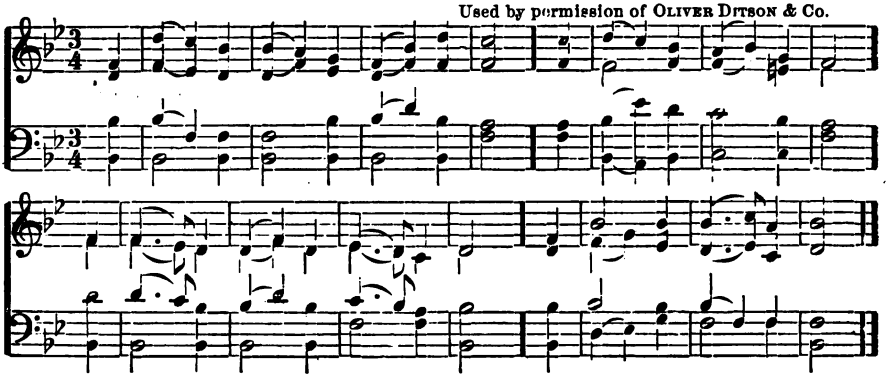


64. **The vow.** *Boylston*, 32. *Laban*, 33.

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art,—
We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,—
The spirit's God-likeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,—
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong!

S. JOHNSON.

65. **Servants of Truth.** *Joy*, 66.

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?
Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What, and where, is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end:
Not to idle dreams and trances,
Folded hands, and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving
And performance shown:

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;
And, without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

66. **Servants of Freedom.** *Ward*, 18.

O Freedom! on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

Who calls the glorious labor hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

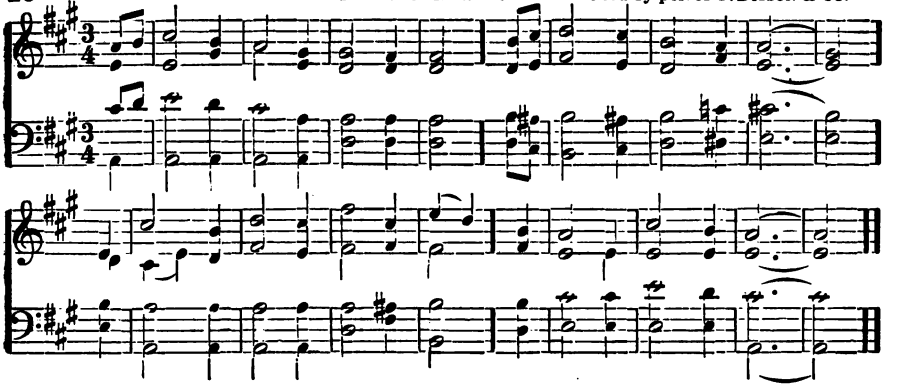
Be ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense,—
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noon-day shade!

J. G. Whittier.

67. **Onward, upward.** *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone:
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

MANOAH. C. M. Used by per. of O. Ditson & Co.



By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver:
O, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace:
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

S. JOHNSON.

68. The choice. *Benneson*, 44. *Autumn*, 43.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,—
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with Truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the Shadow,
Keeping watch above his own!

J. R. Lowell.

69. Enlisted. *Telemann*, 41.

Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;—

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

BULFINCH.

70. Ready. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

Our spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,—
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

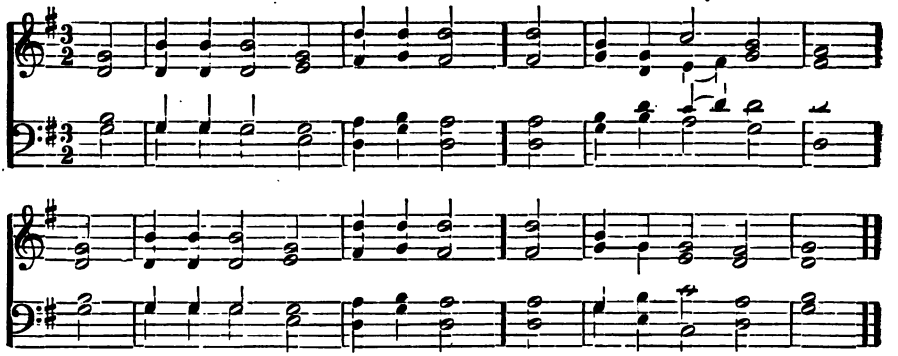
While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy Truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



71. **On the field.** *Arlington*, 19. *Dundee*, 22.

O, BLEST is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O, learn to scorn the praise of men!
O, learn to lose—with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. FABER.

72. **Back to the field.** *Arlington*, 19. *Dundee*, 22.

HE always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul.
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. FABER.

73. **The battle-field.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

O, NERVE thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot!
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

Heed not the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Old Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers;
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers!

W. C. BRYANT.

74. **Victory.** *Telemann*, 41.

Stainless soldier on the walls!
Knowing this, he knows no more,—
Whoso fights, and whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore!

He who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

And forever! But his foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Sees aloft the red right Arm
Straight redress the eternal scales.

R. W. Emerson.

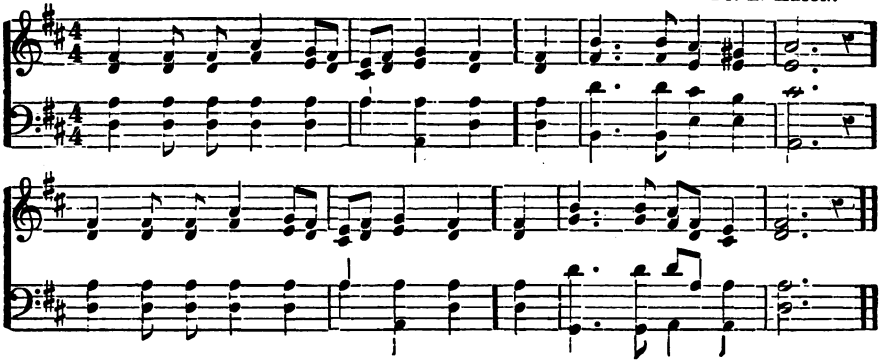
75. **The hero.** *Pleyel*, 40.

GIVE, O earth, a hero's grave!
Flush it with thy fairest bloom,—
Bluest of forget-me-nots
For a stainless soldier's tomb!

He was fellow with them all,
Wearers of the blue and gray,
Men who, told that they must die,
Only asked to know the way.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



Ever first in freedom's van,
Took his breast the sheaf of spears:
Here is loss too deep for words,
Here is grief too proud for tears.

Onward, where he led the way!
Many more will have to fall
Ere the glorious banner waves
Peace and triumph over all.

J. W. Chadwick.

76. The bravest. *Nuremburg*, 39.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb
Where the untended grasses bloom;
Where no colors wrapt the breast
As a hero sank to rest.

Heart of duty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Tireless service found release.

Kneeling where a woman lies,
Spent in willing sacrifice,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

T. W. Higginson.

77. Lowly service. *Simeon*, 30.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
Are happy anywhere.

Anna L. Waring.

78. One by one. *Stockwell*, 49.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

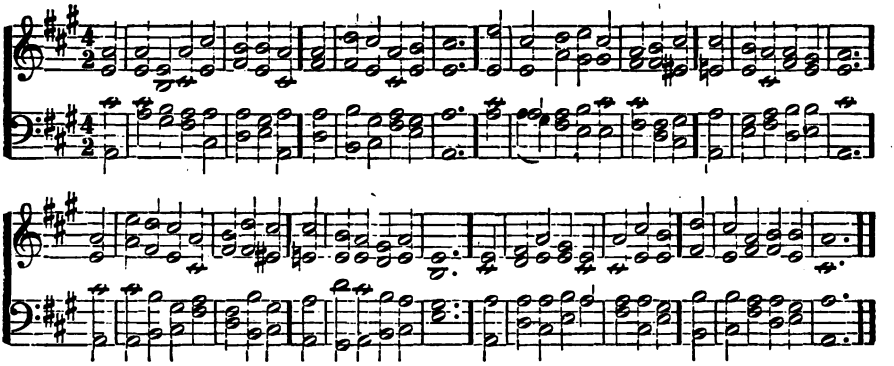
One by one thy duties wait thee,—
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,—
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Hath its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Adelaide A. Procter.



79. **Common cares.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

O could we learn true sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present comfort, rapture, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBLE.

80. **Divine alchemy.** *Channing*, 58.

GIVE me, my God, to feel thee in my joy,
So shall my joy to love ennobled be;
Give me to feel thee in this slight annoy,
That turns to hope through thy fine alchemy.

Give me, within the work that calls today,
To see thy finger gently beckoning on;
Let struggle grow to freedom, work to play,
And toil, begun from thee, to thee be done.

I lay each humblest hope within my prayer;
To thee no high seraphic aims I bring;
My daily bread, rest, strength for common care,—
Yet all is truth within my offering.

And thou, whose fire forms rubies out of clay,
And bids dull charcoal into diamonds turn,
Add thou the grace, while in the truth I pray,
And this poor heart-cry into music turn.

J. F. Clarke.

81. **The city of God.** *Dundee*, 22. *Arlington*, 19.

IN thee my powers, my treasures, live;
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
The City in the sky,
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

82. **The elixir.** *Mornington*, 34.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
That with the tincture "For thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.

My heart, learn well this clause,
And all thy work will shine;
To toil as for his holy laws
Makes drudgery divine!

G. Herbert.

SIMEON. C. M. 6 lines.

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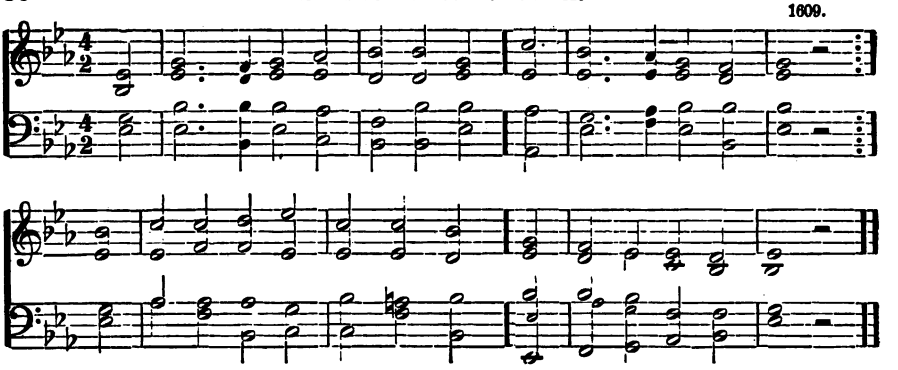


83. **The offering.** *Pleyel*, 40.

LORD! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

Quiet thoughts at peace with all;
Wrongs forgiven into rest;
Sympathy intent to call
Sorrow from the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee, and all mankind.

John Taylor.

84. **Prayer-answer.** *Mornington*, 34.

AT first I prayed for Light:—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:—
That I might tread the road
With firm unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

85. **Out of self.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace;
Let me find in thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant!

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

86. **Fellowship.** *Simeon*, 30.

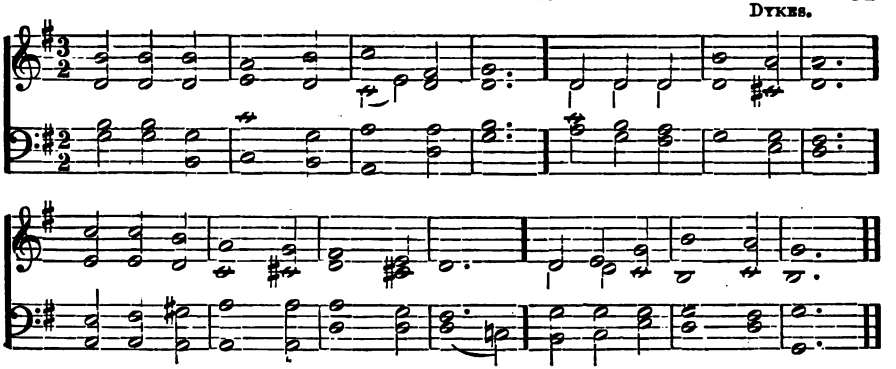
WHEREVER in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do,
For him on whom I wait.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me:
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free,—
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

DYKES.



87. **Charity.** *Lloyd*, 24.

THINK gently of the erring one;
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

MISS FLETCHER.

88. **Best prayer.** *Balerma*, 21.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

89. **The law of love.** *Arlington*, 19.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. TRENCH.

90. **The seed.** *Federal St.*, 10. *Hebron*, 13.

Now is the seed-time; God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown:
The harvest time is hid with him.

Yet unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit, at last.

And he who blesses most is blest;
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

J. G. WHITTIER.

91. **Long life.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

HE liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but thrown away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. BONAR.

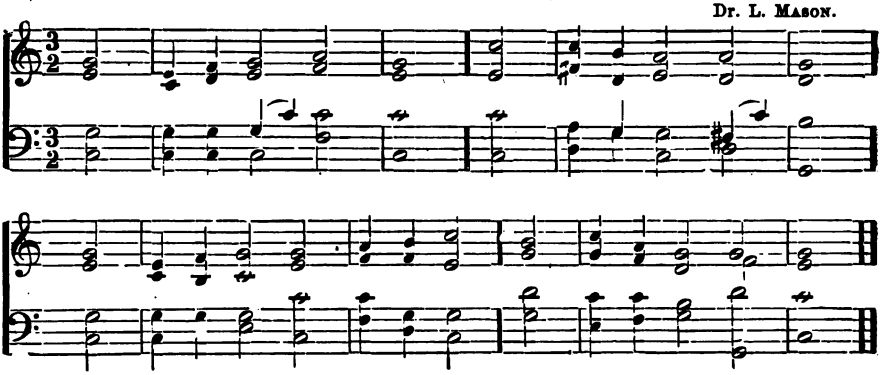
92. **The bond.** *Arlington*, 19.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of Love.

O Bond of union strong and deep!
O Bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

93. The cross. *Nuremburg*, 39. *Conant*, 36.

When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there, alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;–

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

Anon.

94. Come unto me. *Nuremburg*, 39.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen, sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
Who the stings of sin can bear?

Sufferers, come! For here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

95. Jesus. *Old 132*, 29.

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
O Friend and Teacher of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
Thy words like heavenly music fall,
And draw our lives to thine.

J. G. Whittier.

96. Incarnation. *Logan*, 25.

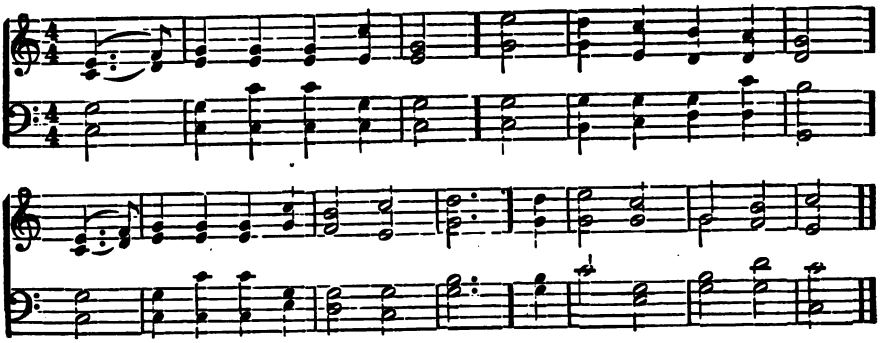
O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,—

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

LABAN. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



Our Friend, our Brother and our Guide,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual pride,
But simply following thee.

The heart shall ring thy Christmas bells,
Kind deeds thine altars raise,
Our faith and hope thy canticles,
And our obedience praise!

J. G. Whittier.

97. Yet speaketh. *Logan*, 25.

Immortal by their deed and word
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own
And all his will obey!

F. L. Hosmer.

98. Fellowship. *Mann*, 14.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thy unmeasured Over-Heart!

J. G. Whittier.

99. Our guides. *Italian*, 57

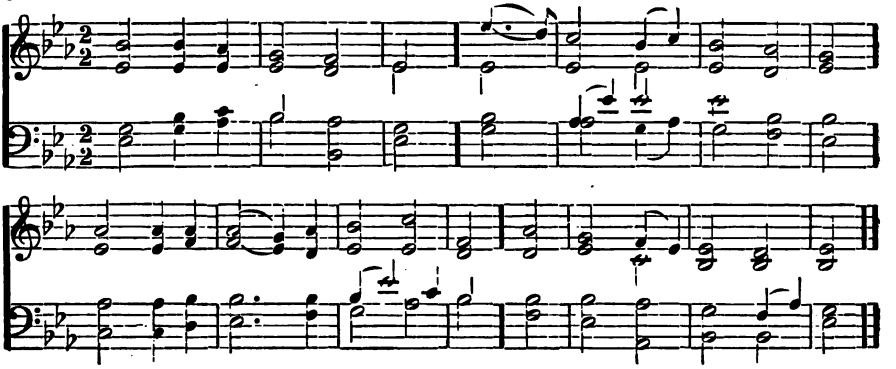
All hail, God's angel, Truth!
In whose immortal youth
Fresh graces shine:
To her sweet majesty,
Lord, help us bend the knee,
And all her beauty see,
And wealth divine.

Thanks for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way:
For all whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love,
Thousands of hearts to move,
A power to-day!

Thanks for the heart of Love,
Kin to thine own above,
Tender and brave;
Ready to bear the cross,
To suffer pain and loss,
And earthly good count dross,
In toils to save.

May their dear memory be
True guide, O Lord, to thee,
With saints of yore;
And may the work they wrought,
The truth of God they taught,
The good for man they sought,
Spread evermore!

W. Newell.



TRUST.

100. Unfound, unlost. *Pilgrims*, 61.

I CANNOT find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell:
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art!

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,—
And I must rest at last in thee, my home!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

101. Whom but thee. *Melton*, 59.

THOU Life within my life, than self more near!
Thou veiled Presence infinitely dear!
From all my nameless weariness, I flee
To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How can I call thee who art always here,—
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,—
What may I give thee save what thou hast given,—
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven?

ELIZA SCUDDER.

102. Mother and child. *Marlow*, 27.

MY child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

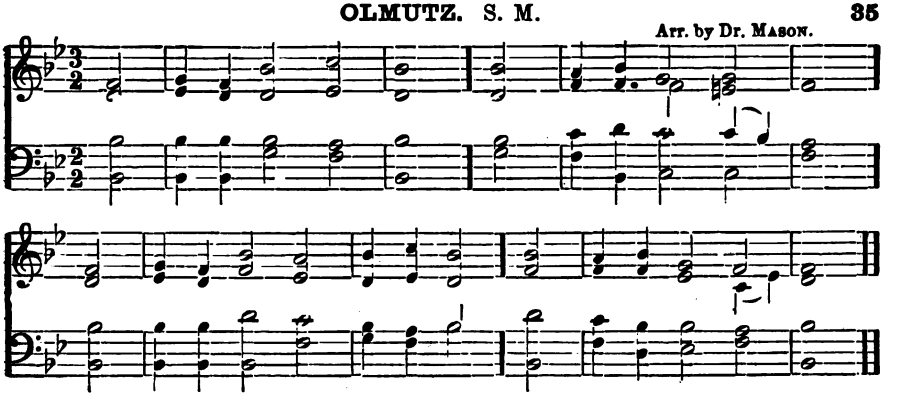
I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak:

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

G. MACDONALD.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



103. **So far, so near.** *Dundee*, 22. *Balerma*, 21.

O thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,—
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here:—

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out?
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about!

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!

O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

104. **Within.** *Boylston*, 32.

In thine own being, thine,
Not elsewhere, search for his;
Not in some outer heaven and earth;
Within he speaks and is.

No voice can speak his voice;
No words his essence tell;
Felt beyond feeling's conscious verge
Is he in whom we dwell.

Enough to know him here,
Far, near, within, around:—
The heavenly treasure swiftly flies
Before the touch of sound.

In silence hold thy faith,
Unspeakable, alone;
The unknown future ever lies
Hid in the God unknown.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

105. **Very near.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

O, sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit-mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about;
And law and goodness, love and force
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One True Life our own renew.

J. G. WHITTIER.

106. **The hidden life.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Conant*, 36.

Mid the lurking fears that start
When we search life's hidden springs,
Voice of God within the heart,
Waken us to braver things!

Tell us of a Force behind
All we see, Supreme and One;
Tell us of a larger Mind
Than the partial power we own.

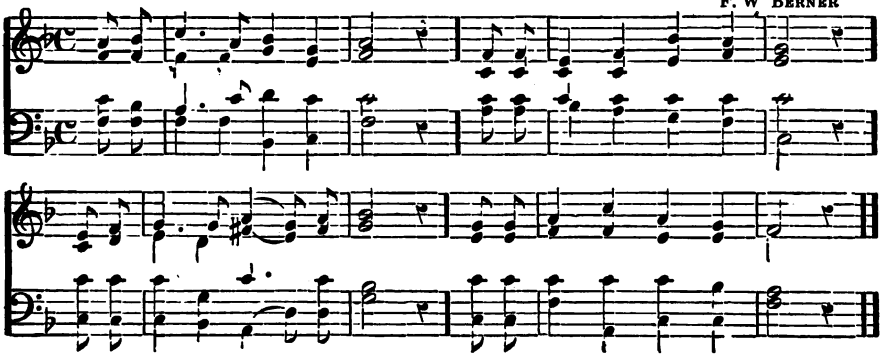
Teach us that what now we know
To thy unknown leads the way,
As the dawn that faint and low
Prophesies the perfect day.

Wearied with the golden glare,
With the noise of outward things,
Take us to thy larger air,
To the freedom of our wings!

Soul of Nature, hidden nigh,
Shaping all this outward mask,
In the silence round our cry,
Lo, we hear thee as we ask!

F. T. Palgrave

F. W. BERNER



107. **All is well.** *Ward*, 18.

O, YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood!

We hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night, that all is well.

And all *is* well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
Thy deeper voice across the storm!

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they!

A. TENNYSON.

108. **The eternal goodness.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Arlington*, 19.

FIRM, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,—
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and his love.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

J. G. WHITTIER.

109. **Weary.** *Jerome*, 65.

TO-DAY, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest;
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe;
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come
O Father, unto thee!

To-day in lowliness of mind
I make my humble wishes known,—
I only ask a will resigned
O Father, to thine own!

J. G. WHITTIER.

110. **Lead thou me on!** *Parker*, 69.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

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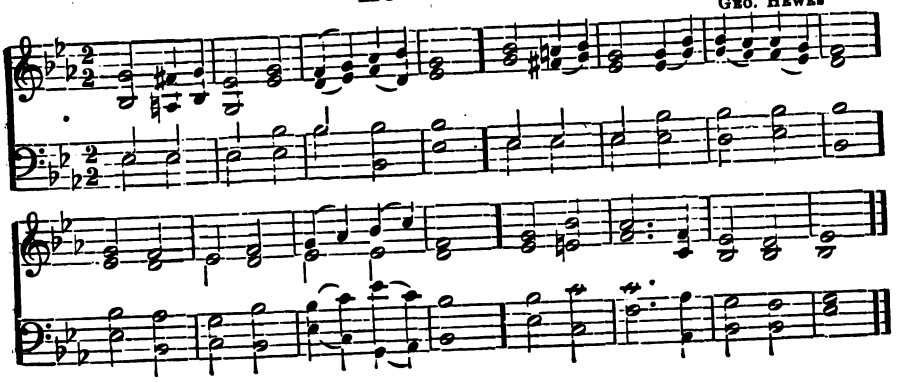

111. **Our help.** *Arlington*, 19. *Dundee*, 22.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy children dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And their defence is sure.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

I. WATTS.

112. **God.** *Manoah*, 26. *Balerma*, 21.

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye unseen o'erwatcheth all;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear doth hear the sparrow's call;
That Love is ever nigh.

Anon.

113. **My helper.** *Naomi*, 28.

I CANNOT walk in darkness long,—
My Light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a guide.

He is my stay and my defence;—
How shall I fail or fall?
My helper is Omnipotence,
My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care:—
I cannot wander from his love
Who loves me everywhere.

MRS. C. A. MASON.

114. **Everlasting arms.** *Amsterdam*, 52.

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by the hand
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows from the heat thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in,
Kindly compass thee about
And save thee from thy sin.
He is still thy sure defence;
Thou his constant care shalt prove,
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking Love.

C. Wesley.

115. **God is love.** *Benneson*, 44. *Stockwell*, 49.

GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth
God is wisdom, God is love.

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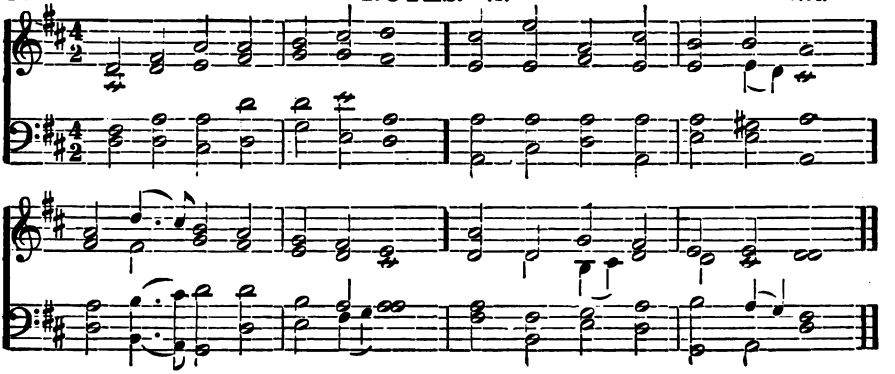


He with earthly cares entwineth
  Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
  God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING.

116. **A thankful heart.** *Naomi*, 28.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
  Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
  Let this petition rise;—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
  From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
  And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet thought that thou art mine
  My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
  And bless my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

117. **A steadfast heart.** *Balerma*, 21. *Arlington*, 19.

WHILE thee I seek, Protecting Power,
  Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
  With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
  To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
  That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
  Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
  Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
  In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
  Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
  Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
  My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
  The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
  That heart shall rest on thee!

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

118. **A patient heart.** *Milton*, 15

NONE loves me, Father, with thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O, grant me, as thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of thine!
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.

Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in thee to live.

A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to thine,—
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

FROM THE GERMAN.

119. **Waiting.** *Boylston*, 32.

NOT so in haste, my heart!
  Have faith in God and wait;
Although he seem to linger long,
  He never comes too late.

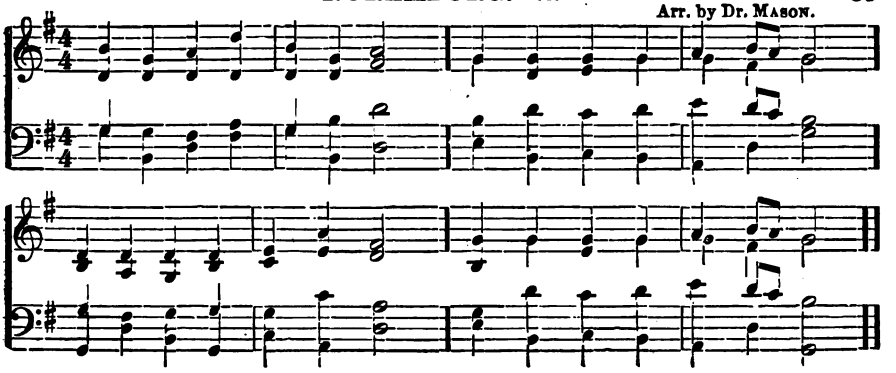
He never comes too late;
  He knoweth what is best:
Vex not thyself,—it is in vain;
  Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest,
  Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God,—'t is they
  Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
  That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
  For I shall wait his lead.

B. T.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



120. **For calm.** *Germany*, 11.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

M. ARNOLD.

121. **Unknown morrows.** *Webb*, 54.

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."
It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.

Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
Our God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

122. **Day by day.** *Noyes*, 38.

Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,—
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my eager hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

O, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet aglow with gratitude!

J. CONDER.

123. **In thy hand.** *Laban*, 33.

"My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I'd have them there!
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

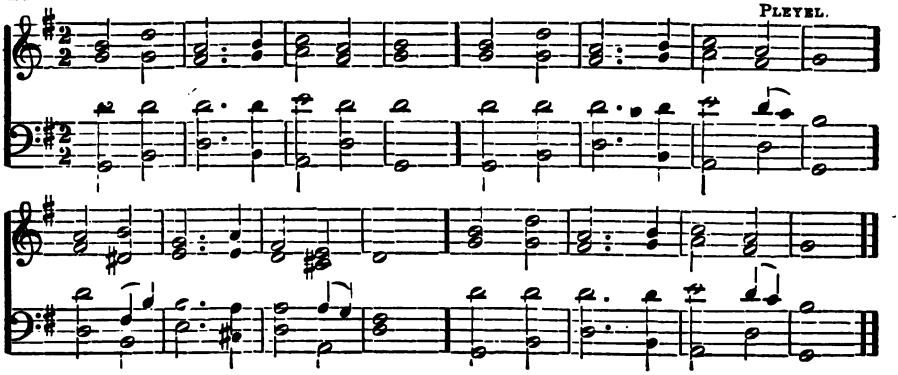
"My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee;
In life, in death, within thy hand
May they for ever be!

Anon.

124. **Labor! wait!** *Joy*, 66.

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove:
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring ever,
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.



Labor! wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done:
Count not lost thy fleeting moments;
Life hath but begun.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear,—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

BAILEY.

125. **Awake our souls!** *Ward*, 18.

AWAKE our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint!

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run!

I. WATTS.

126. **Undismayed.** *Laban*, 33.

GIVE to the winds thy fears!
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time! so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

P. GERHARDT: TR. BY J. WESLEY.

127. **Providence.** *Arlington*, 19.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

128. **Burdens dropped.** *Laban*, 33. *Boylston*, 32.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

While Providence supports,
Let hearts securely dwell:
That hand which bears all Nature up
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's face,
And sweet refreshment find.

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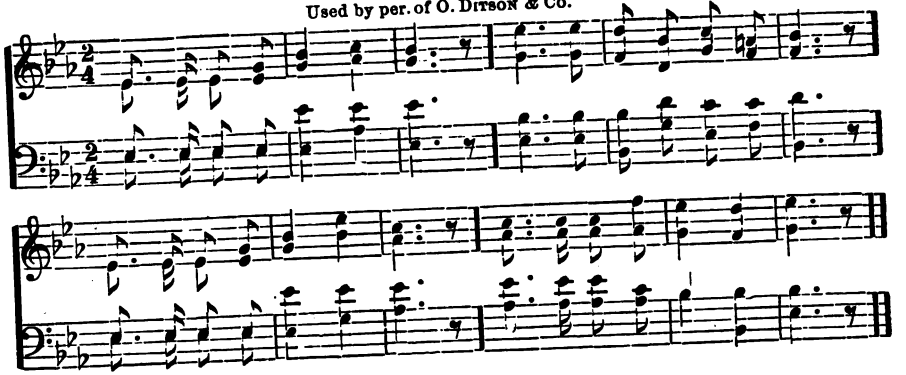

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away!

P. DODDRIDGE.

129. **On the deep.** *Arlington*, 19.

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand seem lost,—
Drear moment of delay;
We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tost!"
And safe we're borne away.

O happy soul, of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

ANON.

130. **God-speed.** *Simeon*, 30.

Go not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away,—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may!

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thine everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,—
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can wrest away:
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may!

ANNA L WARING.

131. **Led.** *Simeon*, 30.

Sweet is the solace of thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home to thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Oft, in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.

O, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will!
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find thee with me still.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of thy love
My heart be satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at thy side.

ANNA L. WARING.

132. **I look to thee.** *Horeb*, 64.

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;—
But let me only think of thee,
And then new hope springs up in me.

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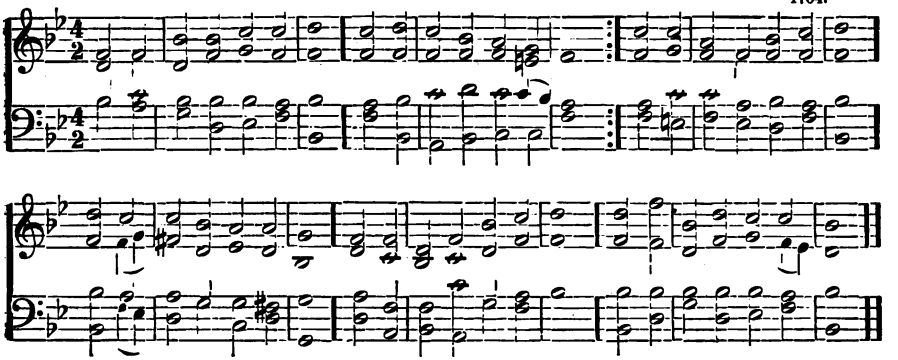


Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. LONGFELLOW.

133. **Love of God.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Arlington*, 19.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God! to thee.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

134. **All as God wills.** *Balerma*, 21.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, whereso'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

J. G. WHITTIER.

135. **Thy will be done.** *Jerome*, 65.

THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Father, thy will be done!

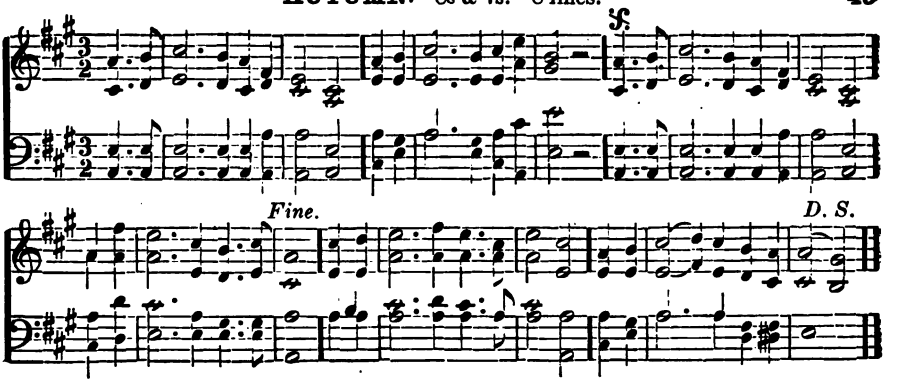
Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine,—
Father, thy will be done!

Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours,—to breathe, while we adore,
Father, thy will be done!

J. BOWRING.

136. **My Shepherd.** *Portuguese*, 60.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.



Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er:
As a king well-beloved thou crownest my head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
'T is the courts of a Temple thus far I have trod,
And the way leadeth ever to mansions of love.

J. Montgomery.

137. The Father. *Conant*, 36.

CAN I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief
And not seek for kind relief?

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear;—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away.

O no! it can never be!
Never, never can it be!
Think not thou canst breathe a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by.

He doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

W. BLAKE.

138. The Comforter. *Milton*, 15.

O, DRAW me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run and never tire:
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
O Father, in my latest hour,
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And draw me closer to thy side!

Moravian.

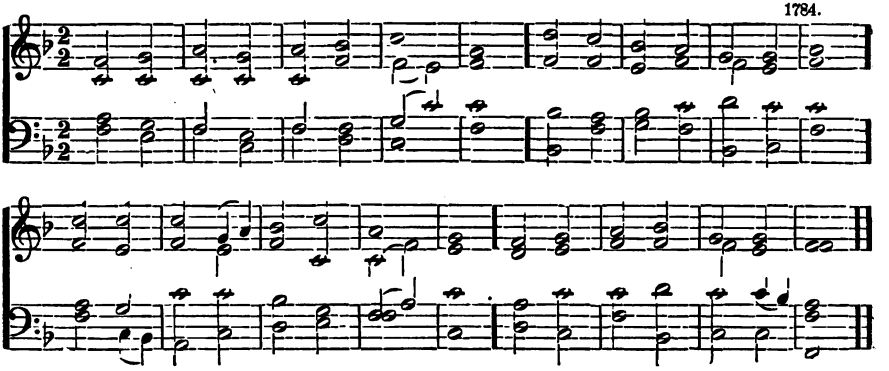
139. My all in all. *Milton*, 15.

O GOD! my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife my peace; in loss my gain:
From hurt and grief and sin and shame,
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in sorrow's darkest hour;
My swift redemption when I fall;
My life in death; my all in all!

C. Wesley.

1784.



140. **For strength.** *Pilgrims*, 61. *Whittier*, 62.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair,—O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong! We need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. JOHNSON.

141. **The might of faith.** *Pilgrims*, 61.

WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight.
We will not doubt;—if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint;—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending!
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the death is past!

W. H. HURLBUT.

142. **The eternal years.** *Logan*, 25.

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Of the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy faithless fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

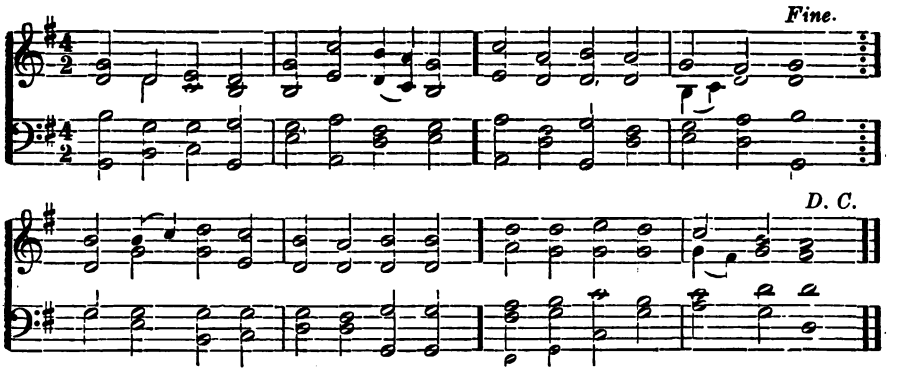
Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well,
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

F. W. FABER.

143. **Filial trust.** *Federal St.*, 10.

MY God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.



Thy mercy bids all Nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil!
And mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

A. NORTON.

144. Blessed sorrows. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find thy founts. and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power!

S. JOHNSON.

145. Shaping. *Manoah*, 26.

FATHER, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray;
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

J. H. NEWMAN.

146. Remoulded. *Naomi*, 28.

BENEATH thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite, till from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine.

F. H. HEDGE.

147. They that mourn. *Logan*, 25.

O WORD divine, like healing balms
To hearts oppressed and torn,
Thy heavenly consolation falls—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

To every hope by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals:
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals;

The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before;

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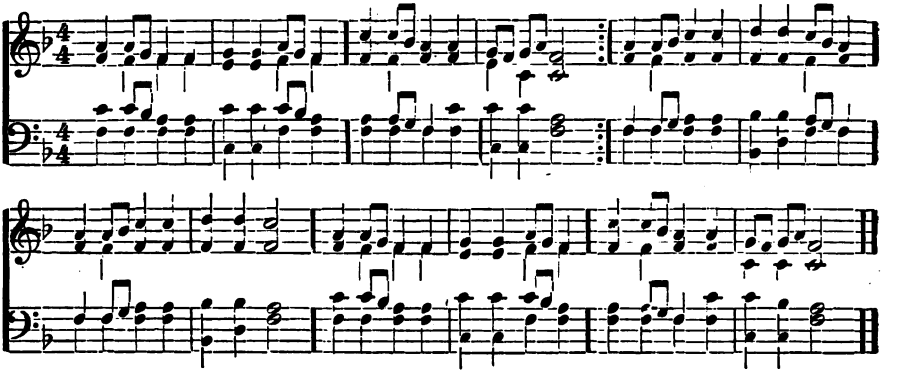


Hath never known how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

W. H. Burleigh.

148. Our Calvary. *Paul*, 70.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

Yet more than feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
The Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From his great love!

FRANCES P. COBBE.

149. Brightening skies. *Mann*, 14.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair, be white; my blood, run cold;
And one by one, my powers, depart!
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Downhill the path of age! O, no:
Up, up, with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my road small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart; and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

MRS. L. J. HALL.

150. Into the shadows. *Ellacombe*, 53. *Webb*, 54.

Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.
Yet hark! a voice above me,
Which says, "Wait, trust, and pray;
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day."

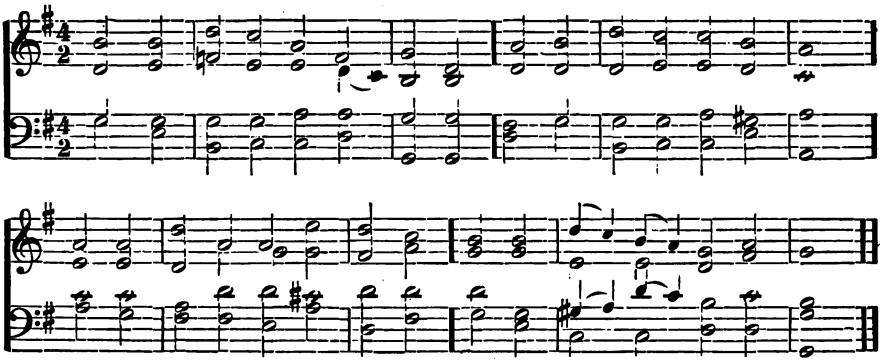
Amen! the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee,—
Then to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.
That great unending future!
I cannot pierce its shroud;
But I nor doubt, nor tremble,—
God's bow is on the cloud.

To him I yield my spirit;
On him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death; beyond it
I nothing see but God.
Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call;
Seeing and fearing nothing,
Hoping and trusting all!

S. GREG.

151. Safe to the land. *Stephanos*, 72.

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.



My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

How can I fear the storm to sail,
With him on board?
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! Safe to the land,
Unknown, but there!
And then with him go, hand in hand,
On, anywhere!

H. Alford.

152. **Assured.** *Manoah*, 26.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

J. G. WHITTIER.

153. **Easter.** *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

STANDING on the shore at morning,
I beheld the shining sea,
Saw the wreathing vapors mounting
Into heaven silently.

Standing on the hill at evening,
Clouds stooped gently over me,
Softly from the west ascending,
And the rain fell silently.

So, I cried, my Spirit's incense
Sure returneth unto me;
Upward breathing, falls in blessing
From our Father, silently.

So my life up-striving, soaring,
Where nor eye nor thought can see,
Comes again descending on me,
Filled with immortality.

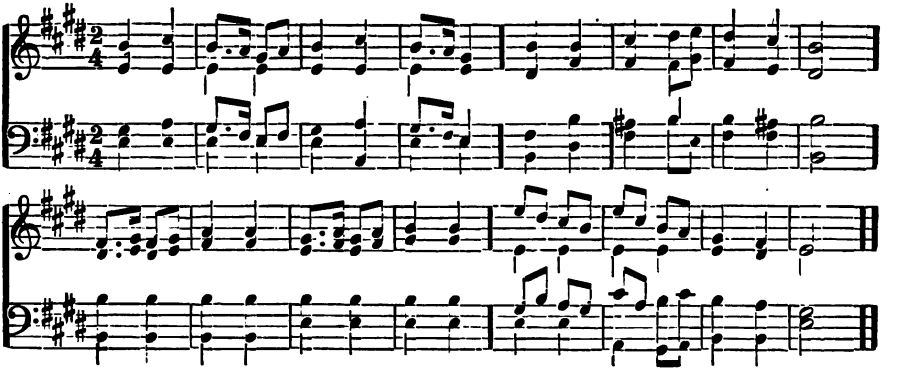
And the bliss of hope awakens;
Earth and sky I clearer see;
And I carol, in my gladness,
Joyful hymn and melody.

J. V. BLAKE.

154. **Immortality.** *Russian*, 71.

FATHER Omnipotent! joyful and thankful,
Bring we the praises to thee belong;
Hopefulness, joyfulness in thy great mercy
Fill our waked spirits with sounding song.
Hallowed and heavenly, Light shines immortal
Through Life's open portal:

Open to faithfulness, open to sorrow,
Open to vision of saint and seer!
Death, where thy victory? where thy great anguish?
Hope cometh mighty, outcasting fear!
O hope victorious! on us descending,
Earth and heaven blending!



Glory and majesty break forth upon us,
Like unto splendors of morning skies!
Light beatifical! Life everlasting!
With thy great glory on us arise;
Lighten our heaviness, shine on our sorrow,
Life's eternal morrow!

J. V. BLAKE.

155. The dearer trust. *Azmon*, 20. *St. Agnes*, 31.

My God, I rather look to thee
Than to my fancy fond,
And wait, till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

I seek not of thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

O, sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone!

In thee, my powers, my treasures live;
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

156. Service hereafter. *Germany*, 11.

I would my work were better done;
I would it were but just begun;
For, listening where I waiting stand,
Comes music from the Better Land.

O busy hand and heart and brain,
Why have ye toiled so long in vain?
I feel that unknown world so near!
And yet my spirit knows no fear.

For longer life I will not pray,
I will not ask another day;
For the dear Father even yet
New chance may give, new tasks may set.

Beyond the grave, to thee more true,
O, give me still thy work to do;
The power to serve thou'lt surely spare;
Shall not thy service wait me there?

MRS. L. J. HALL.

157. Gone before. *Manoah*, 26.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here!

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

J. G. WHITTIER.

158. The silent land. *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

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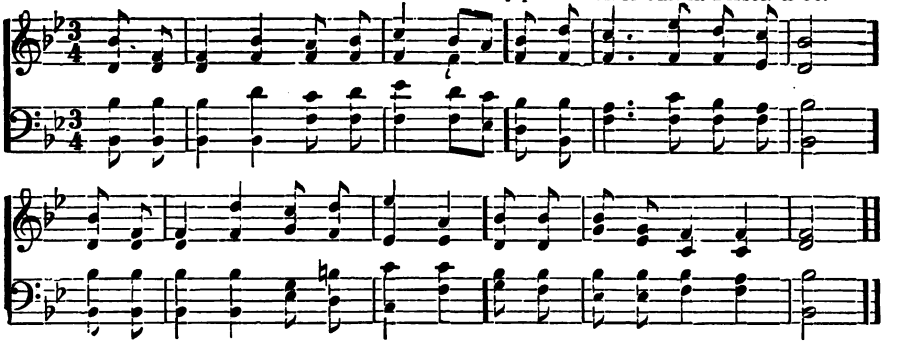


O Silent Land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be Love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

J. G. Whittier.

159. Footsteps of angels. *Autumn*, 43. *Vesper*, 50.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm, delight;
With a slow and noiseless footstep
Come my messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay a gentle hand in mine.

Uttered not, yet comprehended
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebuke, in blessing ended,
Breathing from the lips of air.
O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

160. Auld lang syne. *Lloyd*, 24.

IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

J. W. CHADWICK.

161. "Green pastures and still waters." *Autumn*, 43. *Vesper*, 50.

CLEAR in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no star-light
To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain;
And the waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are naught.

Naught? I fear not! If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led:
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

W. C. GANNETT.

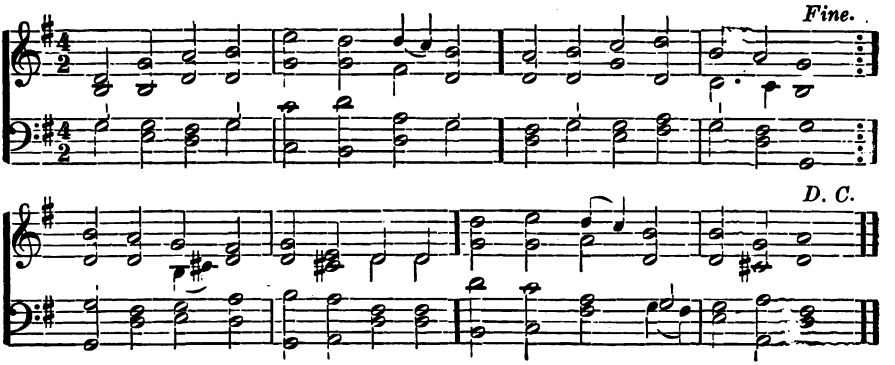
162. The angel. *Hamburg*, 12. *Ward*, 18.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes,—
Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
And in his tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

He walks with us, that angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

J. G. Whittier.



BLESSEDNESS.

163. A song of trust. *Lloyd*, 24.

O Love Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best!
Fain would I come and rest to-day
Upon thy tender breast;
And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, "Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway?"

I pray not, then, because I would,—
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust.
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou still must be;
Yea, thou art God, and what thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast.

J. W. CHADWICK.

164. Prayer. *Hebron*, 13.

No words of labored prayer I know,—
I cannot seek my Father so;
It gushes up in sudden hours,
As sing the birds, as bloom the flowers.

And is it prayer? or is it praise?
I only know, in loving ways,
When joy and sorrow touch the springs,
To thee my spirit inly sings.

Away from forms I needs must turn;
No prayer have I that I must learn:
I ask but help to love thee more,
And thy dear will in peace adore.

MRS. L. J. HALL

165. He knoweth. *Ellacombe*, 53 *Webb*, 54.

Unto our heavenly Father
We will not fear to pray
For little needs and longings
That fill our every day;
And when we dare not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say, "Our Father knoweth,"
And leave it all to him.

For his great love has compassed
Our nature and our need;
We know not; but he knoweth,
And he will bless indeed.
Therefore, O heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me;
And take the wants unanswered
As offerings made to thee.

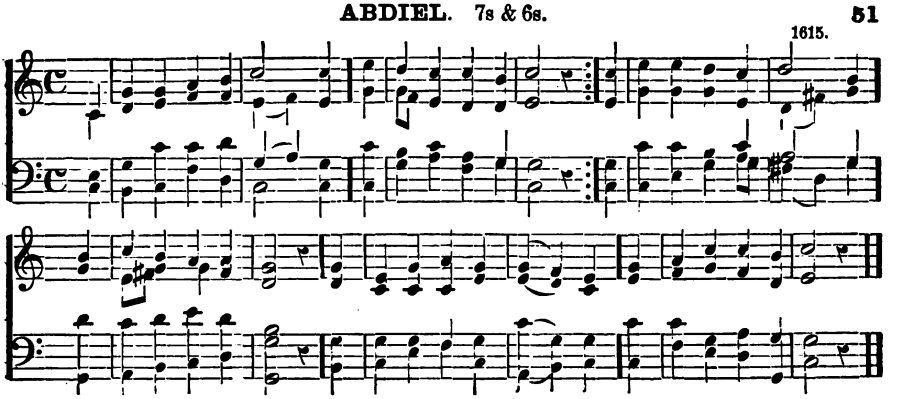
ANON.

166. The thought of God. *Marlow*, 27.

The thought of God, the thought of thee
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art:—

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears;
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

It is not of his wondrous works,
Nor even that he is;
Words fail it,—but it is a thought
That by itself is bliss.



Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow;
And by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

F. W. FABER.

167. The thought of God. *St. Agnes*, 31. *Balerma*, 21.

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

F. L. HOSMER.

168. Divine help. *Naomi*, 28.

O name, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fullness fill!

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
'And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

F. L HOSMER.

169. My prayer. *Laban*, 33.

One gift, my God, I seek,—
To know thee always near;
To feel thy hand, to see thy face,
Thy blessed voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,
O, let me find thee there;
Where'er I stay, stay thou with me,
A presence everywhere.

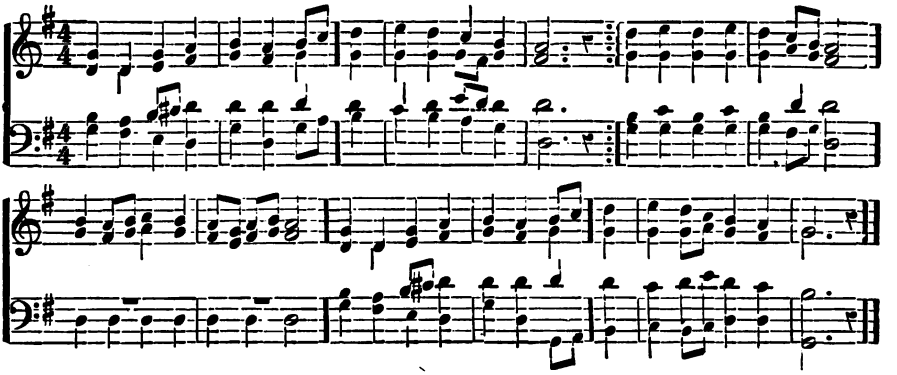
And if thou bringest peace,
Or if thou bringest pain,
But come thyself with all that comes,
And all shall go for gain.

Long listening to thy words,
My voice shall catch thy tone,
And, locked in thine, my hand shall grow
All loving like thine own.

B. T.

170 Never far. *Boylston*, 32.

Forever with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'T is immortality!



Here in the body pent,
Seeking for thee I roam;
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

And then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

J. Montgomery.

171. **Thine.** *Laban*, 33.

Blest be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself
And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' dear Hope,
We to thy goodness fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign,
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

J. AUSTIN.

172. **Yes, for me.** *Benneson*, 44.

Yes, for me, for me he careth,
With a Father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he beareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And, to cover me, he spreadeth
His protecting wing of might.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me, he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my longing soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

H. BONAR.

173. **The retreat.** *Hamburg*, 12.

Now, hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defence my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And O, how solemn, yet how sweet,
Their one assured, persuasive strain!
"The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,
Still in his hands thy times remain."

O tender word! O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether thine;
I have bowed down, I need not flee;
Peace, peace is mine in trusting thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

174. **Rooted.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Noyes*, 38.

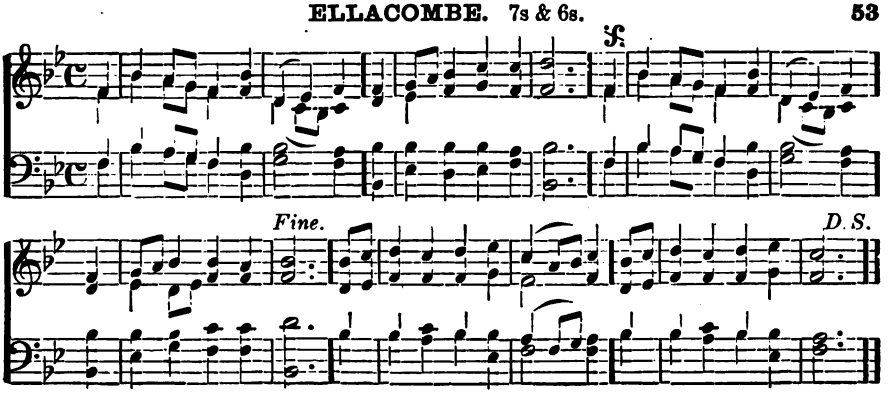
O thou Lord of heaven above!
Earth beneath is all thine own;
In the depths of heavenly love
Let my human heart be sown.

Where the silent waters flow,
It shall multiply its root;
It shall blossom, it shall grow,
It shall bear immortal fruit.

ANNA L. WARING.

175. **The peace of God.** *Azmon*, 20. *Balerma*, 21.

We ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.



That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

That peace which, through the billows' moan
And angry tempests' roar,
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone
Of joy forevermore.

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

ANON.

176. The calm of the soul. *Whittier*, 62.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thee, Love Eternal!
There is a temple sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

177. Peace. *Germany*, 11.

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

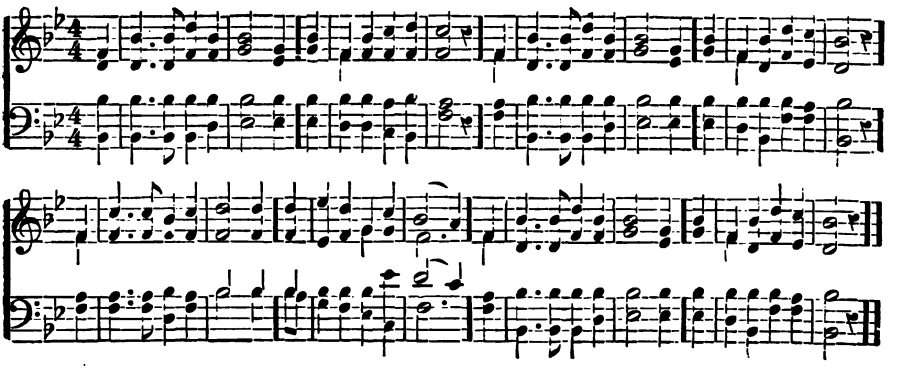
AUGUSTA LARNED.

178. Every good gift. *Ware*, 42.

Father, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are thine.

And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, Righteous One!



Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

J. BOWRING.

179. **All in all.** *Old 132*, 29. *Dundee*, 22.

O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart;
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home!

F. L. HOSMER.

180. **Happy life.** *Stockwell*, 49. *Benneson*, 44.

LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
That our happy life-time gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;—
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above;
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love:

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.

Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men;
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is to give it thee again.

T. W. Fox-Blake.

181. **Giving thanks.** *Stephanos*, 72. *(Repeat first two lines.)*

MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

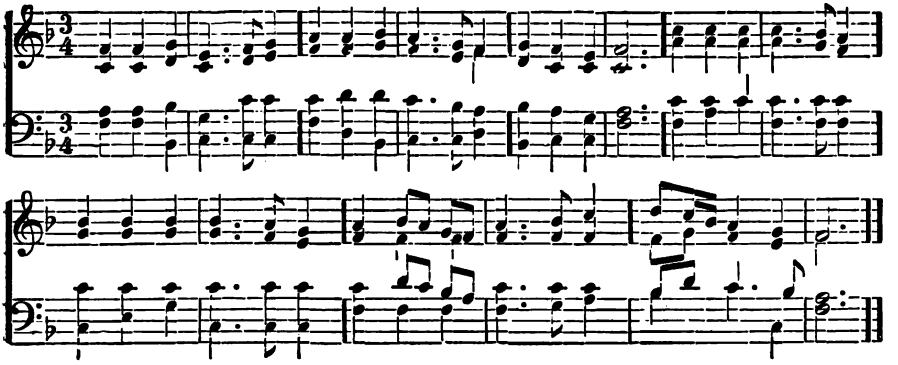
I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



182. **Daily mercies.** *Pleyel*, 40. *Conant*, 36.

TENDER mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song!

ANNA L. WARING.

183. **All's well.** *Ezra*, 9.

ASK and receive,—'tis sweetly said;
Yet what to plead for know I not;
For wish is worsted, hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray, I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
For him to live is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!
Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the Present sound?
Who promises a *future* heaven?
Or glad, or grieved, oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
Still pours the flood of golden good,
And more than heartfull fills me aye.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
"The wealth I am, must thou become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
Immortal gain, immortal room!"
And since all his mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream in larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

D. A. WASSON.

184. **God.** *Pisgah*, 47.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

185. **Deep on deep.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Arlington*, 19.

O GOD! thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

All lives may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

F. W. FABER.

186. **In thy care.** *St. Agnes*, 31. *Balerma*, 21.

MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise:
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

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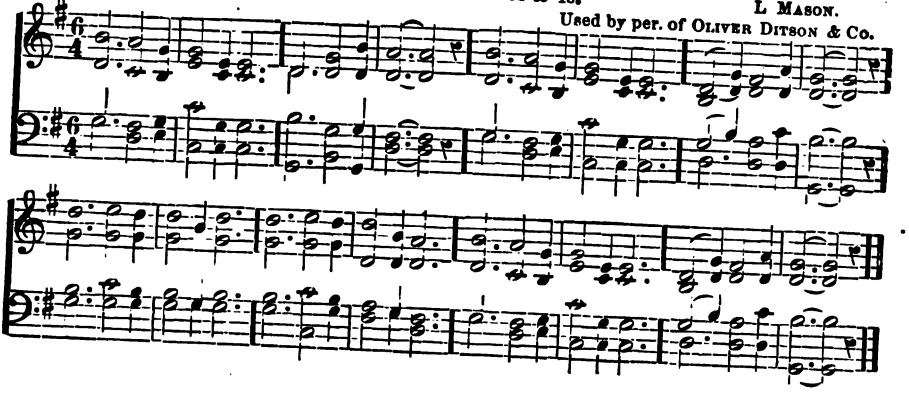


Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere!

ANNA L. WARING.

187. **The heritage.** *St. Agnes*, 31.

I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see:
The Father's hand that makes it mine
Is keeping it for me.

I have a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be thus is best.

And a new song is in my mouth
To long loved music set,—
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere!

Anna L. Waring.

188. **Surprise.** *Palestine*, 68.

A living, loving, lasting word,
My listening ear believing heard,
While bending down in prayer;
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,
It passed my soul upon its way,
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts, that come and go
By paths the holy angels know,
Encamped around my soul:
As in a dream of blest repose,
Mid withered reeds a river rose,
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—
The wilderness was glad for me,
My heart within was strong!
And sweeter, nearer, clearer heard,
It came, that everlasting word
Of promise and of song!

Anna L. Waring.

189. **Hidden in light.** *Palestine*, 68.

Look up, look up, my soul, still higher!
On to the heavenly goal aspire,
On God's love ever lean:
Burst this dull earth's control, and wing
Thy way where no clouds roll, and sing
In deeps of God unseen.

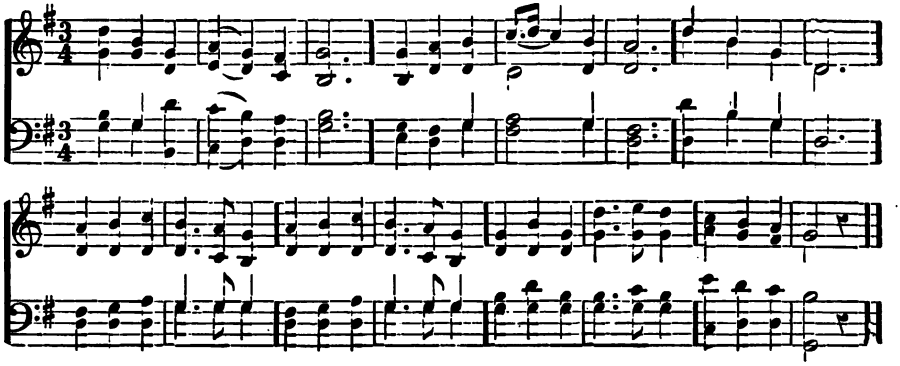
What though thy way be dark, and earth
With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth
To thee no sweet strain sings?
Still hide thy life above, and still
Believe that God is love; fulfil
Whatever lot he brings.

A. E. Evans.

190. **Salvation.** *Greenville*, 46.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do and bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think what he hath done to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:



Faithful in thy earthly mission,
Faithful through thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte.

191. The happy pilgrim. *Hummel*, 23.

FAINT not along thine earthly road,
Thou pilgrim soul of mine;
Still, still be gladsome in thy God,
Still sing thy song divine!

Doth life in all bright ways for thee
Its glory oft unroll?
O, take thy pleasures holily,
Sing unto God, my soul!

A dreary desert dost thou trace,
Dim shineth thy far goal?
That desert make thy Holy Place,
Pursue thy song, my soul!

When the glad Spirit's voice divine
Through thy stirred deeps doth roll,
When glows with faith that heart of thine,
Sing forth thy song, O soul!

T. H. Gill.

192. A travelling song. *Arlington*, 19.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night
By ways to me unknown;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward,—but not alone.

In secret paths God leads me on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of love
Through all the heavenly road.

The ways most rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight:
Through all the paths I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate.

ANON.

193. O'er seas of God. *Hebron*, 13. *Mann*, 14.

THE winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

A thread of Law runs through my prayer
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing towards her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favoreth me:
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

For Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail;
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage, or roar.

D. A. WASSON.

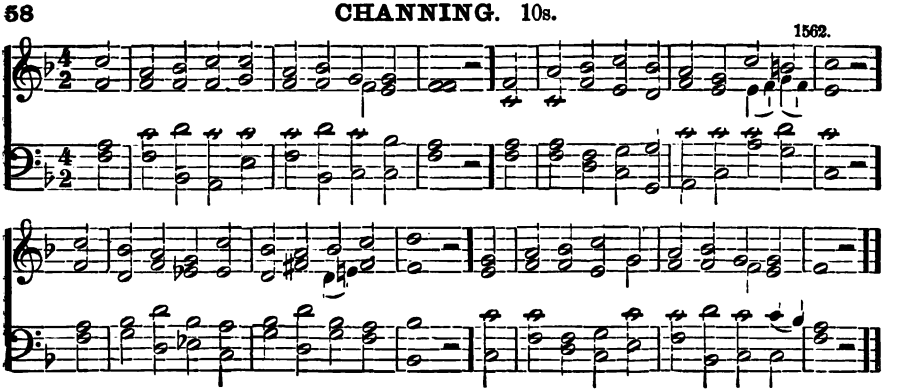
194. The will of God. *St. Agnes*, 31.

I WORSHIP thee, dear Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
Thou always hast thy way.



Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

F. W. FABER.

195. **Freedom.** *Laban*, 33.

NAUGHT have I else to do,—
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.

O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To thee whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;

And feel thy mighty will
My willfulness control,
And learn, a prisoner of the Lord,
The freedom of the soul.

Madame Guyon.

196. **My psalm.** *Dundee*, 22. *Logan*, 25.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

197. **Blessedness.** *Germany*, 11.

THERE is a something sweet and pure,—
Through life, through death it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that Blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above;
A conscience clear from willful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within:

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour,—
These, these, my soul, make Blessedness:
I ask no more, I seek no less.

And yet I know these are too much;
My very being's life they touch:
Without them all, O, let me still
Find Blessedness in God's dear will.

MRS. L. J. HALL.

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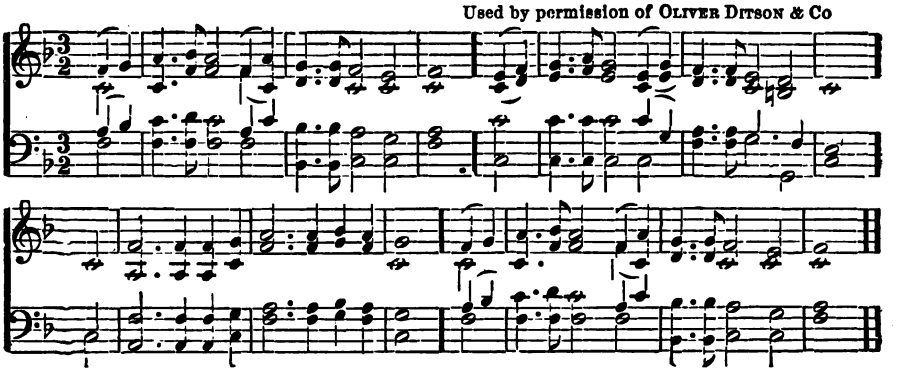

THE ONE IN ALL.

198. **Creation's anthem.** *Melton*, 59.

THE homeless winds that wander o'er the land,
The deep-voiced thunder speaking words of fire,
The waves that break in sunshine on the strand,
Or smite with stormy hands their rocky lyre;

The stars that blossom in the fields of night,
The buds that burst in beauty from the sod;
The birds that dip their wings in rainbow light,—
Are Nature's symphony to thee, O God!

And as Creation's anthem onward rolls
From age to age, in grandeur still the same,
The seals of silence break from human souls,—
Man sings new praises to thy holy name.

Our eyes are radiant with the glow of life,
Our hearts enfold those sapphire-deeps above,
Our ears grow deaf to all earth's foolish strife,
We join, far off, the angels' song of Love!

Albert Laighton.

199. **All at worship.** *Manoah*, 26. *Balerma*, 21.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
A prayerless heart in man.

J. G. WHITTIER.

200. **Hymn of Nature.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King:
Each a double tribute pays,—
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

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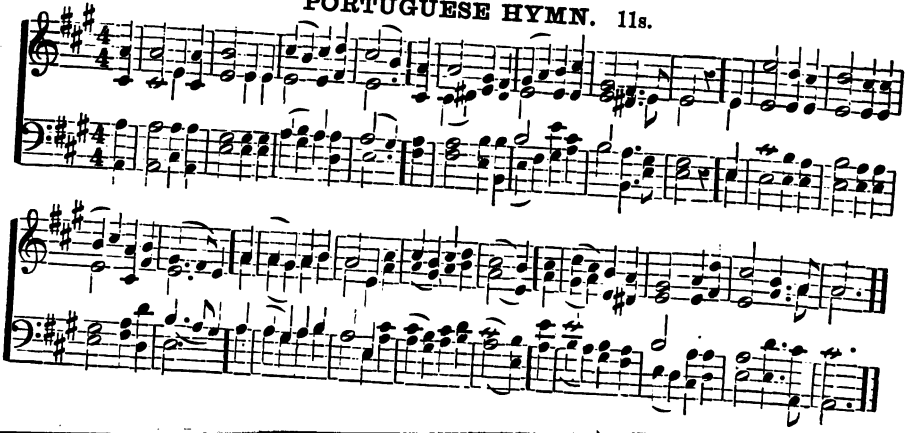


Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

J. AUSTIN.

201. **Thoughts of God.** *Ezra*, 9. (*Omit repeat.*) *Milton*, 15.

I saw the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendor of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company;
I thought, How beautiful it is!—
My soul said, "There is more than this."

I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round;
I thought, How wonderful it is!—
My soul said, "There is more than this."

Sometimes I have an awful thought
That bids me do the thing I ought;
It comes like wind, it burns like flame;
How shall I give that thought a name?
It draws me like a loving kiss,—
My soul says, "There is more than this."

Yea, there is One I cannot see
Or hear, but he is Lord to me:
And in the heavens and earth and skies,
The good which lives till evil dies,
The love which I cannot withstand,
God writes his name with his own hand.

W. B. RANDS.

202. **Angels.** *Azmon*, 20.

Fair are the feet that bring the news
  Of gladness unto me:
How many messengers God hath,
  If we had eyes to see!

Thine angels speak, but still must we
  The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
  Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo! all things are thine angels, Lord,
  That bring my God to me:
O for the ear to hear their word!
  O for the eye to see!

ANON.

203. **Two worlds.** *Dundee*, 22.

Two worlds are ours: and is it sin
  Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
  Plain as the sea and sky?

The glorious sky embracing all
  Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
  In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like his grace;
  It steals in silence down,
But where it lights, the favored place
  By richest fruits is known.

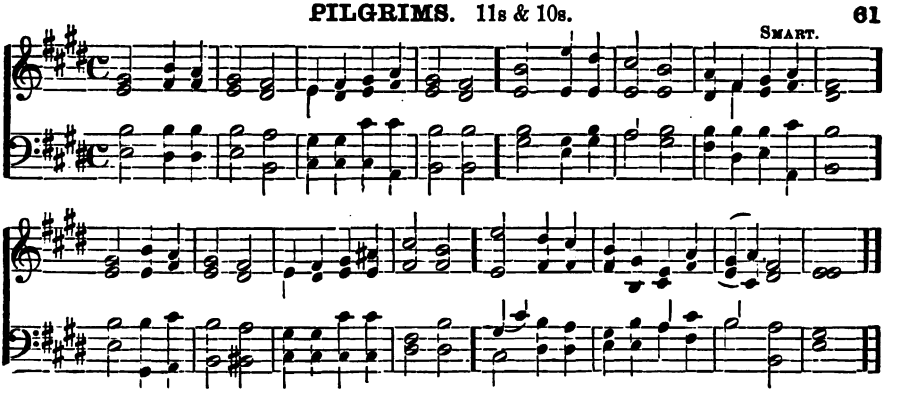
Thou who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
  And read thee everywhere!

J. KEBLE.

204. **The secret place.** *Lloyd*, 24.

The Lord is in his Holy Place
  In all things near and far:
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
  And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April-land
  That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
  To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
  Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
  Are shrines by him possessed;



He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought:
We find him not by seeking long,—
We lose him not, unsought.

W. C. GANNETT.

205. **God is love.** *Ware*, 42.
(*Omit repeat.*)

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,—
All around, below, above,
Hath this record, "God is Love."

All the tender hopes that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is Love."

ANON.

206. **In all.** *Miss'y Chant*, 16.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea!
Maker of all above, below!
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light!"

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold:
Thine image and thyself are there,—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. LONGFELLOW.

207. **The Presence.** *Hamburg*, 12.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy Spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. BEACH.

208. **Indwelling.** *Webb*, 54.

THE heavens thy praise are telling,
The earth declares thy might:
But nought save thine indwelling
Can show thee, Lord, aright.
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy foot-prints we can see;
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth *thee*.

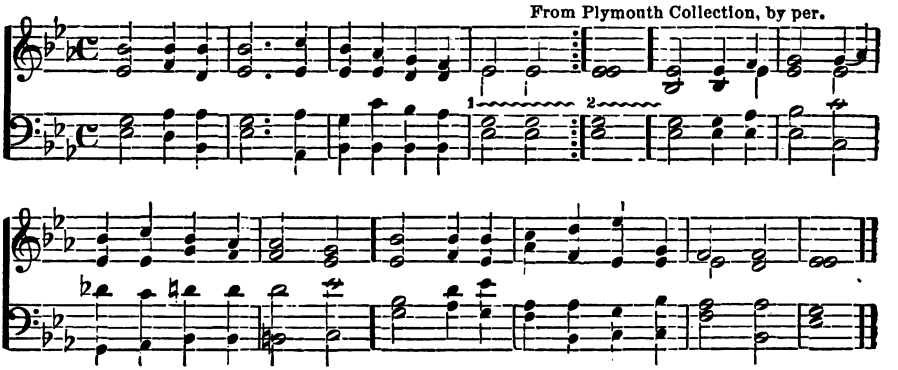
We know no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all humanity:
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

Anon.

209. **Unfolding.** *Ware*, 42.

O ETERNAL Life, whose power
Gathers ages to a span,
From whose being breaks the flower,
From whose glory groweth man,

From Plymouth Collection, by per.



By the whisper of whose breath
Atoms wake that seem but death,
With whose silent-working will
The eternal ages thrill—

Lord of Life, to heaven tower
Spires of being high and grand,
Till on man thou lay thy power
That he serve with heart and hand;
Till thou flood him with thy light
That he see thee with his sight,
Who art Reason, who art Right,
Majesty of Love and Might!

Not on earth the glory ends;
In unnumbered worlds it reigns;
From Eternity descends,
To Eternity remains.
When the things we hear and see
Vanish in life's mystery,
Still, all glories that can be
Wait in thine Infinity.

J. V. BLAKE.

210. Evolution.

Pleyel, 40.
Noyes, 38.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Soul of Worlds, unspent and free,
Nature's uncreated Word,
Atom and Infinity!

Secret of the morning stars,
Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
Of the coming spirit's powers!

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
Stand in nobler Man complete;
Prescient laws thine errands run,
Frame a shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, his wondering eye
Upward yearned, in joy or awe,
For the Love that waited nigh,
Guidance of thy guardian Law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled!
Down from mystic skies it burned!
Right obeyed and passion stilled
Its eternal gladness earned!

Still the immortal flame upspeeds,
Kindling worlds to pure desire:
Where the unerring Spirit leads,
Ages wonder and aspire.

S. JOHNSON.

211. Life of ages.

Pleyel, 40.
Noyes, 38.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

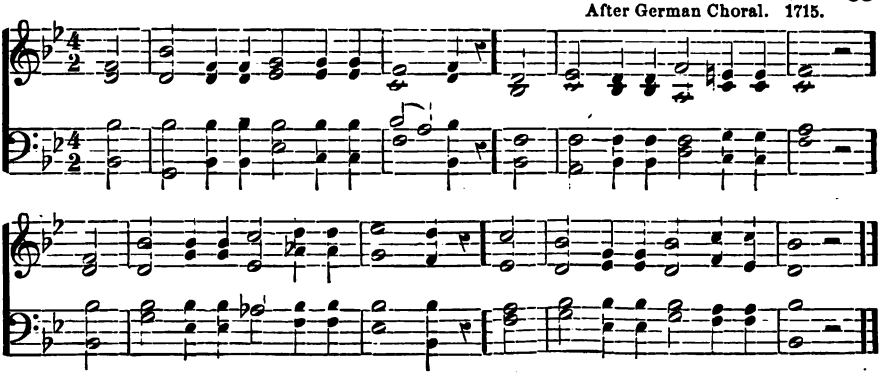
Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

S. JOHNSON.

212. "Consider the lilies." *Abdiel*, 51.

HE hides within the lily
  A strong and tender Care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
  To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
  Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
  In niches of the hill.

After German Choral. 1715.



We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan:
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows,
We hear thy wide worlds echo,
"See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. GANNETT.

213. **All souls.** *Germany*, 11.

O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st;
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

214. **The city of God.** *Hummel*, 23

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

S. JOHNSON.

215. **One holy Church.** *Hummel*, 23.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

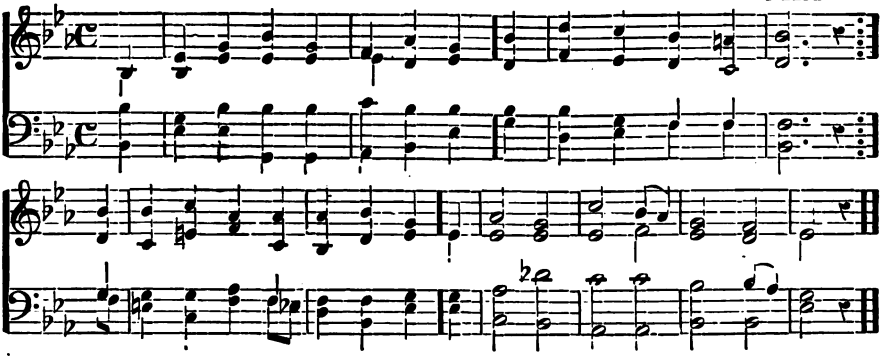
From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The Truth is her prophetic gift,
The Soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

S. LONGFELLOW.

NEEFE



216. The stream of faith. *St. Agnes*, 31.

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near
Towards which the river flows.
O thou, who art the secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean, too,—thy charm,
That ever deepening roll!

W. C. GANNETT.

217 Heirship. *Nuremburg*, 39. *Noyes*, 38.

HEIR of all the ages, I,—
Heir of all that they have wrought!
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought!

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given;

Aspirations pure and high;
Strength to do and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I,—
Lo, I am no longer poor!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

218. Out of the dark. *Ward*, 18.

OUT of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels! whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word,—
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

S. LONGFELLOW.

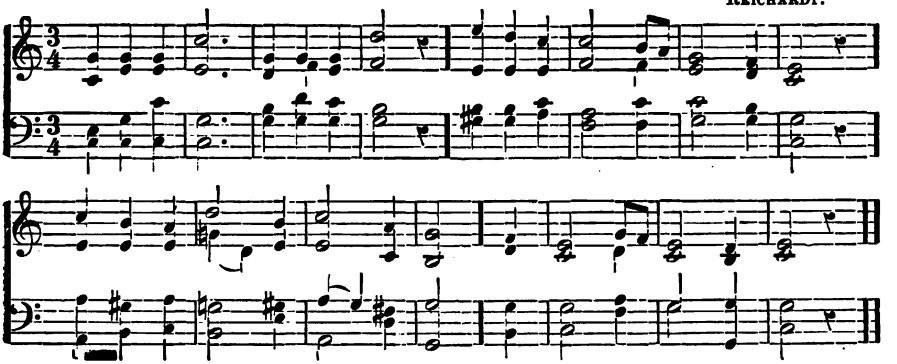
219. Old and new. *Hamburg*, 12.

O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

REICHARDT.



Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

220. A song of faith. *Arlington*, 19.

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

221. With wider view. *Germany*, 11.

WITH wider view come loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

S. LONGFELLOW.

222. Onward! *Sicily*, 48.
(*Repeat lines 3, 4.*)

SHALL things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing!
Onward, onward!
Why this faithless tarrying?

By each saving word unspoken,
By thy truth, as yet half won,
By each idol yet unbroken,
By thy will, yet poorly done,
Hear us, help us,
Thou Almighty, help us on!

Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break;
To the ages
Some bequest of victory make!

T. H. Gill.

223. For the new earth. *Laban*, 33.

SEND down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown,
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, O send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down!

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down:

E. R. SILL.

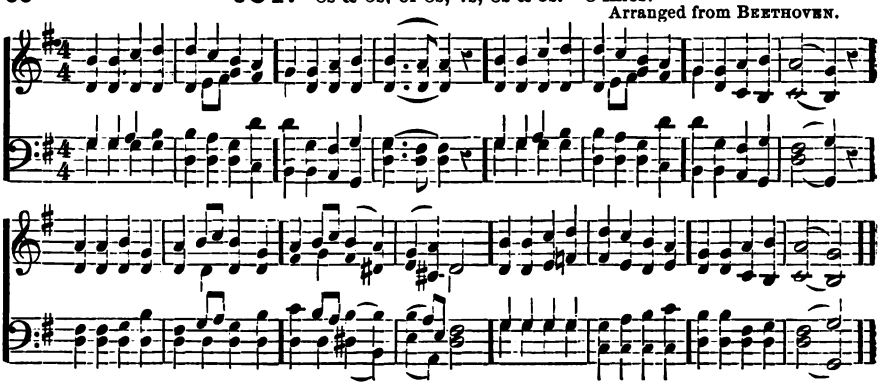
224. The dawn. *Azmon*, 20.

Lo! on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall,
But faith shall burn undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all!

This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath
And morn be lost in noon.

JOY. 8s & 5s, or 8s, 7s, 8s & 5s. 8 lines.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.



For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest-time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

BREVIARY.

225. 'Thy kingdom come.' *Marlow*, 27.

THY kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in!

The kingdom of established peace
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The omnipotence of Love!

C. WESLEY.

226. Eden. *Noyes*, 38.

ALL before us lies the way,—
Give the past unto the wind!
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

THE "DIAL."

227. Glory that remains. *St. Agnes*, 31.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;—
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

J. G WHITTIER.

228. A creed. *Credo*, 45.

I BELIEVE in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.

I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;

In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—I do believe.

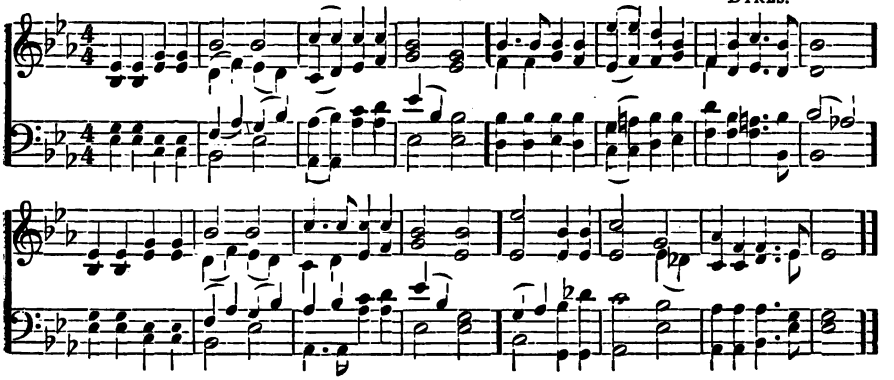
I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:

In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!

In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—I believe.

"Good Words."



FESTIVALS.

229. **All seasons.** *Nuremburg*, 39. *Noyes*, 38.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;—

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

230. **Spring.** *Azmon*, 20.

THE softened mould is brown and warm,
The early blossoms break,
And loosened streams along their banks
A mossy verdure make.

A dewy light broods o'er the earth,
A sweetness new and rare,
And tumults of brook, bird and breeze
With music wake the air.

Awake, O Heart, awake and learn
The secret of the Spring!
From winter-sleep it comes like light,
Or as a bird on wing.

And if I shall be winter-locked,
As sometime I may be;
If bitter storms and freezing snows
Come whirling down on me—

Let me lie patient, like the earth,
And say, "This shall be rest;"
And then, O Lord, at thy dear call,
Arise renewed and blest.

J. V. BLAKE.

231. **Summer.** *Channing*, 58.

THE sun darts down his sheaf of golden rays;
Earth answers with her sheaves of golden grain;
And vapors, like sweet incense, spread a haze
Of quivering shadow on the blooming plain.

As soon as come thy living beams, O Sun,
O summer Sun, thy fervent, living powers,
The earth is stirred, the sterile days are done,
And glowing life pervades the radiant hours.

So God's great love pours down upon the heart:
Answer, O Heart! bring forth thy ripened sheaves!
Love, praise and duty be thy fervent part,
Like to the living love thy soil receives.

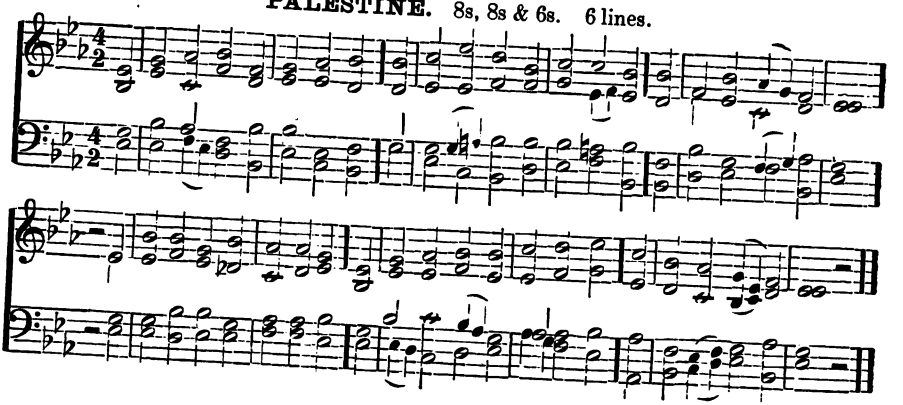
J. V. BLAKE.

232. **Summer days.** *Lloyd*, 24.

THE summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover-fields;

And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy words
Of love and joy and prayer.

PALESTINE. 8s, 8s & 6s. 6 lines.



The summer days are come again,
  The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
  Unconsciously they sing:
We *know* who giveth all the good
  That doth our cup o'erbrim:
For summer joy in field and wood
  We lift our song to him.

S. LONGFELLOW.

233. **Harvest.** *Ward*, 18.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

O favors every year made new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

J. G. WHITTIER.

234. **Harvests.** *Harvest*, 63.

Now sing we a song for the Harvest:
  Thanksgiving and honor and praise
For all that the bountiful Giver
  Hath given to gladden our days!

For grasses of upland and lowland,
  For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the prairie
  To delver and husbandman yield!

And thanks for the harvest of Beauty,—
  For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
  And only our hearts can enfold!

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
  We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
  We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,—
  Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of Duty,
  Are reaped by the brave and the free:

And these have been gathered and garnered,
  Some golden with honor and gain,
And some as with heart's-blood are ruddy,
  The harvests of Sorrow and Pain.

O thou, who art Lord of the Harvest,
  The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
  Thanksgiving and honor and praise!

J. W. CHADWICK.

235. **Under the leaves.** *Balerma*, 21. *St. Agnes*, 31.

OFT have I walked the woodland paths
  With heart unblest to know
That underneath the withered leaves
  The sweet flowers wait to blow.

But when the south winds sweep away
  The wrecks of Autumn's gold,
And fresh and fair the flowers of Spring
  Their starry hosts unfold,—

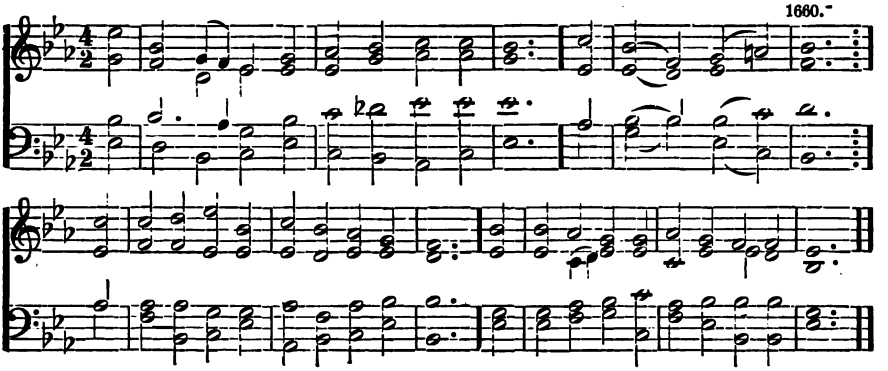
O prophet-souls with lips of bloom!
  Your silence, more than speech,
Fills all the woody aisles, like songs
  That faith and duty teach.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
  And ever this foreknow,—
That, where man sees but withered leaves,
  God sees the sweet flowers grow!

A. Leighton.

236. **Winter.** *Hebron*, 13.

'TIS winter now: the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear:
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.



And yet thy love is not withdrawn;
Thy life within the keen air breathes,
Thy beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring
wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Still warmly in thine arms enfold
And keep us through life's wintry days!

S. LONGFELLOW.

237. Another year. *Azmon*, 20.

ANOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.

Another year of Summer's glow,
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God!

J. W. CHADWICK.

238. "Happy new year." *Nuremburg*, 39.

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit-wings
Downward through the silent air.

Hark! through all their music sweet
Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year!"

Father, comes that voice from thee!
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
Good in all thy Future stored,
Fairer than in all the Past!

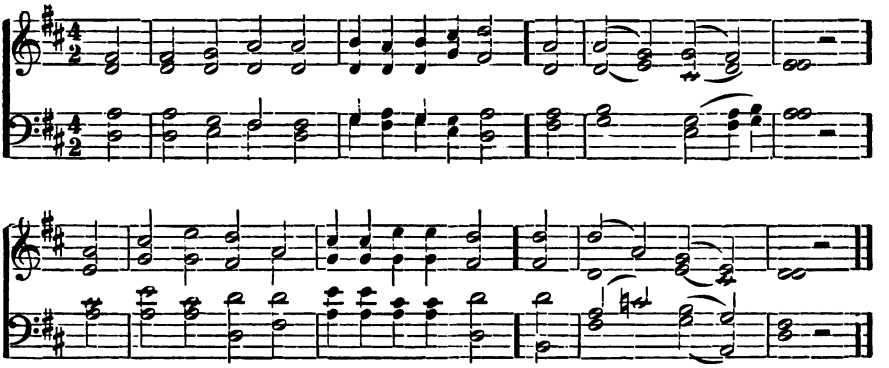
J. W. CHADWICK.

239. Christmas. *Vesper*, 50.

Now the joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Of the Christ-child long ago.
Hark! we hear again the chorus
Echoing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

Out of every clime and people
Under every holy name,
Is the everlasting gospel
Good and glad for aye the same:
So we, in our happy Christmas,
Breathe the universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages
In a brotherhood indeed.

Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices!
Shout, O new world, free and strong!
Hail of Light the deathless triumph,
Join the old world's birthday song,—



"Glory be to God the Highest!
Peace on earth, Good Will to men!"
'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,—
Let the world respond again.

Mrs. M. N. Meigs. (*v. 1.*)

240. The chant sublime. *Mann*, 14.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

241. "Peace on earth." *Lloyd*, 24.

STILL through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still the angels' music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

242. Christmas gifts. *Old 132*, 29.

LONG, long ago, in manger low
Was cradled from above
A little child, in whom God smiled
His Christmas gift of Love.
O, hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong!
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.

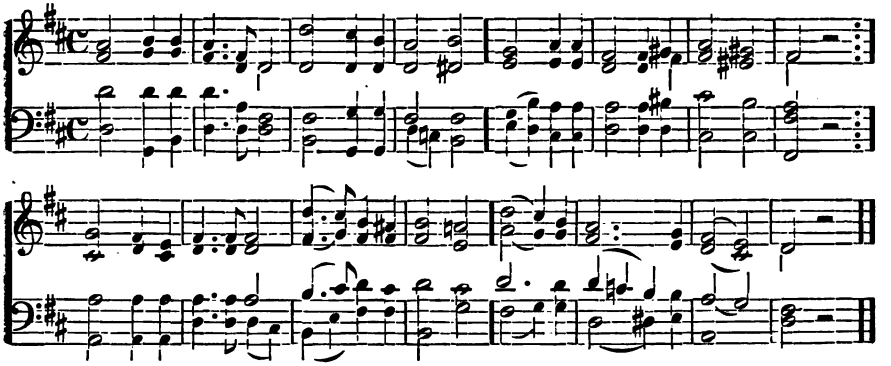
Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness,
And poverty and woe,—
Behold the manger, rude and strange,
In which a Christ-child lies!
O welcome guest, thy cradle-nest
Is always God's surprise!

For trouble, cold and dreary care
Are angels in disguise,
And, greeted fair with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise:
Straight they provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

Jane Andrews.

243. National hymn. *America*, 55.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!



My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,—
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

244. Our country. *America*, 55.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee:
On thee we wait!
Be her walls, Holiness;
Her rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State!

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

245. Our nation. *America*, 55.

Gone are the great and good,
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

We now, our fathers' God,
Stand where our fathers trod,
Where sleeps their dust:
Their high fidelity,
Their love of liberty,
The faith that made them free,
Our sacred trust!

And on, from sire to son,
O High and Holy One,
That faith descend!
While life shall ebb and flow,
New centuries come and go,
Still may our children know
Our country's Friend!

J. Pierpont. (*v. 1.*)

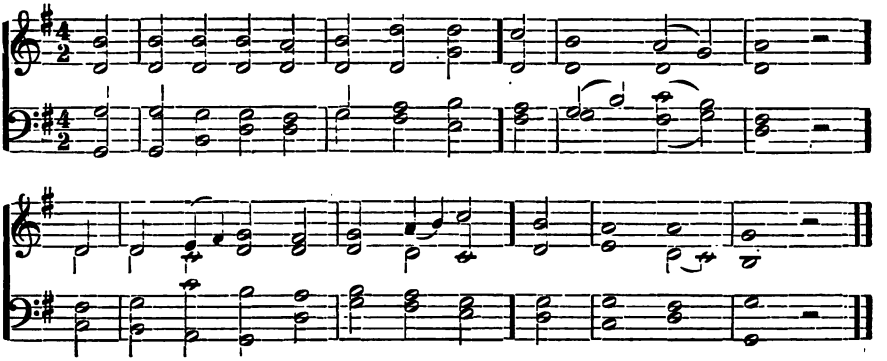
246. Fatherland. *Union*, 73.

To thee, O Fatherland,
Bond of our heart and hand,
From love deep, pure and strong
Rolls our high song.
May all thy pathways be
Highways of Liberty,
And Justice, throned in thee,
Reign ages long!

And thou, O God of Right,
The Lord, whose arm of might,
In storm and battle-roar,
Our Fathers bore—
Thou mad'st their children strong
To break the chains of wrong,
Till rang the Freeman's song
From shore to shore.

Free as our rivers flow,
Pure as our breezes blow,
Strong as our mountains stand,
Be our broad land!
Bright home of Liberty,
High hope of all the free—
Our love thy watch-tower be,
Dear Fatherland!

J. V. BLAKE.



PRAISE.

247. **Praise.** *Ward*, 18.

We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs!
High as the heavens our voices raise!
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

I. Watts.

248. **A psalm of praise.** *Channing*, 58.

We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray,
We praise thee with the fading light of day:
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
Forever ready at thy service stand.

Thy nations all are singing night and day,
"Glory to thee, the mighty God, for aye!
By thee, through thee, in thee all beings are!"
The listening earth repeats the song afar.

Thy hallowed name, thy kingdom, in us dwell;
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well;
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour:
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power!

Franck.

249. **Praise the Lord.** *Nuremburg*, 39.

All ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise!

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love!
Praise him, from the depths beneath!
Praise him in the heights above!
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

J. MONTGOMERY.

250. **All ye creatures.** *Praise*, 74. *Sicily*, 48. (*Repeat third line.*)

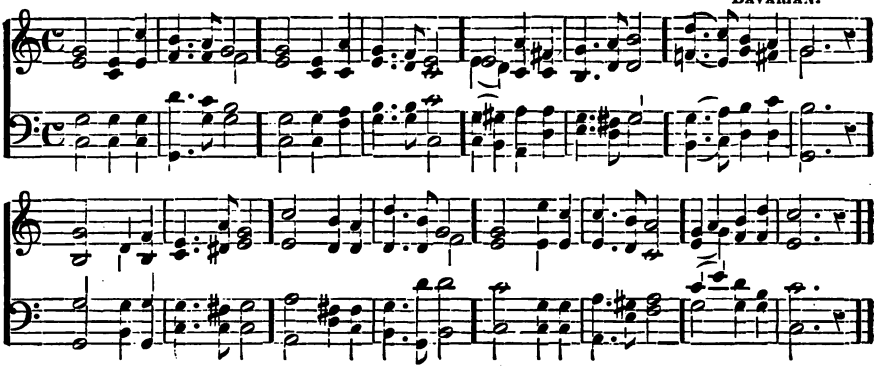
Angels holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living Nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright, night and noon-light
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary, tell his glory:
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rock and highland, wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

BAVARIAN.



Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise him ever, Bounteous Giver!
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

J. S. BLACKIE.

251. **Te deum.** *Dundee*, 22.

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

"O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!"

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty!

EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMN.

252. **Holy, holy, holy!** *Nicæa*, 67.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of erring man thy glory may not see!
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works do praise thy name in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

R. Heber.

253. **Hallelujah.** *Old Hundred*, 17.

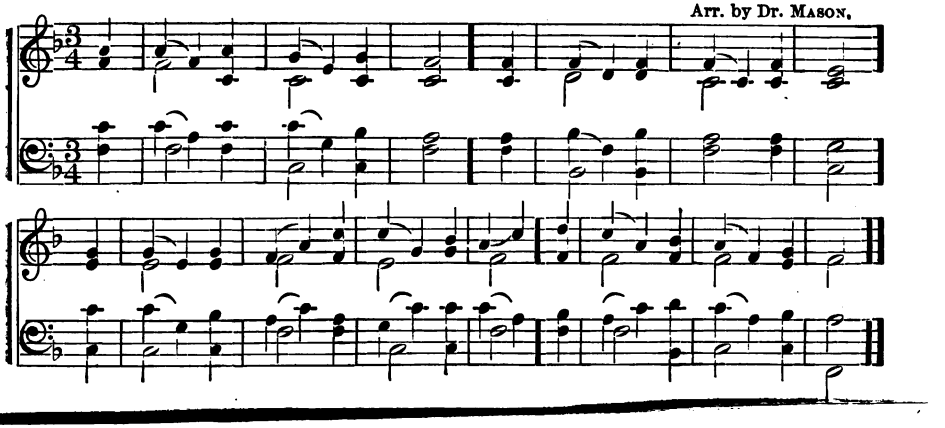
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Eternal Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
The Truth thine everlasting Word!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

I. Watts.

73A DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. by Dr. Mason.



254. Dedication Hymn of All Souls Church.

Lloyd, 24.
Invitation, 73 B.

Like stars upon a troubled sea
  Shine out the altars fair,
Where longings of the centuries
  Have voiced themselves in prayer.
A guide to tempted, wandering hearts,
  A strength in sorrow's hour,
A peace within the common lives
  They touched with holy power.

We seek the good those altars held,
  Yet read their message clear,
To loyally receive the light
  God sends us now and here.
Within these walls may worship fill
  Our waiting souls anew,
A present help within our lives
  To make them pure and true.

Eternal Life, whose love Divine
  Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than Thine,
  We heed no other call.
O may we serve in thought and deed
  Thy kingdom yet to be,
When truth and righteousness and love
  Shall lead all souls to Thee.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

255. Dedication Hymn.

Webb, 54.

He laid his rocks in courses;
  His trees grew on the hill;
He yoked his ancient forces
  And lent them to our will;
By arts that flowered and faded
  He graced the builder's thought;
And thus the temple's beauty
  The God of Ages wrought.

Within the Soul uprises
  The temple's counterpart.
Its stones of holy purpose
  Are quarried in the heart;
Its towers are faith and worship,
  Peace and good-will its plan,
Its windows heaven-lighted,
  Its doors wide love to man.

The prayers, to words outbreaking,
  In those still courts begin;
The songs we sing are echoes
  Of unheard song within.
Work on, O Silent Builder,
  Perfect thy inner shrine,
Till prayer be ceaseless serving,
  And song the life divine!

W. C. GANNETT.

256. The Creed of Life.

Hebron, 13.

Canons and rubrics own I none,
  Save one upon the granite writ;
"I Lord of Lords have fashioned it,
  And graved it with my rains and sun."

One creed low whispered everywhere
  I take unto my soul like fire;
Till flashing through me with desire,
  The world is molten in my prayer.

"It is my beating heart." I turn,
  I face the stream, I brave the hills,
With the same word the bird's breast fills,
  With the same God the bushes burn.

JOHN TUNIS.

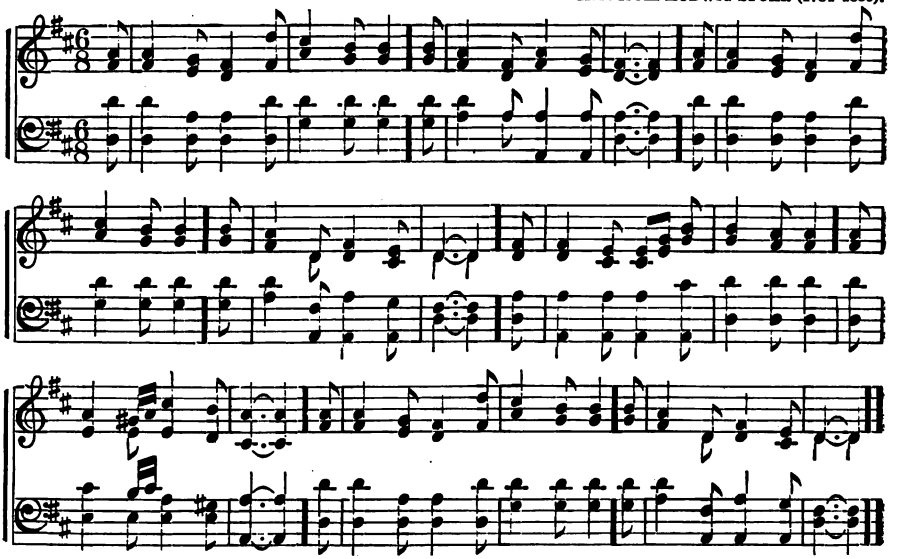
257. On the Mount.

Mann, 14.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

INVITATION. C. M. 73B

Arr. from Ludwig Spohr (1784-1859).



Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near:
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through weary days
We travel our appointed ways.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
Wherein a nobler life shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. HOSMER.

258. I Am so Weak. *Dennis*, 73A.

Father, I am so weak!
  Let me Thy presence feel,
Take now my tired hands in Thine
  And bless me as I kneel.

Renew my failing strength,
  And teach me how to rise,
And, bearing all my heavy load,
  To seek Thy bluer skies.

Let me not wait nor stay,
  Nor to the past return,
But kindle still my fainting heart
  With zeal anew to burn,

Till I shall see Thy love
  In every cross I bear;
And, keeping close my hands in Thine,
  Shall trust Thee everywhere.

J. E. MCCAINE.

259. Refracted Lights.

Invitation, 73B.

The evening star that softly sheds
  Its tender light on me,
Hath other place in the heavenly blue
  Than that I seem to see.
Too faint and slender is that beam
  To keep its pathway true,
In the vast space of cloud and mist
  It seeks an exit through.

Nor light of star, nor truth of God,
  Through earth-born clouds and doubt,
Can straightway pierce the hearts of men
  And drive the darkness out.
On bent, misshapen lines of faith
  We backward strive to trace
The love and glory that we ne'er
  Could look on face to face.

Each fails, through dim and wandering sight,
  The vision whole to see,
But none are there so poor and blind
  But catch some glimpse of Thee,—
Some knowledge of the better way,
  And of that life divine,
Of which our yearning hope is both
  The prophecy and sign.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Anthems and Chorals for the Congregation.

I. PRAISE. (Ps. cxvii.)

O praise ye the Lord, ye na-tions: Praise him, all ye peo - ple!

For his mer-cy is great toward us, and his truth en-dures for - ev - er.

All ye na - tions, praise the Lord: Praise Him, all ye peo - ple.

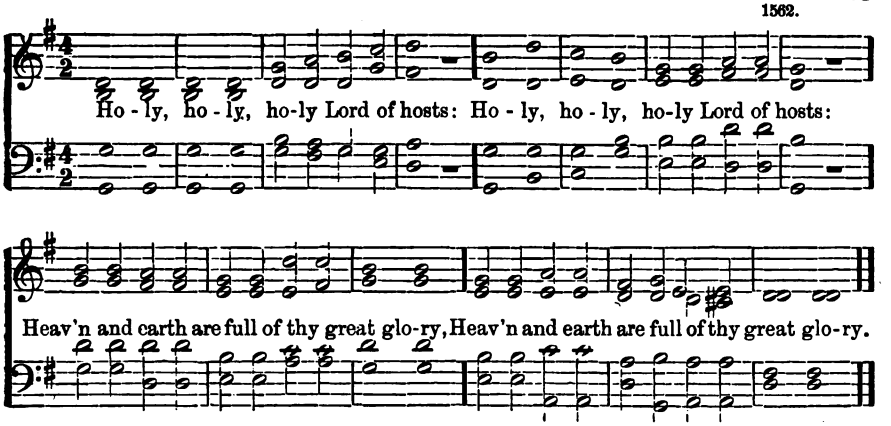
II. TRISAGION. 1680.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord of hosts: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord of hosts:

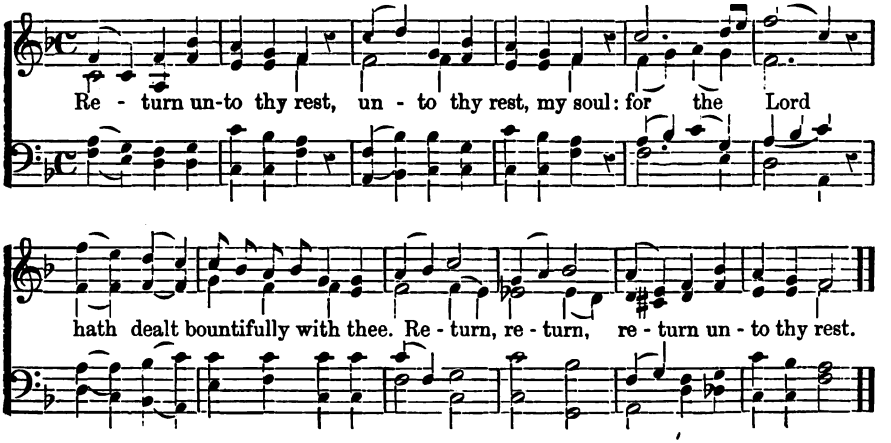
Heav'n and earth are full of thy great glo - ry, full of thy great glo - ry.

III. TRISAGION.

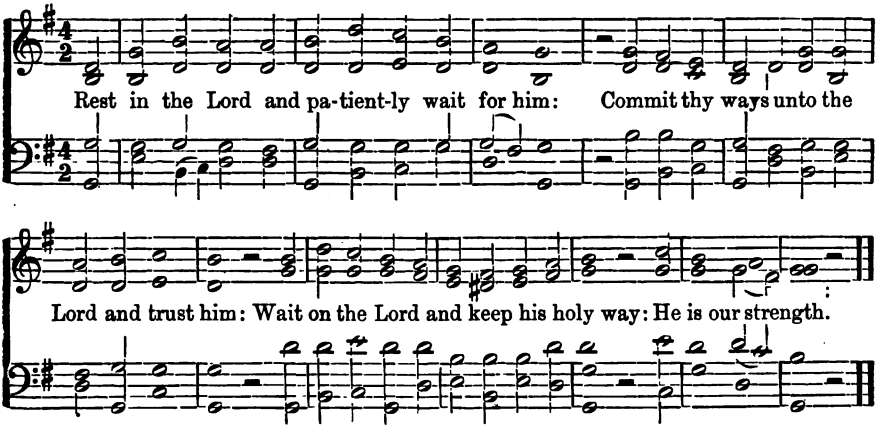
1562.



IV. RETURN UNTO THY REST. (Ps. cxvi. 7.)



V. WAIT PATIENTLY.



VI. SING PRAISE.

Sing praise un - to the Lord with thanks-giv-ing: Sing praise un-to the Lord with

pp

thanks - giv - ing: The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth them that are bowed down; Sing

praise un - to the Lord..... with thanks - giv - ing.

Allegro.

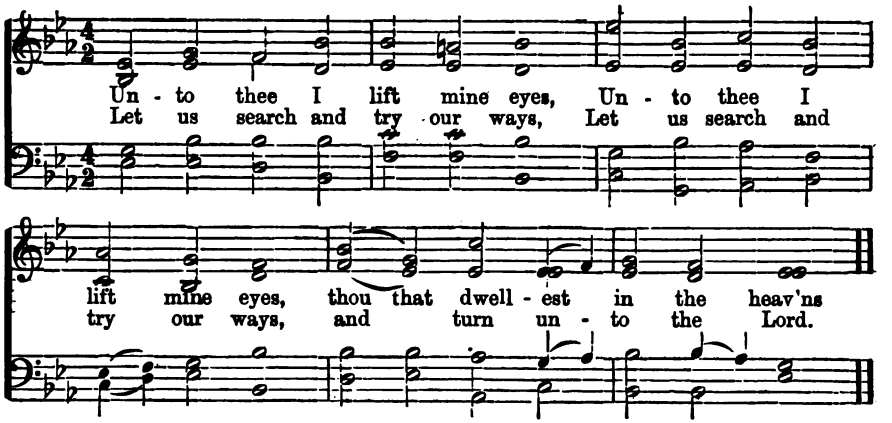
VII. THE LORD REIGNETH.

The Lord Almighty reigneth, Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord, the Lord Almighty

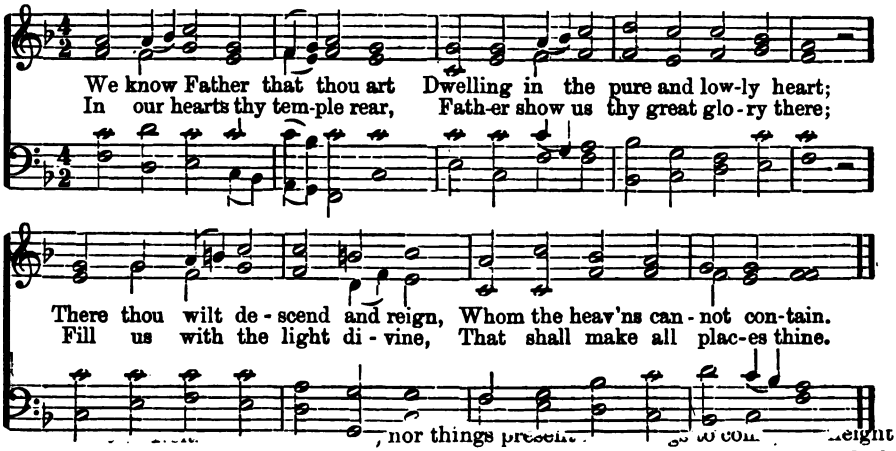
reign - eth, Hal-le- lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-

lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah!

VIII. UNTO THEE.



IX. BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.



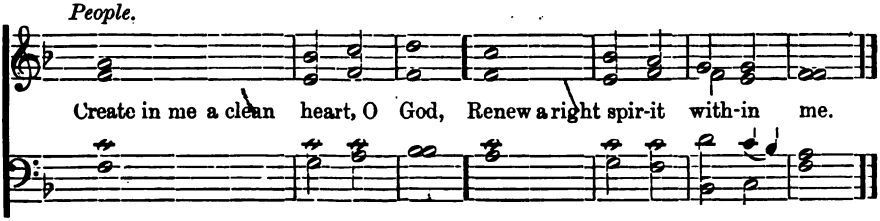
nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before him.

People. Trust ye in the | Lord for | ever:
For in the Lord, the Eternal, is | ever- | lasting | strength.

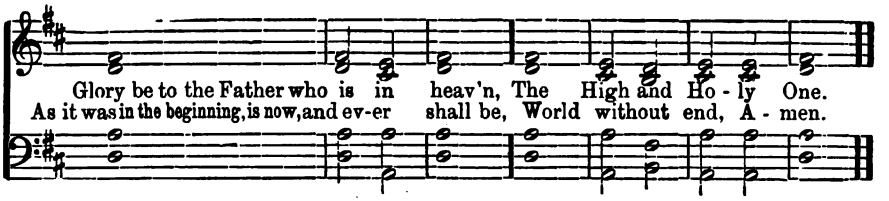
II. THE OFFERING.

Minister. Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the Most High? He hath shown us in our hearts what is good, and what it is he doth require: to do justly; to love mercy; and to walk humbly with our God.

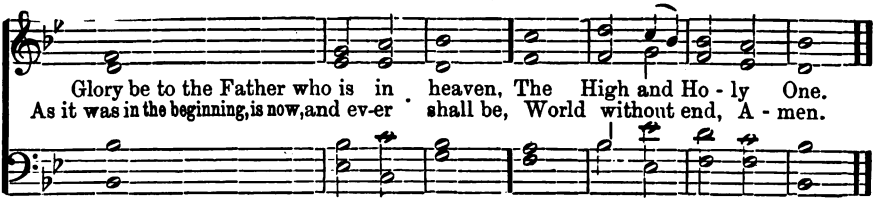
People.



XI. GLORIA PATRI.



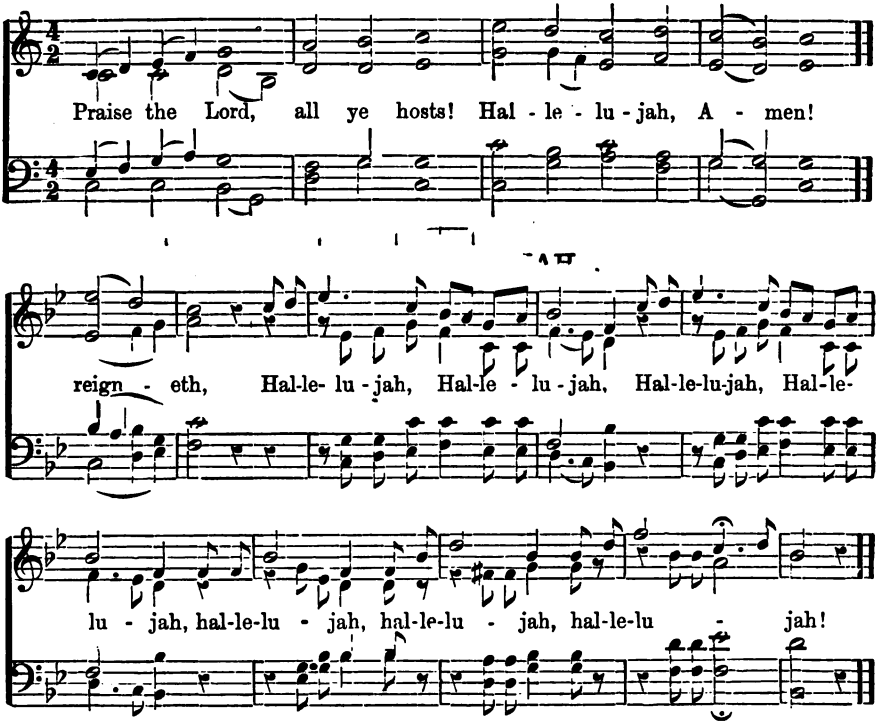
XII. GLORIA PATRI.



Or these words:

Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens,
And thy glory be | over | all the | earth!
All the ends of the world shall | worship | thee,
And glorify thy | Holy | Name. Amen.

XIII. HALLELUJAH.



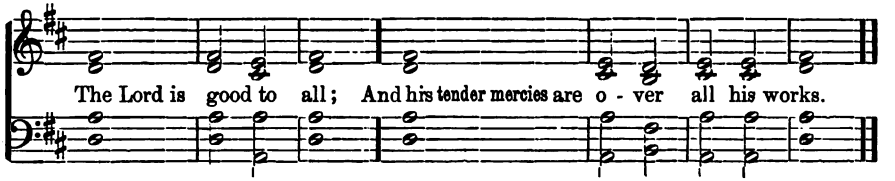
CHORAL RESPONSES.

To be sung by the congregation, or by the choir ; or, if preferred, to be *read* by the congregation. See the Orders of Service suggested on page 4 of the Preface.

I. NIGH UNTO ALL.

Minister. O, come, let us sing unto the Lord. Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving, and be joyful of heart before him. He is nigh unto all that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

People.



Minister. Thus saith the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the hearts of the contrite ones.

People. The Lord is | good to | all;
And his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.

Minister. Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee, saith our God.

People. The Eternal God | is our | refuge:
Underneath us are the | ever- | lasting | arms.

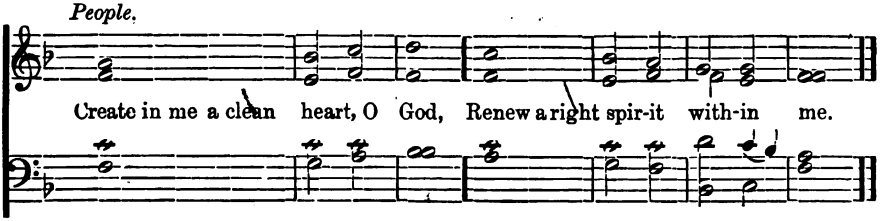
Minister. Neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. Trust in him at all times, ye people : pour out your hearts before him.

People. Trust ye in the | Lord for | ever:
For in the Lord, the Eternal, is | ever- | lasting | strength.

II. THE OFFERING.

Minister. Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the Most High? He hath shown us in our hearts what is good, and what it is he doth require: to do justly; to love mercy; and to walk humbly with our God.

People.



Minister. If thou bring thy prayer to the altar and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, go thy way! First be reconciled to thy brother,—then come and offer thy prayer unto God. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart,
Try | me and | know my | thoughts.

Minister. And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any; that your Father, also, who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart;
Try | me and | know my | thoughts.

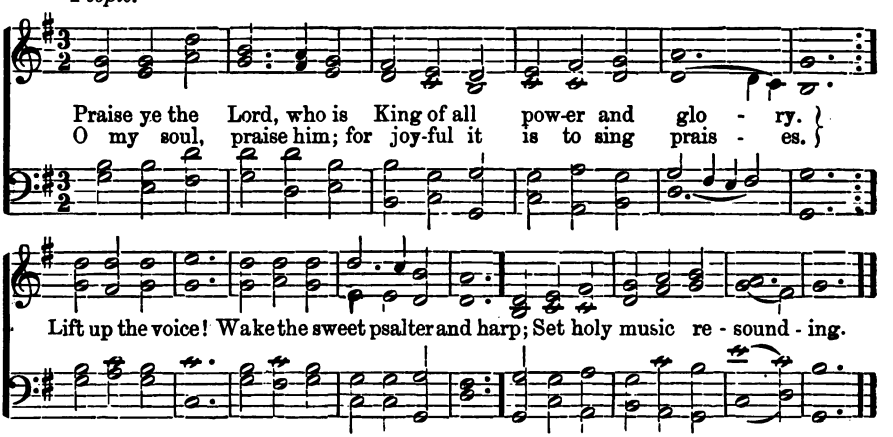
Minister. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good repute, whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise,—let us think on these things.

People. O, worship the Lord in the | beauty...of | holiness:
Serve him with | gladness, | all the | earth.

III. TENDER MERCIES.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

People.



Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thy sins, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds: he telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names.

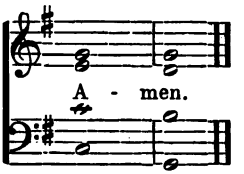
People. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things;
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles;
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

Minister. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters! They come trooping upon us! They break forth like mighty waters on every side! O, make thy goodness, health and strength unto us, that we may be thankful, dutiful and holy.

People. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

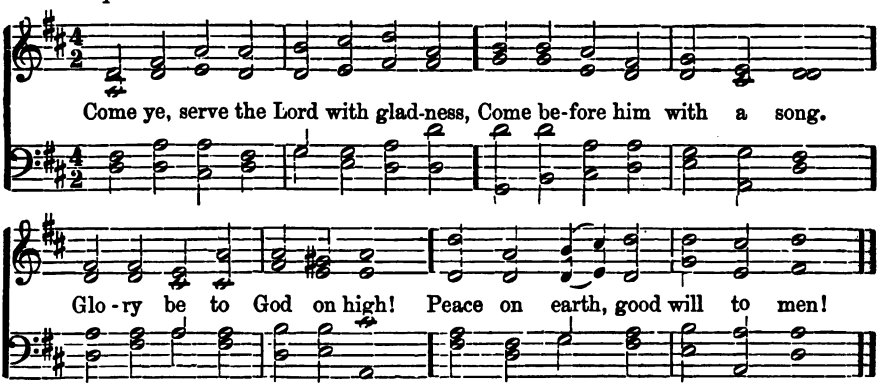
People.



IV. IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

Minister. I was glad when my companions said unto me, Come, it is our holy day; let us go into the house of the Lord; let us take sweet counsel together; let our feet stand within his gates, and heart and voice give thanks unto him. Peace to young and old that enter here, peace to every soul herein! The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace.

People.



Minister. Blessed be the Lord God that giveth beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

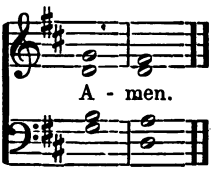
People. Make not haste in time of trouble:
Patiently wait for the Lord.
We know all things work for good
Unto them that love the Lord.

Minister. Blessed be the Lord God of Ages, who never ceaseth to draw more nigh! His voice in the morning of the world was heard from afar: in the evening he speaketh at the door, and entereth to abide with us forever. Manifold are thy witnesses, O God, and the angels of thine invisible presence: else had we never known thee. Lo! thou goest by us, and we see thee not: but the firmament declareth thy glory; the prophets proclaim thy judgments; the righteous wonder at thy law in their hearts; the patient find thee in the secret places of their sorrow, and their songs break out in melody to thee.

People. Holy, holy Lord Almighty,
Earth declares thy majesty,
And thy glory fills the heavens:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Minister. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. For he is our God; we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

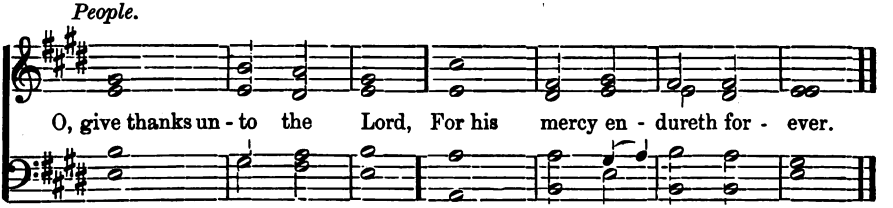
People. Come ye, serve the Lord with gladness,
Come before him with a song:
Glory be to God on high!
Peace on earth, good will to men!



V. THE REFUGE.

Minister. Blessed be God, the God who helpeth us; who beareth our burdens day by day. The Lord meeteth him that with rejoicing worketh righteousness, that remembereth him in his way. In all our ways let us acknowledge him, and he shall direct our paths.

People.



Minister. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God! I shall yet praise him,—him my Deliverer, and my God!

People. His righteousness is like the | high... | mountains:
His | justice | is a...great | deep.

Minister. When I am in heaviness, I will think upon God: a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

People. Thou wilt keep him in | perfect | peace,
Whose | mind is | stayed on | thee.

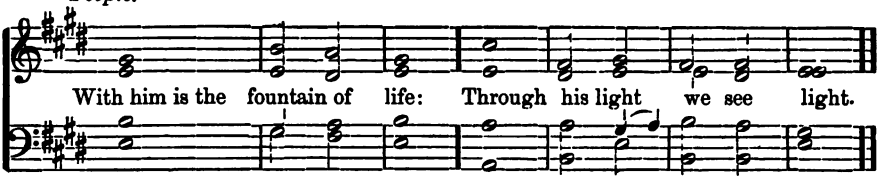
Minister. The Eternal is an Everlasting God. He fainteth not, neither is weary: and to them that have no might, he giveth abundant strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

People. O give thanks un | to the | Lord,
For his | mercy...en- | dureth...for- | ever.

VI. THE STRENGTH OF THE HEAVENS AND THE HEART.

Minister. There is one God and Father of all, above all, and through all, and in us all: in him we live and move and have our being: of him and through him and to him are all things.

People.



Minister. The heavens declare his glory; the firmament showeth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth wisdom, night unto night showeth knowledge.

People. O Lord, how manifold | are thy | works:
In wisdom | hast thou | made them | all.

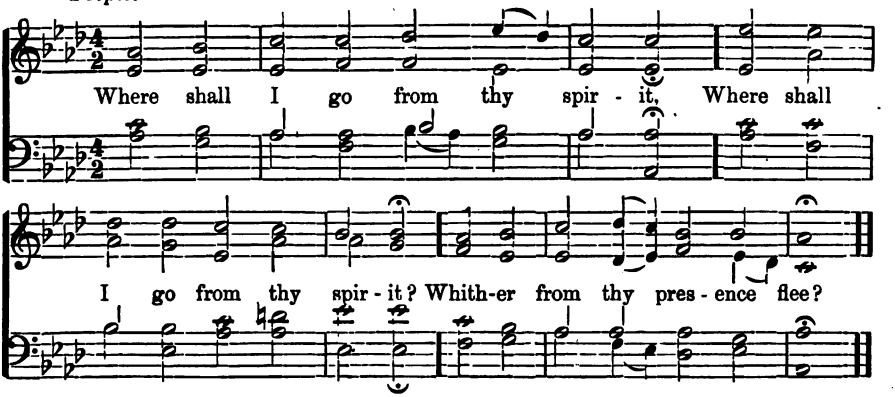
Minister. Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they whose ways are pure, who walk in the path of his commandments. Blessed are they who keep his statutes and who seek him with the whole heart.

People. Blessed is the man whose | strength...is in | thee:
In | whose heart | are thy | ways.
Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

VII. THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS.

Minister. O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me! Thou knowest my sitting-down and my rising-up: thou understandest my thoughts from afar: thou seest my path and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways. Before the word is upon my tongue, behold, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether! Thou besettest me behind and before, and layest thine hand upon me! Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it.

People.



Minister. If I ascend into the heavens, thou art there. If I make my bed in the depths, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

People. Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

Minister. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,—even the night shall be light about me!

People. Yea, the darkness hides not from thee,
But the night shineth like day.

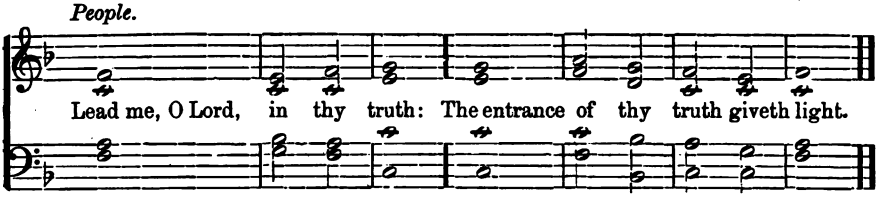
Minister. How precious to me are thy thoughts, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I count them, they outnumber the sands. When I awake, I am still with thee! Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

People. See if there be evil in me;
Lead me in thine holy way.

VIII. THE SONS OF GOD.

Minister. Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: for the Spirit of Truth will guide us into all truth, and we shall know the truth, and the truth will make us free.

People.



Minister. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts also, and given us the earnest of the Spirit within us whereby we lay hold of eternal life. This is the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world: and as many as receive it, to them it giveth power to become the Sons of God.

People. Lead us, O Lord | in thy | truth:
Let thy truth pre- | serve us | ever- | more.

Minister. Jesus said: For this cause came I into the world, and to this end was I born,—that I should bear witness to the truth, and work the works of him that sent me. And if any one desires to come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross; for I came not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father that sent me: and whosoever will do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister.

People. They shall | know the | truth:
And the | truth shall | make them | free.

Minister. For the Spirit teacheth all things, even the deep things of God.

People. Even the deep | things of | God.
And his | truth shall | make us | free.

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy | One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

FOR

MINISTER

AND

CONGREGATION.

COMPILED BY

T. B. FORBUSH.

CHICAGO:
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY,
175 DEARBORN STREET.
1889.

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I.

M. How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts!

C. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:

For the Lord God is a sun and a shield
The Lord will give grace and glory.

It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves:
No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise.

I was glad when they said unto me,
Come, it is our holy day;

Let us go into the house of the Lord,
Let us take sweet counsel together;

Let our feet stand within His gates;
Let heart and voice give thanks unto Him.

For the Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting,
And His truth endureth to all generations.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee;
In whose heart are Thy ways.

Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house;
They will always be praising Thee.

Blessed be the temple hallowed by Thy name;
Pray for peace within its walls.

M. Peace to young and old that enter there;

C. Peace to every soul abiding therein.

For friends and brethren's sake I will never cease to say;
Peace be within Thee!
What though the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him,
And He dwelleth not in temples made with hands;
What though His way is in the deep,
And His knowledge is too wonderful for us;
Yet touched by the altar's living glow,
Our hearts burn within us,
And we try the wings that beat for His refuge,
And flee as a bird to the mountain.
Oh Lord, when we cry unto Thee from the deep,
And wait for Thee as they that wait for the morning,
Thou wilt have regard unto our supplications,
And the voice of our prayer Thou wilt not despise.
Oh House of the Lord's praise,
Peace be to them that love thee!

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

II.

M. Oh Sing unto the Lord a new song!
C. Sing unto the Lord all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord; bless His name;
Show forth His salvation from day to day.
Declare His glory among the nations,
His wonders among all people.
For the Lord is great and greatly to be praised;
He made the heavens and the earth and all that therein is.
Honor and majesty are before Him;
Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord, Oh ye families of the people,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the honor due His name.
Bring offerings and come into His courts.
Oh worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.
Serve the Lord with gladness.
Come before His presence with thanksgiving.
Say among the nations that the Lord reigneth.
He has established the world that it cannot be moved.
In His hand are the deep places of the earth.
The strength of the hills is His also.
The sea is His, for He made it;
And His hands formed the dry land.

M. Oh come, let us worship and bow down,

C. Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker;

For He is our God;

We are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad,

Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof,

Let the field be joyful and all that therein is,

Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord,

For He cometh, He cometh to judge the earth;

To judge the world with righteousness and truth.

Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

III.

M. Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord?

C. Who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,

And speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that doeth no evil to his neighbor;

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not;

But he honoreth those who fear the Lord;

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Wherewith shall we come before the Lord,

And bow ourselves before the Most High?

He hath shown thee, O man, what is good,

And what doth the Lord require of thee,

But to do justly and to love mercy,

And to walk humbly with thy God?

When thou bringest thy gift to the altar,

If thou rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee,

First go and be reconciled to thy brother,

Then come and offer thy gift.

M. Let us offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
And put our trust in the Lord;
C. For the Lord loveth righteousness,
And the upright shall behold His face.
Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness,
Make Thy way straight before my face.
Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it.
Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.
Behold Thou desirest truth in the heart.
To do justice and judgment is more acceptable than sacrifice.
Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.
Return unto thy rest, oh my soul,
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise;
For the Lord is great, His mercy is everlasting,
And His truth endureth to all generations.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

IV.

M. I will extol Thee, my God, O King,
C. And I will bless Thy name forever and ever.
Every day will I bless Thee,
And I will praise Thy name forever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
And His greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall praise Thy works to another,
And shall declare Thy mighty acts.
I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty,
And I will declare Thy greatness.
Men shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness,
And shall sing of Thy righteousness.
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion,
Slow to anger and great in mercy.
The Lord is good to all,
And His tender mercies are over all His works.
All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord!
They speak of the glory of Thy kingdom and Thy power,
To make known to the sons of men Thy mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of Thy kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee,
And Thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest Thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
The Lord is righteous in all His ways,
And holy in all His works.
He keepeth the truth forever.
He executeth judgment for the oppressed.
The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him,
To all that call upon Him in truth.
He fulfils the desire of them that fear Him;
He heareth their cry and will save them.
The Lord preserveth all those who love Him.
Let all flesh bless His holy name forever and ever.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

V.

M. Praise the Lord! for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God.

C. It is pleasant, and praise is comely.

Great is our Lord, and great is His power;
Yea, and His wisdom is infinite.
Praise God in His sanctuary.
Praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.
Praise Him in the heights.
Praise him all ye angels of His.
Praise ye Him all His hosts.
Praise ye Him sun and moon.
Praise Him all ye stars of light.
Praise Him ye heavens of heavens;
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord,
For He commanded and they were created.
He hath established them forever and ever,
And given them a law which shall not be broken.
Praise the Lord from the earth, monsters and all deeds;
Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling His word;
Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars;
Beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl;

M. Kings of the earth and all people;

C. Princes and all judges of the earth;

Young men and maidens, old men and children,

Praise the name of the Lord.

For His name alone is excellent,

And His praise is above heaven and earth.

He increaseth the glory of His people.

All His holy ones shall praise Him.

Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord?

Who can show forth all His praise?

For His merciful kindness is great towards us,

And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.

Blessed be the name of the Lord,

From this time forth, and even for ever more.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof,

Let the Lord's name be praised.

Let the congregation of the people praise Him.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

VI.

M. Bless the Lord. O my soul!

C. And all that is within me, bless His holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul!

And forget not all His benefits.

Who forgiveth all thy sins;

Who healeth all thy infirmities;

Who saveth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness;

Who filleth the morning of thy life with good;

Who reneweth thy youth like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness;

He showeth judgment to all who are oppressed.

The Lord is merciful and gracious,

Long suffering and of great goodness.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins,

Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,

So great is His mercy towards those who fear Him.

As far as the east is from the west,

So far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,

So the Lord pitieth those who fear Him.

For He knoweth our frame,

He remembereth that we are dust.

M. The days of man are but as grass,

C. As a flower of the field so he flourisheth;

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone,

And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon those who fear Him,

And His righteousness to children's children,

Even to such as keep His covenants.

And to those who remember His commandments to do them.

The Lord has established His throne in the heavens;

And His kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord! ye angels of His who excel in strength

Ye who do His commandments and hearken unto the voice of His words.

Bless the Lord! all ye His hosts.

Ye servants of His who do His pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion

Bless the Lord! O my soul!

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

VII.

M. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

C. O Lord, my God! Thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;
Thou deckest Thyself with light as with a garment;
Thou spreadest out the heavens like a curtain;
Thou makest the clouds Thy chariot;
Thou ridest on the wings of the wind;
Thou makest the flaming lightnings Thy ministers;
Thou laidest the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be removed forever;
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment;
Thou hast set a bound which the waters may not pass;
Thou pourest out the springs into rivers,
Beside them the fowls of the air have their habitation;
Thou waterest the hills from Thy clouds;
The earth is filled with the fruits of Thy works.
Thou causest grass to spring up for cattle,
And green herbs for the service of man;
That Thou mayest bring forth food out of the earth,
And bread to strengthen the heart of man.
Thou hast set the moon to mark the seasons;
The sun knoweth when to go down.
O Lord! how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all;

M. The earth is full of Thy riches;

C. So is the great and wide sea.

All creatures look up unto Thee

That Thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

Thou givest it them, and they gather it;

Thou openest Thy hand, they are filled with good,

Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled;

Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to dust;

Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created,

And Thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure forever.

The Lord shall rejoice in His works.

He looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth.

He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.

I will praise my God while I have my being.

My meditation of Him shall be sweet.

I will be glad in the Lord.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

VIII.

M. The heavens declare the glory of God,
C. And the firmament showeth the work of His hands.
Day unto day uttereth speech;
Night unto night showeth knowledge.
They have no speech, nor language,
And their voice is not heard;
Yet their sound has gone out through all the earth,
And their word to the end of the world.
In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
He goeth forth from one end of the heaven,
And his circuit is unto the other end of it,
And there is nothing hid from his heat.
The works of the Lord are great and glorious;
They are done in truth and righteousness, and stand fast forever.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men.
For the heavens declare His righteousness,
And all the people see His glory.
The law of the Lord is perfect, giving life to the soul.
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

M. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

C. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever.

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold.

Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

Moreover by them is Thy servant warned,

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors?

Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.

Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins,

Let them not have dominion over me,

Then shall I be upright,

And I shall be innocent of great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth,

And the meditations of my heart,

Be acceptable in Thy sight,

O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

IX.

M. Let us now remember the works of the Lord;
C. Let us declare the things which we have seen.
How excellent are the works of His wisdom;
We shall be filled with beholding His glory.
The pride of the height, the clear firmament,
The sun when it riseth declares the work of the Most High.
Great is the Lord who made it,
And at His command it runneth swiftly.
He made the moon also to serve in her season;
The month is called after her name, increasing with her changes.
The beauty of the heaven is the glory of the stars.
They give light in the high places of the Lord.
At His command they stand in their order,
And they never faint in their watches.
Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it.
Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof.
It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle,
And the hands of the Most High have bended it.
The noise of His thunder maketh the earth tremble.
He sendeth swiftly the lightning of His judgment.
As birds flying, He scattereth the snow.
The falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers.

M. The eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof,

C. The heart is astonished at the raining of it.

The cold north wind clotheth the water with a breast-plate;

It devoureth the mountains, it consumeth the grass as fire.

At His will the south wind bloweth;

Like a dew coming after heat it refresheth.

We may speak much and yet come short,

Wherefore, in sum, He is all.

He is from everlasting to everlasting,

And by His will all things exist.

How shall we be able to magnify Him?

He is great above His works, marvellous is His power.

When ye glorify the Lord exalt Him as much as ye can,

For even yet He will far exceed;

When ye exalt Him put forth all your strength,

For ye never can go far enough.

For Thou, Lord hast made all things,

And we have seen but a few of Thy works.

The whole world before Thee is as the small dust of the balance,

Yea, as a drop of morning dew that falleth upon the earth.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

X.

M. Canst thou by searching find out God?

C. Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?

He is high as heaven, what canst thou do?

Deeper than the grave, what canst thou know?

Behold I go forward, but He is not there;

And backwards, but I cannot perceive Him;

On the left hand where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him;

He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him;

But He knoweth the way that I take;

When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

He is of one mind, who can turn Him?

If He cut off or shut up, or gather together, who can hinder Him?

He is wise in heart and mighty in strength.

He removeth the mountains and they know it not.

He shaketh the earth out of its place, the pillars thereof tremble.

He spreadeth out the heavens and walketh on the waves of the sea.

He knoweth the place where light dwelleth, and where is the place of darkness.

He laid the foundations of the earth, and placed the corner-stone thereof;

When the morning stars sang together,

And all the sons of God shouted for joy.

M. With Him is wisdom and strength:

C. He hath counsel and understanding.

When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

When He hideth His face who then can behold Him?

Behold, He breaketh down and it cannot be built again;

He shutteth up a man and there can be no opening.

He discovereth deep things out of darkness,

And everything that is hid bringeth He forth to light.

Dominion and fear are with Him;

He maketh peace in His high places.

He stretcheth out the north over the empty place:

He hangeth the earth upon nothing.

He hath compassed the waters with bounds,

Until day and night come to an end.

The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at His reproof;

He divideth the sea by His power.

By His spirit hath He garnished the heavens:

His hand hath formed the crooked serpent.

Lo, these are a part of His ways, but how little is heard of Him!

The thunder of His power who can understand!

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

XI.

M. Oh, Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me;
C. Thou knowest my down-sitting and my uprising;
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
For there is not a word on my tongue,
But, lo! O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.
Thou besettest me behind and before,
And layest Thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me:
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, Thou are there:
If I make my bed in the grave, behold Thou art there:
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
And Thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me,
Even the night shall be light about me,
Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, the night shineth as the day—
The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee,

M. I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made,

C. Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.

How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them.

If I should count them they are more in number than th sand:

When I awake, I am still with Thee.

Search me, O God! and know my heart;

Try me and know my thoughts;

And see if there be any wicked way in me,

And lead me in the way everlasting.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

XII.

M. O God! Thou art my God,
C. Early will I seek Thee.
As the heart panteth after the water brooks,
So thirsteth my soul for Thee, O God!
When Thou saidst, seek ye My face,
Our hearts replied, Thy face Lord will we seek.
Seek the Lord while He may be found,
Call ye upon Him while He is near.
Ye shall seek Me and find Me,
When ye shall search for Me with all your hearts.
Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find,
Knock and it shall be opened unto you.
Draw nigh unto God and He will draw nigh unto you.
Cleanse your hands and purify your hearts.
Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace,
Commune with your own heart and be still.
Who is wise that he may understand these things?
Prudent, that he may know them?
For the ways of the Lord are right,
And the just shall walk in them.
If thou criest after knowledge,
And liftest up thy voice for understanding,
If thou seekest for it as for silver,
And searchest for it as for hidden treasure,

M. Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord,

C. And find out the knowledge of God.

O God! so teach us to number our days,

That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;

And the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

The path of the just is as the shining light,

That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Great peace have they who love Thy law,

And nothing shall offend them.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright;

The end of that man is peace.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,

Whose heart is stayed on Thee.

Trust in the Lord forever,

For in the Lord our God is everlasting strength.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

XIII.

M. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
C. From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved,
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and even forever more.
Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed,
Though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.
God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High,
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
Because thou hast made the Most High thy refuge,
Therefore no evil shall befall thee.
He shall defend thee under His wings,
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

M. Cast thy burden on the Lord, He shall sustain thee,

C. He will not suffer those who seek Him to fail.

Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him,

For none of them who trust in Him shall be desolate.

My soul truly waiteth upon God,

For of Him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation,

He is my defence, I shall not be greatly moved.

My soul wait thou still upon God,

For my hope is in Him.

In God is my health and my glory,

The rock of my strength and my refuge is in God.

Trust in Him at all times ye people, pour out your hearts before Him;

God is a refuge for us.

For the Lord is a sun and a shield, the Lord will give grace and glory.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XIV.

M. The Lord is my shepherd,
C. I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me besides the still waters;
He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For Thou art with me,
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.
Thou annointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever
Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good,
Blessed is the man that trusteth Him.
There is no want to those who fear the Lord.
Those who seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous,
And His ears are open unto their prayer.

M. How excellent is Thy loving kindness, O Lord!

C. The children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

With Thee is the fountain of life,
And in Thy light shall we see light.
What man is he who desireth life,
And loveth many days that he may do good?
Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile,
Depart from evil and do good,
Seek peace and pursue it.
The Lord is nigh to those of a contrite heart,
And will save those who are of an humble spirit.
Great are the troubles of the righteous,
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
The Lord delivereth the souls of His servants,
And none of them who trust in Him shall be desolate.
Oh, praise the Lord with me,
And let us magnify His name together.
Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
For His mercy endureth forever.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

XV.

M. Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes,
C. And I shall keep it unto the end.
Give me understanding and I shall keep Thy law,
Yea, I shall keep it with my whole heart.
Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments,
For therein is my desire.
Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,
And quicken Thou me in Thy way.
Thy hands have made me and fashioned me,
Give me understanding that I may learn Thy commandments.
Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live,
For Thy law is my delight.
Order my footsteps in Thy word,
And let not any sin have dominion over me.
O Lord! Thy word endureth forever,
Being established like the heavens:
Thy truth remaineth from generation to generation.
Thou has laid the foundation of the earth, and it abideth.
Oh, how I love Thy law,
It is my meditation all the day.
How sweet are Thy words unto my taste,
Yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth.

M. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,

C. And a light unto my path.

The going forth of Thy word giveth light,

It giveth understanding to the simple.

Thy testimonies are wonderful,

Therefore doth my soul keep them.

Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,

And Thy law is the truth.

Let my prayer come before Thee, O Lord!

Give me understanding according to Thy word.

My lips shall speak Thy praise,

When Thou hast taught me Thy statutes.

I have longed for Thy salvation, O Lord,

And in Thy law is my delight.

The righteousness of Thy testimonies is everlasting;

Oh, grant me understanding and I shall live.

Thy testimonies are my heritage forever;

Quicken me, O Lord! according to Thy loving kindness.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

XVI.

M. Bless the Lord, oh my soul!

C. And all that is within me bless His holy name.

Bless the Lord, oh my soul!

And forget not all His benefits.

Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house,

They will always be praising Thee.

Blessed are they who keep Thy statutes,

And who seek Thee with the whole heart.

Blessed are they whose ways are pure,

Who walk in the path of Thy commandments.

Blessed are they who regard justice,

And who practice righteousness at all times.

Blessed is the man who feareth the Lord,

Who hath great delight in His commandments.

Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

But whose delight is in the law of the Lord.

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth no sin,

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

Blessed is the man whom God correcteth;

Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.

Blessed is the man, O Lord, whom Thou reprovest,

And teachest him out of Thy law.

M. Blessed is he that considereth the poor,

C. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

Blessed is the man who maketh the Lord his hope,

The Lord shall preserve him, and none of his steps shall slide.

Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord,

He shall be as a tree planted by running waters, whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Blessed is the man who hath God for his help,

Yea, blessed is that people whose God is the Lord.

Blessed are all they that wait upon the Lord,

In returning and rest they shall be saved, in quietness shall be their strength.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee,

In whose heart are Thy ways.

Blessed is the man whom Thou chooses.

And causest to approach unto Thee.

In Thy presence is fullness of joy,

At Thy right hand are pleasures forevermore.

Blessed be the name of the Lord forever,

For wisdom and might are His.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

XVII.

M. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said,
Blessed are the poor in Spirit,
C. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn,
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Love your enemies,
Bless them that curse you,
Do good to them that hate you,
Pray for them who despitefully use you.
Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;
For this is the law and the prophets.

M. That ye may be the children of your Father which is in
C. heaven,

For He maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

Let your light so shine before men,

That they may glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit,

But a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit:

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven,

But he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.

Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,

And all things shall be added unto you.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,

For where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

Be ye therefore perfect

Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XVIII.

M. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.

C. By this the children of God are manifest:
Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God,
Neither he that loveth not his brother.
He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,
How shall he love God whom he hath not seen?
Let love be without dissimulation;
Be kindly affectioned one to another;
Abhor that which is evil;
Cleave to that which is good;
Recompense to no man evil for evil;
Provide things honest in the sight of all men;
If it be possible live peaceably with all men.
Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good.
Above all have fervent charity among yourselves;
Let none imagine evil in his heart against his neighbor.
Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy,
And understand all mysteries and all knowledge,
And though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains,
And have not charity, I am nothing.

M. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned,

C. And have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind;
Charity envieth not;
Charity vaunteth not itself;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in truth.
Charity never faileth, but beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.
Now abideth faith, hope and charity;
But the greatest of these is charity.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

XIX.

M. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
C. And the man that getteth understanding;
For the profit of it is more than the profit of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies,
And all thou canst desire is not to be compared with her.
Length of days is in her right hand,
And in her left hand riches and honor.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her,
And happy is every one that retaineth her.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom,
And with all thy getting get understanding.
Forsake her not and she shall preserve thee;
Love her and she shall keep thee;
Exalt her and she shalt promote thee;
She shall bring thee honor when thou dost embrace her;
She shall give thine head an ornament of grace,
A crown of glory shall she deliver unto thee.
Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go,
Keep her, for she is thy life.
Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely,
And when thou runnest thy foot shall not stumble.

M. When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid,

C. Yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Where shall wisdom be found?

Where is the place of understanding?

The depth saith "It is not in me,"

And the sea saith "It is not in me."

It cannot be purchased with gold,

Neither can silver be weighed for the price thereof.

God understandeth the way to it,

He knoweth the dwelling place thereof.

When He gave the winds their weight,

And meted out the waters by measure,

When He made a law for the rain,

And a path for the thunderbolt,

Then did He see it and declare it.

And unto man He said:

Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,

And to depart from evil is understanding.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XX.

M. Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?

C. He that walketh uprightly and speaketh the truth,
He who slandereth not with his tongue and injureth not his friend,
He who bringeth not a reproach against his neighbor.
Great is truth and mighty above all things.
All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heaven blesseth it.
All works shake and tremble at it,
And with it is no unrighteous thing.
It endureth and is always strong;
It liveth and conquereth forevermore.
With her there is no acceptance of persons or rewards,
Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness;
But she doeth the things that are just,
And refraineth from all unjust and wicked things.
She is glorious and never fadeth away.
She is easily seen of those who love her, and found of those who seek her.
All men do like well of her works,
And she is the strength and kingdom and majesty of all ages.
She is the brightness of the everlasting light,
The breath of the power of God, the image of His goodness.

M. She is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the stars.

C. In all ages entering into holy souls, she makes them friends of God.

Therefore buy the truth and sell it not,

For he that speaketh truth showeth forth righteousness.

In nowise speak against the truth,

And refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good.

In every good work trust thine own soul,

For this is the keeping of the commandment.

Let the counsel of thine own heart stand,

For there is no man more faithful to thee than it.

Wherefore speak every man truth with his neighbor.

And we shall know of the truth and the truth shall make us free.

For this cause are we born and sent into the world

That we may bear witness to the truth.

O Lord, who has made me and fashioned me,

Teach me to keep Thy law, for Thy law is truth,

Let Thy word be a lamp unto my feet, a light upon my path.

Set a watch before my mouth, guard the door of my lips.

Quicken me in Thy righteousness,

And lead me in Thy truth.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

XXI.

M. Cast thy bread upon the waters
C. And thou shalt find it after many days.
In the morning sow thy seed,
And in the evening withhold not thine hand,
For thou knowest not which shall prosper,
Or whether both shall be alike good.
The liberal deviseth liberal things,
And by liberal things shall he stand.
There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,
There is that withholdeth more than is meet, yet cometh to want.
The liberal soul shall be made fat,
He who watereth shall be watered also himself.
There is who maketh himself rich yet hath nothing,
There is who maketh himself poor yet hath great riches.
He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly,
He that soweth bouutifully shall reap also bountifully,
Every man according as he purposeth in his heart.
For God loveth a cheerful giver.
Whoso hath this world's goods
And seeth his brother have need,
And shutteth up his heart from his brother,
How dwelleth the love of God in him?

M. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,

C. How can he love God whom he hath not seen?

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Whoso gives a cup of cold water only shall not lose his reward.

Remember those in bonds as bound with them;

And forget not to do good and to communicate.

Bear ye one another's burdens;

Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love.

Look not every man on his own things,

But every man also on the things of others;

Rejoice with them that do rejoice,

And weep with them that weep.

Be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame;

Love not in word only, but in deed and truth.

Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only.

And whatsoever ye do do it heartily as unto God.

Let us not be weary in well doing,

For in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XXII.

M. Oh, that man would praise the Lord for His goodness,
C. And for His wonderful works to the children of men.
For Thou satisfiest the empty soul,
And fillest the hungry soul with good.
Thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth;
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening
to rejoice.
Lo, the winter is over and gone,
The flowers appear again on the earth,
The time of the singing of the birds has come,
And the voice of the dove is heard in our land;
The orchards put forth their green fruit,
And the vines are fragrant with tender grapes.
The cold came out of the North,
By the breath of God the frost was given,
The dust grew into hardness,
And the clods cleaved fast together,
The waters were hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep was frozen.
Thou sendest out Thy word and meltest them;
Thou causest Thy wind to blow and the waters flow.
Thou visitest the earth and waterest it;
Thou waterest the hills thereof abundantly;

M. Thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof;

C. Thou makest it soft with showers;

Thou providest corn when Thou hast prepared for it;

Thou blessest the up-springing thereof.

Thou satisfiest the desolate ground,

And causest the tender plants to sprout forth.

Thou makest grass to grow for cattle,

And green herb for the service of man.

The pastures are clothed with flocks,

The valleys also are covered with corn.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness,

And Thy paths drop fatness;

The little hills rejoice on every side,

They shout for joy, they also sing.

Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field,

Will He not much more care for His children.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,

But the word of our God shall stand forever.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

XXIII.

M. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations,
C. Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.
Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth;
And the heavens are the work of Thy hands.
They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure;
They shall wax old like a garment,
As a vesture shalt Thou change them,
And they shall be changed;
But Thou art the same,
And Thy years shall have no end.
A thousand years in Thy sight are as yesterday when it is past,
Or a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood,
They are even as a sleep;
They fade like the grass, which groweth up in the morning,
And in the evening it is cut down and withered.
What is man that Thou art mindful of him,
Or the son of man that Thou visitest him.
Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble,
He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down.

M. His life is like a shadow that declineth;

C. His days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle;
They pass away like the swift ships;
Like an eagle that hasteth to its prey.
Yea, our years fly swifter than a courier;
We spend our days as a tale that is told.
Thou hast made our days as a hand-breadth,
And our years are as nothing before Thee.
Teach us so to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
Oh, satisfy us early with Thy mercy,
That we may be glad and rejoice all our days.
Let Thy deeds be known to Thy servants,
And Thy glory unto their children;
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,
And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea,
the work of our hands establish Thou it.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XXIV.

M. Let us call to remembrance the great and good,
C. Through whom the Lord hath wrought great glory;
Those who were leaders of the people by their judgment,
Giving counsel by their understanding and foresight;
Wise and eloquent in their teachings,
And through knowledge and might fit helpers of the people.
All these were honored in their generation,
And were the glory of their times.
There be some who have left a name behind them,
Whose remembrance is sweet as honey in all mouths:
And there be some who have no memorial,
Who are perished as though they had never been,
But their righteousness has not been forgotten,
And the glory of their work cannot be blotted out.
Their bodies are buried in peace,
But their name liveth forever more.
The people will tell of their wisdom,
And the congregation will show forth their praise.
For the memorial of virtue is immortal,
Because it is known with God and with men.
When it is present mankind takes example of it,
And when it is gone they earnestly desire for it.

M. It weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever;

C. Having gotten the victory striving for undefiled rewards.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,

And the memory of the just shall be blessed.

Though a good life hath but few days,

Yet a good name endureth forever.

Though the righteous be overtaken by death,

They shall be at rest, their souls are in the hand of God.

Though they perish from the sight of men,

Yet is their hope full of immortality.

Seeing we are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses,

Let us run with patience the race set before us.

Whatsoever things are true,

And whatsoever things are honest;

Whatsoever things are just,

And whatsoever things are pure;

Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report,

If there is any virtue or any praise, think of these things.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Amen.

XXV.

M. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;
C. The people that He hath chosen for His inheritance.
Open ye the gates,
That the righteous nation may enter in.
For when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice,
But when the wicked bear rule the people mourn.
Woe unto thee O land, when equity cannot enter,
When judgment is turned away backward;
When justice standeth afar off,
And truth is fallen in the street;
When thy rulers follow after rewards,
And their eyes are blinded with bribes;
When none bringeth his suit with justice,
And no one pleadeth with truth.
Blessed art thou, O land,
When thy law is not slackened;
When thou makest they rulers righteousness,
And thine officers peace;
When each despiseth the gain of oppression,
And shaketh his hands from holding bribes;
When he respecteth not the person of the poor,
Nor honoreth the person of the mighty;

M. But in righteousness serveth the people,

C. And establisheth true judgment in thy gates.

Then shall violence be no more heard in thy land,

Wasting and destruction within thy borders.

Then shall justice roll down as waters,

And righteousness as a mighty stream.

And thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,

And thy gates Praise.

For righteousness exalteth a nation,

But injustice is a reproach to any people;

And in righteousness hath the Lord called thee,

And given thee for a light to the kingdoms.

Oh, pray for the peace of our country;

All they shall prosper who love thee.

Peace be within thy borders,

And prosperity within thy dwellings.

Let all the people say

Peace be within thee.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XXVI.

M. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
C. For His mercy endureth forever.
To Him who alone doeth great wonders,
For His mercy endureth forever.
O God, we have heard with our ears,
And our fathers have told us,
What deeds Thou didst in their days,
What Thou didst in the days of old!
With a strong hand and an outstretched arm,
Thou didst guide the people across the sea;
Thou didst scatter the inhabitants before them,
And didst cause our fathers to prosper.
When they went from nation to nation,
From one kingdom to another people,
Thou didst suffer no man to turn them.
Thou didst reprove kings for their sake,
When they were yet very few in number,
Very few and strangers in the land.
When they were wandering in the wilderness,
And found no city to dwell in;
When they were hungry and thirsty,
And their souls grew faint within them;
Then they cried unto the Lord in their troubles,
And He delivered them out of their distresses.

M. For they obtained not the land by their own sword,

C. Nor did their own arm save them.

But Thy right hand and Thy arm hath gotten them the victory,

Because Thou hadst favor unto them.

Now the little one hath become a thousand,

And the small one a great people.

Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places,

Yea, we have a goodly heritage.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say this,

Whom He hath redeemed from their enemies,

And gathered them from the East and from the West,

And from the North and the South.

Oh, let them praise the Lord for His goodness,

For His wonderful works to the children of men.

The Lord our God, be with us, and incline our hearts unto Him,

To keep His commandments and to walk in His ways.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. Amen.

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Choir. Amen.

XXVII.

M. Blessed be the Lord God,

C. For He hath not left Himself without a witness,
But hath spoken by the mouth of His holy prophets,
Which have been since the world began,
That we should serve Him without fear,
In holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.
Through the tender mercy of our God
A day-spring from on high hath visited us,
Giving light to those who sit in darkness,
And guiding our feet into the way of peace.
How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace,
That proclaimeth glad tidings of salvation.
He shall not strive nor cry,
Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.
A bruised reed shall he not break,
And the smoking flax shall he not quench.
He shall not fail nor be discouraged
Till he have established equity on the earth.
The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,—
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord,—

M. Anointing him to preach good tidings to the poor;

C. To bind up the broken-hearted;

To comfort those who mourn;

To proclaim liberty to the captives;

The opening of the prisons to those who are bound;

To announce the new year of the Lord.

In him was life,

And the life was the light of men.

He was tempted like as we are,

And no fault was found in him.

He came not to be ministered unto but to minister;

He went about doing good:

Preaching everywhere, The kingdom of God is at hand;

And the common people heard him gladly.

Glory be to God in the highest,

And on earth, peace, good will to men.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

—OR—

All. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.

Choir. *Amen.*

XXVIII.

M. We praise Thee, O God! We magnify Thee!

C. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

Blessed be the name of the Lord forever,

For He has visited and redeemed His people,

Sing no more the song of Moses,

Lift on high the song of Jesus;

For the former things have passed away,

And behold all things have become new.

In him did the fullness of the spirit dwell;

And of his fullness we all partake.

In him was the word made flesh,

And dwelt among us full of graciousness and truth.

He was the way, the truth and the life;

Whoso followeth him shall not walk in darkness.

He was the true vine;

If we abide in him we shall bear much fruit.

He came into the world to bear witness to the truth;

And every one that is of the truth heareth his voice.

Being made perfect through suffering,

He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

He finished the work that was given him to do;

And being lifted up he draws all men unto him.

M. Being faithful unto death, he has received a crown of life.

C. And has ascended to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God.

Lo! at length the true Light;
Light for every man born into the world:
Kindling the face of them that receive it,
Till they become sons of God.
Cease blinding glories of the heavens,
Which none can see and live.
Cease gross darkness of the earth,
Where the righteous put forth their hands and fear.
The veil between is taken away,
And the mingling dayspring comes.
No longer is the dwelling of eternal life too bright above,
And the perishable world too dark below.
We are no more strangers and exiles,
But one living communion of seen and unseen.
We said "Thou layest man fast in everlasting sleep,"
But lo! they sleep unto everlasting waking.
Blessed be the Lord God giveth beauty for ashes,
And the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

All. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

Choir. *Amen.*

XXIX.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Cast thy burden on the Lord, He will sustain thee. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Trust in Him at all times. Pour out your heart before Him. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, and His righteousness to children's children.—

Man is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not. Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away.—When the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, when the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, then man goeth to his eternal home, and the mourners go about the streets. The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.—

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousuess from the God of his salvation.—The memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present men take example of it, when it is gone they desire it. It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and they are in peace. Though they perish from the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.—No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.—

I would not have you ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others who have no hope. If our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house

not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We are willing, therefore, to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.—This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.—I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed to us. For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, then shall I know even as I am known.—In my Father's house there are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat.—There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.—And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor pain. For God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—David's servants said unto him, What is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive, but when the child was dead thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept, for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live. But now he is dead wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—

Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. And he took them in his arms and blessed them.—

XXX.

I think that Heaven will not be shut forevermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come,
Heartbroken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking in His face that soul shall live.
I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any afar off turned them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely fatherly;
And groping for Him these shall find their way
From outer dark through twilight into day.
—*Massey.*

And death seems but a covered way
Which opens up to light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.
And care and trial seem at last
In memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.
And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blended in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And so beside the silent sea,
I wait with muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearning fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.
O silent land! to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.
Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given,
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.
—*Whittier.*

There is no flock however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there,
There is no household howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair.

There is no death. What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of that life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
—*Longfellow.*

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, He knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die,
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.
We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

I hold it true, what e'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
—*Tennyson.*

Loving friends, be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear,
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone; * *
While the man whom you call dead
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
In such light as shines for you. * *
Weep awhile if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain;

Only not at death, for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.
Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.

What a strange, delicious amazement is death,
To be without body, and breathe without breath;
I should laugh for joy if you did not cry:
Oh, listen! Love lasts! Love never will die.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

As the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life creates the shade of death.
The shadow passes when the tree shall fall,
But love shall reign forever over all.

So not alone we stand upon the shore,
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know,
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
Our home at once with the eternal love.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright,
In Heaven's vast halls of light.
They spread their pinions o'er it,
That little pearl which shone
With a lustre all its own,
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth,—
But left the shell on earth.

The spoiler set the seal of silence,
But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow
Death gazed and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet ring of Heaven.

We saw thee come, we saw thee go,
Brief guest in this our earthly land.
Where from? where to? We only know,
From God's own hand to God's own hand.

We shall go home to our father's house,
To our Father's house in the skies;
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of life shall be
The little boy that died.
—*Miscellaneous.*

I raise
The song of thanks and praise, * *
For those high instincts,
Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day. *
Truths that wake
And perish never, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
—*Wordsworth.*

Haply the river of time
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On the wider, statelier stream,
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its earlier mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the dim expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast:
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.
—*Holmes.*

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LOVE TO GOD

AND

LOVE TO MAN.

SONGS FOR REVIVAL TUNES.

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With the help of friends to select the tunes and write new words, we print a few songs in which well-known music is set to singing our Liberal Faith. Not a few wide-circling hymn tunes have been echoes and adaptations caught from unchurched music: much more, why not thankfully borrow from friends in neighbor churches the swing, the lilt, the pleading rhythm which they have found heart-stirring? We do not think they will grudge this use of them, even in the cases where old words have been altered to better serve our thought. Of the forty-seven songs, nineteen are new, fifteen are more or less changed from old forms,—some of them very slightly,—and the rest are old and unchanged. In selecting tunes the chief question has been, What is best known and easily caught? What can people readily join in from memory or by ear?

"Who among us will use them?" Now and then a Conference or Grove meeting will use them; now and then a Unity club, while waiting for late comers; now and then a Sunday-school; now and then the summer picnic; oftenest of all, perhaps, the group clustering about the home piano; and if they grow familiar, they will sing themselves as we walk or work.

In indicating tunes, "G. H." means the Moody and Sankey collection of "Gospel Hymns", four parts consolidated in one volume; "F. Sq." means the "Franklin Square" collection of popular songs (Part I); "S. S." means the little Sunday-school collection called "Sunny Side;" and "H. T." means the revised "Hymn and Tune Book", published by the American Unitarian Association. Double references are sometimes given.

E. E. M.
W. C. G.

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Love to God and Love to Man.

1. The Lord of All.

Tune, "Coronation", in G. H., 101.

Sing forth his high, eternal name
  Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
  The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
  Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
  The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
  Our strong defense and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
  The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
  Doth to his judgment call.
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
  The righteous Lord of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
  Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
  The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
  Unspent his blessings fall,—
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
  The only Lord of all.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

2. Hallelujah.

Tune, "Old Hundred", in F. Sq., 181. (H. T., 2.)

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Eternal Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
The Truth thine Everlasting Word!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

ISAAC WATTS (*Altered*).

3. Everywhere and Evermore.

Tune, "Ring the Bells of Heaven" ("Anthem of the Free"), in G. H., 19.

Over all the prairies, rich with growing corn,
  Over sandy marshes waste and bare,
Over wind-blown mountains, where the streams are born,
  Rule eternal Right and loving Care.

Chorus: Ever, ever shall the Right prevail!
  Never, never shall the promise fail,
  Writ in wondrous letters on the sea and shore:
  Lo! the Lord shall reign forevermore.

Love, that holds the planets constant on their way,
  Guides the swallow's flight to sunny skies,
Leads the nations upward to the perfect day,
  Yet reveals itself in baby eyes.

Fears and doubting vanish, all the way seems plain,
  Hidden meanings flash upon our sight;
Trials turn to blessing, peace blooms out of pain,
  Love is one with universal Right.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

4. Heavenly Helper.

Tune, "Pass Me Not", in G.H., 27.

Unto thee, abiding ever,
  Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavor,
  Holy thought and deed!

Chorus: Heavenly Helper, present to my need,
  Though all other helpers fail me,
  Thou art mine indeed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
  Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
  Law and Love thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
  Just and sure thy throne,—
Not a sparrow falls without thee,
  All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
  All things in and through,—
Light thou art of all my seeing,
  Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
  Thou my trust shalt be;
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
  Whom in heaven but thee?

F. L. Hosmer.

5. There is a Light.

Tune, "There is a Fountain", in G. H., 91.

There is a Light that cannot fade,
  A Light forever true;
It knows not time by sun and shade,
  But thrills all Nature through.

Chorus: It thrills all Nature through with love,
  It thrills all Nature through;
  It knows not time by sun and shade,
  But thrills all Nature through.

Though darkness blind these eyes of sense,
  Though grief or doubt appall,
My soul hath caught that Light intense,—
  I trust, and do not fall.

Chorus: I trust, and cannot fall from love—

And he who guards through childhood's day,
  Who watches while we sleep,
Will be the Light in death's dark way,
  His children there to keep.

Chorus: His children there to keep by love—

Lo! on the storm-cloud's rolling crest,
  And violets in the shade,
In hearts that break and hearts that rest,
  One Light—that cannot fade!

Chorus: One Light that cannot fade for love—

J. N. Sprigg.

6. Summer Days.

Tune, "Shining Shore", in S. S., 52. (H. T., 852.)

The days are gliding swiftly by,
  The days so bright and golden,
In leaf and flower the summer writes
  Her poem sweet and olden.

Chorus: The golden days, the long bright days,
  The gladdest of the year,
  The green grass springs, the wild bird sings,
  The summer time is here!

The earth is warm with life and joy,
  The air is full of splendor,
And unto all the south wind brings
  Her message sweet and tender.

O Giver of these summer hours!
  All nature gives thee praises,
From mountain peak to where the flower
  Its lowly bloom upraises.

And at thy feet we too would sing,
  With all thy creatures living,
A song of mirth, a song of joy,
  A song of glad thanksgiving.

Mrs. E. H. Leland.

7. Consider the Lilies.

Tune, "Happy Greeting."

Consider the lilies,
  How stately they grow!
They toil not, they spin not,
  No seed do they sow;
Yet they bloom all the summer,
  So shining and tall,—
The Father, who loves them,
  Takes thought for them all.

Chorus: The flowers of the field,
  The birds of the air,
  And the hearts of his children,
  All rest in his care.

Consider the ravens,—
  Who gives them their food?
Who shelters their nests in
  The storm-beaten wood?
Who guides the young sparrow?
  Who watches its fall?
Their Father in Heaven
  Takes heed for them all.

Our Father in heaven,
  Thy children on earth
Than lilies or ravens
  Thou holdest more worth:
Oh, guide us and guard us,
  Be near when we call,
Uphold us, enfold us,—
  We thank thee for all!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

8. A Little Boat.

Tune, "The Great Physician", in G. H., 56.

My life is like a little boat
  Upon a mighty river;
It rocks and sways but keeps afloat,
  And swift the current ever.
Chorus: Asking not to know the way,
  Wishing not to turn or stay,
  Floating ever night and day,
  Onward to the ocean.

Sometimes the skies are soft and fair,
  And bright the summer weather,
And loving voices fill the air,
  As boats glide on together.

Sometimes the skies are dark as night,
  And not a star shines o'er me;
It's often hard to steer aright
  When rocks are just before me.

And yet I know the Love, that guides
  The boats upon the river,
Will keep me safe, whate'er betides,
  Forever and forever.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

9. The Love of God.

Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus", in G.H., 29.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
  Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
  On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
  Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
  Down and watching us below.

And as tender babes that suffer,
  Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
  Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
  By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
  Holds us closest, loves us best.

SAXE HOLM.

10. Twilight.

Tune, "Vesper Hymn" in H. T., 163; or, "Greenville", in H. T., 56.

Now on land and sea descending,
  Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
  With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
  Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
  Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
  To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,—
  At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
  Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
  Shining in the spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

11. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 77.

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

W. W. WALFORD.

12. What a Friend we Have Beside Us.

Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," in G. H., 29.

What a Friend we have beside us,
  All our sins and griefs to share!
What a privilege to carry
  Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
  Oh, what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
  Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
  Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
  Take it to thy God in prayer!
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
  Who will all our sorrows share?
Yes, he knows our every weakness,—
  Take it to thy God in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,
  Cumbered with a load of care?
Rest thee, calm thee in the refuge,—
  Take it to the Friend in prayer!
Do friends here despise, forsake thee?
  Thou wilt find a solace there;
In his arms he safe will shield thee,—
  Take it to thy God in prayer!

Altered.

13. Trust in God.

Tune, "Robin Adair," in F. Sq., 76.

What makes thy heart so sad?
Why thus cast down?
Thy Father loves thee still,
'Tis not his frown.
Fear not a threatening sky,
Fear not the tempest nigh,
Naught harms when he is by,—
Dear child, trust him!

What makes thy happy heart
More warmly glow?
Why does each earthly joy
More sweetness know?
'Tis that the Father's care
Surrounds thee everywhere,
Lifting thy heart in prayer,—
Dear child, trust him!

When, on that lonely shore
Of Ocean grand,
Thy weary pilgrim feet
Shall waiting stand,
Thou shalt in peace abide;
One waiteth at thy side,
His are the islands wide,—
Dear child, trust him!

MARY A. BULLOCK.

14. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Tune of same name, in G.H., 175; or better, that by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!
He, our royal brother,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See his banners go.
Chorus: Onward, Christian soldiers.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and duty,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
Truth and Love and Duty
Star-like will remain,
As the heavens ancient,
As the heavens strong,—
God is for us, brothers,
Who can do us wrong?

S. BARING-GOULD (*Altered*).

15. The Old, Old Story.

Tune, "Tell me the Old, Old Story", in G. H., 37.

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of heavenly grace and glory,
Of heavenly power and love.
Weary and weak, I've wandered
O'er dry and barren sand;
Oh, show me the royal highway
That leads to the better land!
Chorus: Tell me the old, old story
Of heavenly grace and glory;
Tell me the old, old story
Of heavenly power and love.

Show me the living pastures
Where the flocks of God are fed,
Show me the faithful Shepherd
By whom each lamb is led.
Will he forsake the straying,
Or spurn the weak and small?
Oh! sure his fold and heart-room
Are large enough for all.
Chorus: Tell me the old, old story.

Listen, O weary wanderer,
To the still small voice within,
'Twill show the way thou seekest,
And lead thee out of sin.
For he who spake in Jesus
And all the saints of old,
Is the ever-present Shepherd
Who calls thee to his fold.
Chorus: God, within and o'er thee,
The God of grace and glory,
Tells thee his own story
Of heavenly power and love.

CHARLES G. AMES.

16. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 65.

Saints and saviors light the headlands,
Quenchless beacons evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Chorus: Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman,
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost.*

P. P. BLISS (*Altered*).

17. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 8.

I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
Chorus: I need thee, oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Father!
I come to thee.

I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

I need thee every hour,
In joy, in pain:
My life must hide in thee,
Or life is vain.

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One!
That I at last may be
Thy faithful son.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS (*Altered*).

18. None So Weak and None So Sinful.

Tune, "The Precious Name", in G. H., 72.

Dearest of all earthly treasures
Is the Father's precious name;
None so weak and none so sinful
But their Father's love may claim.
Chorus: Precious name, Oh how sweet,
Lifting all souls nearer heaven!
Precious name, Oh how sweet,
Lifting all souls nearer heaven!

As the moon in depths of midnight
Bears the sun's reflected beams,
So the erring soul has moments
When his radiance o'er it streams.

There's no atom, howe'er hidden,
But with life shall sometime thrill;
There's no soul so sin-enshrouded
Love may not its darkness fill.

So inspire us, O our Father,
Till this truth shall touch the heart,
And we, too, stretch arms of patience,
Winning those who walk apart.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

19. Just as I Am.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 54.

Just as I am,—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love will search each spot,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
My shame is all that I can give,—
Yet, loving God! I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (*Altered*).

20. Homeward.

Tune, "Rock of Ages", in G. H., 86.

Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me.

I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the willful prodigal!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw!
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

See, my Father waiting stands!
See, he reaches out his hands!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (*Altered*).

21. Love Hath the Victory.

Tune, "Rescue the Perishing", in G. H., 18.

Is there a human soul
Lost and despairing?
God is about it, beneath, everywhere;
Still in his wise control,
Just and forbearing,
Still is the wanderer under his care.

Chorus: Love hath the victory!
Good wins the battle!
Home shall the erring come,
Home unto God!

Striving, one overthrows
Maddening temptation,—
God's in the fallen soul, moving to save;
Through every creature flows
His inspiration;
Hear we his voice in the good that we crave.

'Neath stripes and burning stings
New life is stealing,
Faith in the Father, and reverence for right;
Pain leads to noble things,
Heaven revealing,
Sweet paths of peace, and divine tender light.

MINNIE S. SAVAGE.

22. Nearer to Thee.

Tune, "Bethany", in F. Sq., 28. (H. T., 621.)

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

23. Help for the Faithful.

Tune, "Rest for the Weary", in S. S., 74.

Oh, the Father's hands are helping
In the work you have to do:
Have you never felt them lifting
When the task was hard for you?
Chorus: There is help for the faithful,
There is help for the faithful,
There is help for the faithful,
There is help for you.

Though the day be dark with sorrow,
And the way be hard and long,
Yet his love shall light the morrow,
And in his strength you are strong.

What your hands find good in doing,
Do you, then, with all your might:
Though the work be plain and lowly,
It is blessed in his sight.

Oh, be patient in your striving,
"Learn to labor and to wait";
And the Father's love shall lead you,
When the way is steep and straight.

MRS. E. H. LELAND.

24. What shall the Harvest Be?

Tune of same name, in G. H., 79.

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Chorus: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

EMILY S. OAKEY.

25. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Tune of same name, in F. Sq., 116. (S. S., 95.)

Work, for the night is coming!
  Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
  Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
  Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming!
  Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
  Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying moment
  Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming!
  Under the sunset skies,
While the bright tints are glowing,
  Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
  Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
  When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

26. Work for thy God, thy Father.

Tune, "One More Day's Work for Jesus", in G. H., 28.

Work for thy God, thy Father,
While yet 'tis called the day;
  For life grows dearer,
  As death draws nearer
The busy hand to stay.
    Work while 'tis day,
    Do bravely while ye may.

Cho.: Work for thy God, thy Father,
  Work for thy God, thy Father,
  Work for thy God, thy Father,
    While yet 'tis called the day!

Oh, work thou for thy brother,—
Thy brother's need is great;
  The time for winning
  The weak, the sinning,
Is now,—dare not to wait;
    Feel thou his need,
    Do thou the noble deed.

Cho.: Work, work thou for thy brother,
  Work, work thou for thy brother,
  Work, work thou for thy brother—
    Thy brother's need is great.

Thy brother and thy Father,—
The work, O soul, is one!
  The painful labor,
  Done for thy neighbor,
For God is also done.
    His smile will light
    The dark and troubled night,
Cho.: When work for man and brother,
  When tears for man and brother,
  When prayers for man and brother,
    Are ended here and done.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

27. "Think on These Things."

Tune, "Wonderful Words of Life", in G. H., 282.

Whatsoever is just and pure,
  Think on these things, my soul!
Earth shall vanish, but these endure,
  Think on these things, my soul!
    When all else shall fail thee,
    These shall still avail thee;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
  Cherish these things, my soul!

Truth and honor, they call to thee,
  Think on these things, my soul!
What of virtue and praise there be,
  Think on these things, my soul!
    These have been the glory
    Of all human story;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
  Cherish these things, my soul!

Faithful spirits before have gone,
  Think on these things, my soul!
Grand thy heritage, hero-won,
  Think on these things, my soul!
    From all brave endeavor
    Springeth good forever;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
  Cherish these things, my soul!

F. L. HOSMER.

28. The Hope of the World is Loving.

Tune, "The Light of the World is Jesus", in G. H., 41.

Away with all thought that is selfish and cold,—
  The hope of the world is loving;
In generous deeds let the spirit be bold,—
  The hope of the world is loving!
Chorus: Fountain of Love! our source is in thee;
    Doing thy will the spirit is free.
    Beautiful day, when all of us see
      The hope of the world is loving!

How dark is the soul in its bondage of sin—
The hope of the world is loving;
But never too dark for a dawn to begin,—
The hope of the world is loving!

And all the sad faces of earth shall be glad,—
The hope of the world is loving;
The deserts shall bloom, and with laughter be clad,—
The hope of the world is loving!

Oh, joy then to live for the spirit's release—
The hope of the world is loving;
And see even here the fair City of Peace,—
The hope of the world is loving!

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

29. Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 61.

Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly
When curtained by night;
Thy God will sustain thee,
And all will be right.

Go gather the sun-light
He sheds on thy way;
Go share with thy brother
Each life-giving ray;
Hearts growing aweary
With heavier woe
Are drooping in darkness,
Go comfort them, go!

Go tell it the Father,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it the Father,
He'll send thee relief;
Go bury thy sorrow,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,—
Tell God all the rest.

MARY A. BULLOCK.

These words, heretofore published anonymously, are here given with the author's name and amendments.

30. Father, I Need Thee.

Tune, "Almost Persuaded", in G. H., 75.

Father, I need thee! troubles abound,
Billows on billows break all around;
Hold out thy saving hand,
Help me in faith to stand;
Thou dost the waves command,—
I shall not sink.

Father, I need thee! dangers are near;
Thine arm around me, I will not fear.
Teach me thy voice to know
Speaking so clear and low,—
"Fear not, with thee I go,
Thou shalt o'ercome!"

Father, I hear thee! hear and obey,
Know thou art near me, near me alway,—
Near me when troubles lower,
Near in temptation's hour,
Near me, O Love and Power!
Yea, more than near!

Father, I trust thee! thou wilt defend,
Comfort and guard me, on to the end.
Still would I do my part,
Keep a brave, cheerful heart;
Since thou my helper art,
I shall not fall.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

31. Dare to be a Daniel.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 158.

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!
Chorus: Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many evils, proud and tall,
Lording all the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.

Are you little, never fear,—
Dare to lend a hand!
You can be a giant's peer
If once in Daniel's Band.

P. P. B. (*Altered.*)

32. He Leadeth Me.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 51.

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus: He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

33. Truth and Righteousness and Love.

Tune, "Sweet By-and-By", in G. H., 204.

The Truth is the Voice of the God,
Ever sounding in deeps of the heart;
Bidding climb, where no pathway is trod,
To his Sinai alone and apart.
Chorus: For the Truth and the Right,
For the Truth and the Right and the Love,
Thou must climb, thou must climb
To the Sinai alone and apart.

The Right is the Will of the God;
'Tis the deed done by earth, sea and sky;
'Tis the law in the soul and the clod,
And the stars serve in courses on high—
Chorus: Serve the Truth and the Right,
Serve the Truth and the Right and the Love!
'Tis the law in the soul,
And the stars serve in courses on high.

And Love is the Heart of the God,
And to love is the Christ in a man;
On the errands of angels we plod,
If with heart of the angels we plan
Chorus: For the Truth and the Right,
For the Truth and the Right and the Love!
It is wings, as we plod,
If with heart of the angels we plan.

Here's a welcome to all who will stand
For the Truth and the Right and the Love!
Not a soul on the earth shall be banned
Whom the heavens will welcome above
Chorus: For their Truth and their Right,
For their Truth and their Right and their Love!
Not a soul shall be banned
Whom the heavens will welcome above!

W. C GANNETT.

34. What I Live For.

Tune, "Sunday-School Army", in "Sunny Side", 72.

I live for those who love me,
For those who hold me true,
For heaven that smiles above me
And waits my helping, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.
Chorus: For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
For all human ties that bind me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
Between God's will and mine;
For the task that God assigned me
In the place where it shall find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hail the season,
By noble hearts foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When, man to man united,
Every wrong thing shall be righted,
The earth an Eden old.

DR. BANGS (*Altered*).

35. Love Makes Life.

Tune, "Hold the Fort", in G. H., 14.

Not a life so mean or lowly
But, if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
May be strong and fair.
Chorus: Love for every unloved creature,
Lonely, poor or small;
Christ was born to show how truly
Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station
But without love's breath—
Neither giving nor receiving—
Is a living death.

Love by love alone is ripened;
Hearts through it grow true;
Life is bounded, filled and rounded
By its power to do.

Having love, be sure to give it;
Give it, having not;
For in living through our giving
Share we Christ's own lot.

ELLEN T. LEONARD.

36. Tell me the Old, Old Story.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 87.

Tell me the old, old story to lift my heart above,
Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply, as to a little child,
For I am weak and wayward and oft am sin-defiled.
Chorus: Tell me the old, old story; tell me the old, old story;
Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story softly with earnest tones and grave,
That I, like him, may struggle for all that's high and brave;
Tell me the story, tell it, to shame me from the fear
That God's own truth and beauty can ever cost too dear.

Tell me the story slowly the world has heard so long,
As fresh to-day as ever to save a heart from wrong;
Tell it in noble measures, tell it to every soul,
Tell us the old, old story, and it shall make us whole.

Altered.

37. I Love to Tell the Story.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 89.

I love to tell the story—it lifts the heart above—
Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the story because I know how true
It helps me in my struggles and quickens me anew.
Chorus: I love to tell the story of Manhood in its glory,
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story; more wonderful it seems
Than all our mythic fancies and all our golden dreams.
I love to tell that story of dauntless sacrifice,
Where one man serves God simply and for his brother dies.

I love to tell the story; it stirs one to repeat
What seems each time we tell it more marvelously sweet.
I love to tell the story the better yet to learn
How perfect self-forgetting doth God's high heaven earn.

I love to sing the story, for they who know it best
Are those who with him labor for the weary and oppressed;
And ever down the ages we hear their swelling song,—
'Tis but the old, old story the world has loved so long.
Chorus: O let us sing the story of Manhood in its glory—
Yes, sing the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

Altered.

38. The Living Word.

Tune, "Whosoever Will", in G. H., 10.

Shining thoughts that ever human speech have starred
Make the sacred scriptures that the ages guard;
Be it word of prophet, be it song of bard,
Every truth is Holy Writ.
Chorus: Quickly dies the day,
Nations fade away,
But the truth made manifest shall live for aye!
With the light of Sinai each new morn is lit,—
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Down to every nation from the faithful past
Comes the trust of adding new truth to the last,
That the future's fee grow vaster and more vast:
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Every life lived nobly, even though unknown,
Addeth to the scripture graven not on stone.
Be it word or action, be it thought alone,
Every truth is Holy Writ.

LILY A. LONG.

39. The Holy Truth.

Tune, "Coronation", in G. H., 101.

The holy Truth shall make you wise,
Though simple you may be;
But, ere her light can greet your eyes
She first must make you free.

The holy Truth shall make you bold,
All fearful though you be;
But, if she find your courage cold,
She first must make you free.

The holy Truth shall make you glad,
Though deep your griefs may be:
To pour her joys upon the sad,
She first must make them free.

The holy Truth shall make you great,
How small soe'er you be:
To raise you to her high estate,
She first must make you free.

Thus wisdom, courage, strength, and grace
The gifts of Truth shall be,
If gazing on her glorious face
Hath made your spirits free.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN (*Altered*).

40. The Truth Goes Marching On.

Tune, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet the Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong:
The Truth goes marching on!

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own:
The Truth goes marching on!

Not a Calvary but signals how some generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned:
The Truth goes marching on!

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer,—with thy Lord be crucified!
The Truth goes marching on!

J. R. LOWELL (*Altered*).

41. A New Crusade.

Tune, "Give me the Wings of Faith" ("Tenting To-night"), in G. H., 186.

Not alone to the days of the storied past
Do noble deeds belong;
To-day may make us heroes true
As those of olden song.

Chorus: Stainless be our shield as the smile of the light,
When the shadows melt to day;
Blue as sky of June shall be the banner bright
We give the winds to play,
For the Right is strong,
Fears no coward Wrong,
Conquering with courage gay!

We will fight on the side of the good and glad,
Disloyal count a fear;
And deepest laws of heavenly Truth
Shall work in us to cheer.

And men shall see that the Right is Joy,
Though Death may be its cost!
That though we fail, his Right shall win,—
No field of God is lost!

LILY A. LONG.

42. Coming.

Tune, "Sweet By-and-By", in G. H., 204.

There's a Hope that is fairer than day,
And it brightens the earth and the sky,—
We may scatter our seed by the way,
For the harvest will come by and by.
Cho.: For we hope in the Lord,
And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Faith that is truer than sight,
And it leads us through pathways unknown;
Not a sparrow can fall in the night,
Not a soul can be lost from its own.
Cho.: For we trust in the Lord,
And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Love that is deeper than all,
And it pulses in life everywhere:
Neither failure nor loss can befall,
When we rest in the Infinite Care.
Cho.: For we live in the Lord,
And his kingdom will come by and by!

EMMA E. MARRAN.

43. Good shall Conquer, Never Fear.

Tune, "Triumph By-and-By", G. H., 289.

Be we the courage-bringers!
Let laugh the bells, O ringers!
Earth's hero-hearts and singers
Promise peace.
Despair and grief why borrow?
The world needs joy, not sorrow;
Work gladly for the morrow,—
Wrong shall cease.

Cho.: Never fear! Light is growing!
Never fear! Truth is flowing
Where humanity shall share it,—
Never fear!
Never fear! clouds are fleeing;
Never fear! men are seeing
That the good at last shall conquer,—
Never fear!

With hope and high endeavor
Earth's saints have striven ever
The bonds of ill to sever,—
We may trust!
The might of Jesus' preaching,
The Prince of India's teaching,
All Plato's forward reaching,—
Win they must!

Man is still onward striving,
All happy Art is thriving,
The Age of Good arriving,—
Give it scope!
The heights of being call us;
If doubt nor fear appall us
Life's splendor shall befall us,—
Work and hope!

JAMES H. WEST.

44. The Crowning Day.

Tune, "The Crowning Day", in G. H., 416.

The morning hangs its signal
Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
In silent darkness rest;
From peak to peak it flashes,
It laughs along the sky
That the crowning day is coming by and by!
Chorus: Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by!
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky.
And that splendor on the hill-tops
O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's coming
by and by!

Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise—
The truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by!

The soul hath lifted moments
Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways;
From hour to hour it haunts us,
The vision draweth nigh,
Till it crowneth living, *dying*, by and by!

And in the sunrise standing,
Our kindling hearts confess
That no good thing is failure,
No evil thing success!
From age to age it groweth,
That radiant Faith so high,
And its crowning day is coming, by and by!

W. C. GANNETT.

45. Home, Sweet Home.

Tune in F. Sq., 5.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
Home:
A charm from the skies seems to hallow
us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met
with elsewhere.

Chorus: Home! Home! Sweet, sweet
Home!
There is no place like Home,
There is no place like Home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in
vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my
call,—
Give me them with that peace of mind
dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

46. America.

Tune in F. Sq., 80. (S. S., 89.—H. T., 784.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let Freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
  The sound prolong!

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,—
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

47. Auld Lang Syne.

Tune in F. Sq., 104. (H. T., 889.)

It singeth low in every heart,
  We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
  However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast;
  We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
  Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
  Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
  Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
  On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
  Our God, for evermore!

John W. Chadwick.

UNITY.

SONGS AND SERVICES

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

COMPILED BY

JAMES VILA BLAKE,
Minister of Second Cong. Society,
Quincy, Ill.

PARTS FIRST AND SECOND.

PUBLISHED BY
WESTERN UNITARIAN S. S. SOCIETY.
CHICAGO, ILL.

PREFACE.

THE DESIGN.

To comprise in one small book, forms of choral worship and hymns for the Sunday School, having in mind two objects:

1. To call to our aid the principle of *hallowed association.*
2. To obtain freshness by sufficient *variety.*

THE METHOD.

1. The six forms are so arranged that when the child has acquired No. 1 and No. 4, he can use all of them immediately.

2. *Association* is sought by similarity in the simple form, and in the responsive music.

3. *Variety* is sought in the different selections for responsive reading.

THE MUSIC.

1. In the *Services* it has been the aim to have the music so good, simple and sincere, that it may be used constantly without growing common.

2. In the *Hymns*, the taste of children for lively song is consulted, but common jingles are excluded. *Sincerity* and *worth* are sought in the *music* as well as in the *words.*

DIRECTIONS FOR HELPING CHILDREN TO SING.

1. Always, *in rehearsal*, beat time for them with a baton, and *conduct* the music with reference to its *meaning.*

2. For this purpose require the children to look at the conductor.

3. Insist upon their beginning as *one voice* upon the first note.

4. Teach them to mind the *punctuation.*

5. Teach them the suitable *expression*, as loudly or softly, *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, *staccato* or *legato* movement.

6. Do not let them *slide* from one note to another; let each interval be a *stepping*, *not* a *gliding.*

7. Have *regular* rehearsals, the best time being just before closing the school, i. e., before No. 9 in the services.

8. Confine new music to rehearsals. *Never* use any music in the devotional service except such as the school sing well.

9. *Insist* upon *accuracy* in the above points; and in rehearsal try a passage over and over till it is *well done.* In the end, this makes children *glad to sing.* Excellence is always joyful.

FOR THE FUTURE.

It is the plan to issue other numbers of this little book at intervals of six months or a year, as may be found best; saving the stereotype plates. Thus in time a sufficiently large book will be obtained, at a very small price, both for the successive parts and for the whole.

Quincy, Ill., Nov., 1878. J. V. BLAKE.

Music Typographers, R. R. MEREDITH & SON, 186 Clark St., Chicago.

PREFACE No. 2.

Part II of Unity Services and Songs is now offered to our Sunday Schools—including Services from VII to XIII and Songs from No. 21 to No. 42.

THE DESIGN.

Two years of experience have confirmed, we think, the value of our principle, *viz:* to have a few forms of worship noble and high enough to last and to grow dear in growing familiar. To claim large success in such a work would be wrong; for such great fruits grow slowly. But our experience leaves our DESIGN just the same, though like a star it shine afar off.

THE METHOD.

The method and form remain also precisely the same, except that the anthems, chorals and responsive music of the new services (VII to XIII) are not repeated so much from one service to another as in the previous services (I–VI); this is because the use of Part I has removed the need of such repetition, and accordingly more music is supplied.

But we earnestly advise all schools, in beginning the use of this book, to confine themselves to services I to VI until they have become very familiar with both words and music, and know the simple forms thoroughly.

We admit that these services require time and patience for their attainment; we can only say that this is involved in our DESIGN, and that, when *once really learned*, we believe they have contributed to the stability and steadiness of the Sunday School.

We have not tried or wished to bring these services down to childishness. We believe children are too often underrated in this respect: besides, the struggle to rise and to understand is worth much; so is the habit of awe and the sense of mystery. But *we urge on Superintendents and teachers to make the intellectual side of these services valuable: continually explain passages to the children and enforce the thoughts.*

THE MUSIC.

The difference between the service-music and the Hymns or Songs is maintained, as before. Pains have been taken to provide for each service at least two songs specially adapted to it. Each service has some psalmody at its end, so as to accustom the children to the music of the church.

FOR THE FUTURE.

After a year or two, according to our plan, Part III will be issued, containing services of a special character: and after another interval, Part IV, to consist mainly or wholly of songs. Suggestions from any source which may aid in these future parts, will be received gratefully.

Quincy, Ill., April, 1881. J. V. BLAKE.

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Worship the Lord,....17, 20, 25

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Be thou exalted, O God, ...45, 50
Blessed are they whose ways are pure, ...14
Glory be to God on high 46, 52
Glory be to the Father, Almighty Lord, ...40
Glory be to the Father who is in heaven, 5, 9, 13
In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, ...64
Our Father who art in heaven, ...18, 23, 27
O praise the Lord all ye his people,. 57
The Law of the Lord is perfect, ...31
The Lord bless us and keep us,....7, 11, 16
The Lord is a sun and shield, ...59
The Lord is good to all,....10
Then can I praise thee,....41
There is one God and Father of all,....36
Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, ... 6

HYMNS IN SERVICES.

Page.

All ye nations, praise the Lord, ...(Tune,) Nuremburg, ...65
Blessed be thy name forever, ... " Wilmot, ...23
Come, brothers, let us go, ... " Mornington,....37
Commit thou all thy griefs,.... " Boylston,....19
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,.... " Naomi, ... 6
Heavenly Father, God of Love,.... " Noyes,....59
How sweet to be allowed to pray,.... " 28
Life is real, life is earnest,.... " Stockwell,....41
Life of Ages, richly poured,.... " Noyes,....53
One thought I have, my ample creed.... " Balerma,....32
Take my heart, O Father, mould it,.... " Stockwell,....15
The voice of old, by Jordan's flood,.... " Arlington,....47
Thou Lord of Life, whose tender care,.... " Hummel,....11

HYMNS AND SONGS.

SUBJECTS OF SONG.

Number.

Character — Consecration, ...13, 19, 35
Faithfulness,....33
Hallowed service,....41
Love,....26, 31, 39
Sowing and Reaping, ...20, 36
Truthfulness, ...15
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An off'ring at the shrine of power, ...27
Are we sowing seeds of kindness?....20
Be firm and be faithful,....33
Be the matter what it may,....15
Bright things can never die, ...10
Come all ye happy children, ... 5
Day is breaking, earth is waking,....17
Everywhere in nature, ...32
Father, our prayer we offer,....13
For our life so young and pleasing,....14
Gentle ray of sunlight gleaming, ...39
Hail, hail to thee, Melody, ...37
Hark! the lilies whisper,.... 8
How we love to see thee,.... 4
It is said that truth is gold,....36
Jesus, by thy simple beauty,....23
Lead us, heavenly Father,....19
Lo! the great sun in his glory,.... 11
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Meek and lowly, pure and holy,....26
O see! how fair, how sweet, how clear, ... 2
O, sing with loud and joyous song,....22
Our Father in heaven, ... 7
O welcome dear and lovely Spring, ... 28
O when the sun awakes the morning,....35
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Sign of a glorious life afar,....24
Sing with our might & uplift our gl'd voices 21
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The deep-toned bell is calling us,.... ..18
The light pours down from heaven, ...30
There's good in everything we view,....31
There's music in the midnight breeze,....40
The Sunday is here,.... 29
Though faint yet pursuing we go on our way 6
'Tis Summer, glorious Summer, ...38
Truth is dawning, see the morning, ... 1
We lift our tuneful voices now,....42
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Who showed the tiny ant the way....12
Yea, fear not, fear not, little ones,.... 9
You cannot pay with money,....41

REPETITIONS OF MUSIC.

In Services I, II, III, All the music is the same.
" " IV, V, VI, " " " "
" " VII, VIII, " " " "
" " VII, VIII, IX, Chants are the same.

In Services IX, XI, The Chorals are the same
" " X, XI, The Chants are the same
" " XII, XIII, " " " " "
Services X, XII, XIII, have anthems of their own not repeated in other services.

BEST ORDER FOR ACQUIRING THE MUSIC.

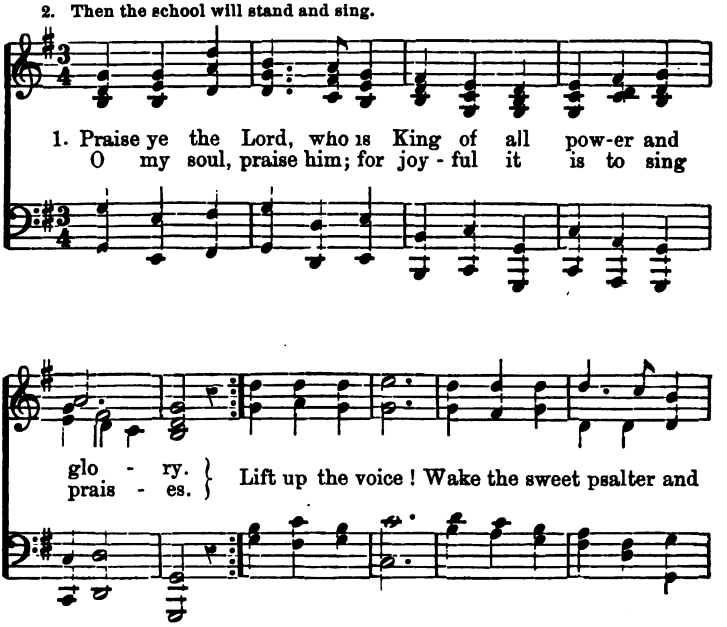
Service I entire. This gives command of I, II, III.
" IV " " " " I, II, III, IV, V, VI.
" VII " " " " Services I to VIII inclusive.
" IX, the choral, " " " " I to IX "
" X entire. " " " " I to XI "
" XIII entire, and Anthem of XII. This gives command of all.

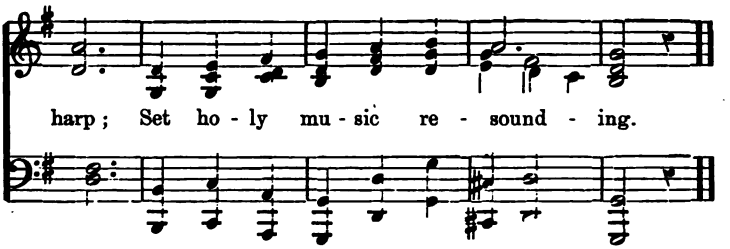
SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICE.

I. THE FATHER.

1. Praise ye the Lord !
For it is good to sing praises unto our God:
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
He healeth the broken in heart
And bindeth up their wounds.
The Lord lifteth up the meek;
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving,
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God. [Ps. cxlvii.]

2. Then the school will stand and sing.





2. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things:
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles:
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

3. Praise ye the Lord, who prepareth thy way in his wisdom:
When thy strength faileth, he keepeth thy feet for his love's sake.
In what great need hath not the merciful God
Spread his wings over his children?

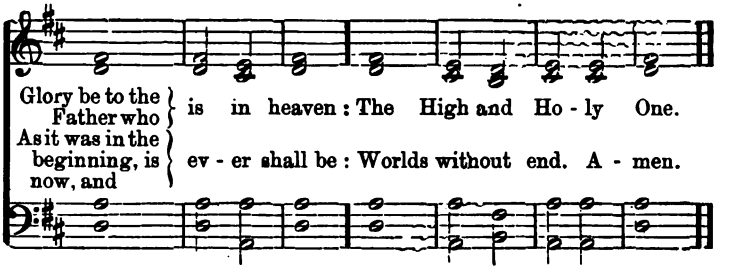
4. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

The school will be seated again.

3. Then will be read and sung these responses.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And all that is within me, bless his holy name!
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits!
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thine old age with good,
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The Lord executeth righteousness
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
As the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him;
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
Bless the Lord, all his works,
In all the places of his dominion!
Bless the Lord, O my soul! [Ps. ciii.]

Gloria.



As many as are led by the Spirit of God,
They are the sons of God.
For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear,
But ye have received the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba Father.
The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit,
That we are the children of God. [Rom. viii.]
Ask and it shall be given you;
Seek and ye shall find;
Knock and it shall be opened unto you.
For every one that asketh, receiveth;
And he that seeketh, findeth;
And to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.
If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father,
Will he give him a stone?
Or if he ask a fish,
Will he, for a fish, give him a serpent?
Or if he shall ask an egg,
Will he offer him a scorpion?
If ye then, being transgressors, know how to give good gifts unto your children,
How much more shall our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. [Luke xi.]
God is Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Gloria. (Music as before.)

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy | One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

4. Prayer.

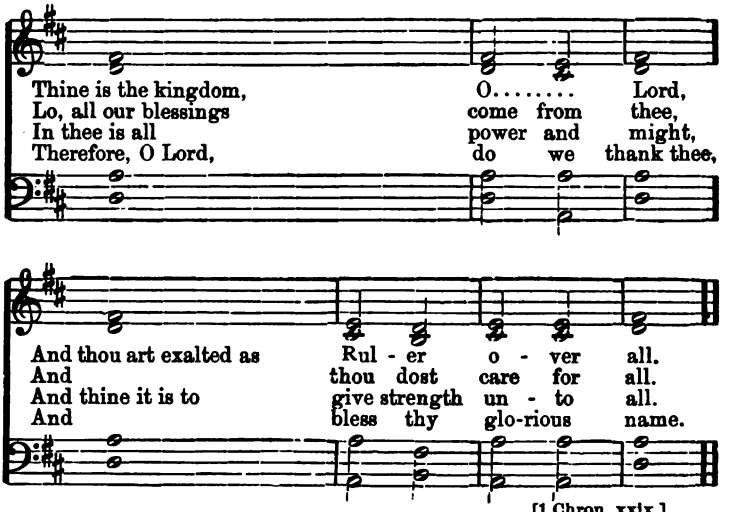
To us there is one God, the Father, from whom are all things, and we in him. [1 Cor. viii.]

Then the school will stand.

O our heavenly Father, in whose name we have come together here! help us now to quiet our minds, that in stillness and reverence we may think of thee.

Then all will read in unison.

O Thou who, in thy great love for little children, didst give us life, and dost every day give us blessings, we thank thee for thy great loving kindness, and the multitude of thy mercies to us. We thank thee for our homes and friends, for our daily bread and our nightly rest. O Father, bless the teachings of this day. May we listen quietly and willingly: what is spoken in our ear, may we take to our heart. Amen.



[1 Chron. xxix.]

Then the school will be seated.

5. Hymn—selected.

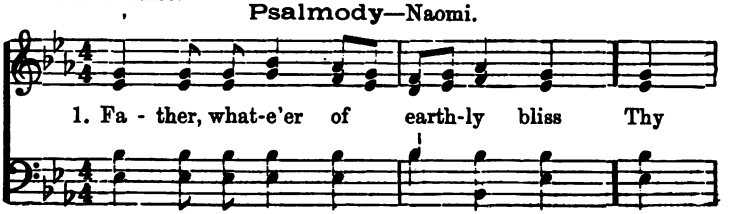
6. Here will be opportunity for any customary or special exercise; Or for a five minute sermon.

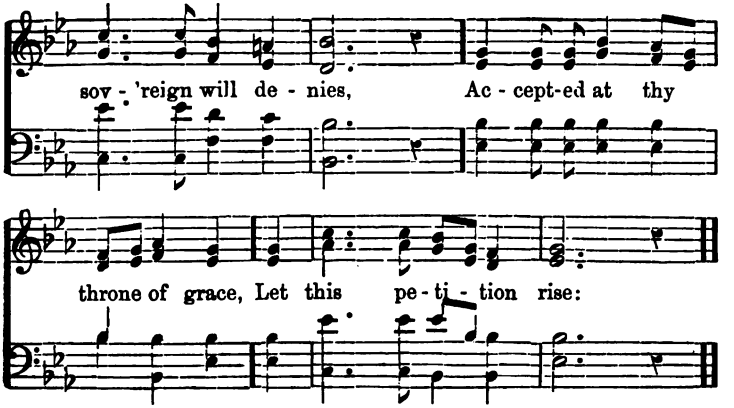
7. Hymn—selected.

8. The Class Lessons.

9. Close of school.

Psalmody—Naomi.



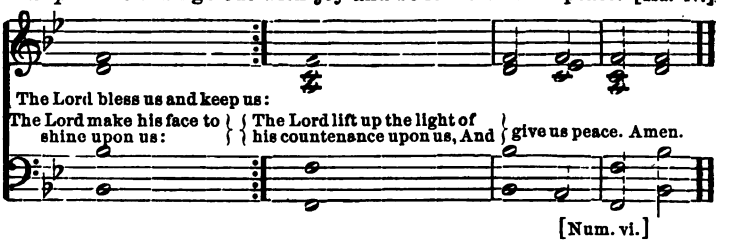


2. Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

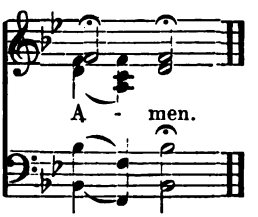
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

10. Benediction:

Supt.: The Lord be with you. [Ruth ii.]
School: The Lord bless thee. [Ruth ii.]
Supt.: Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace. [Isa. lv.]



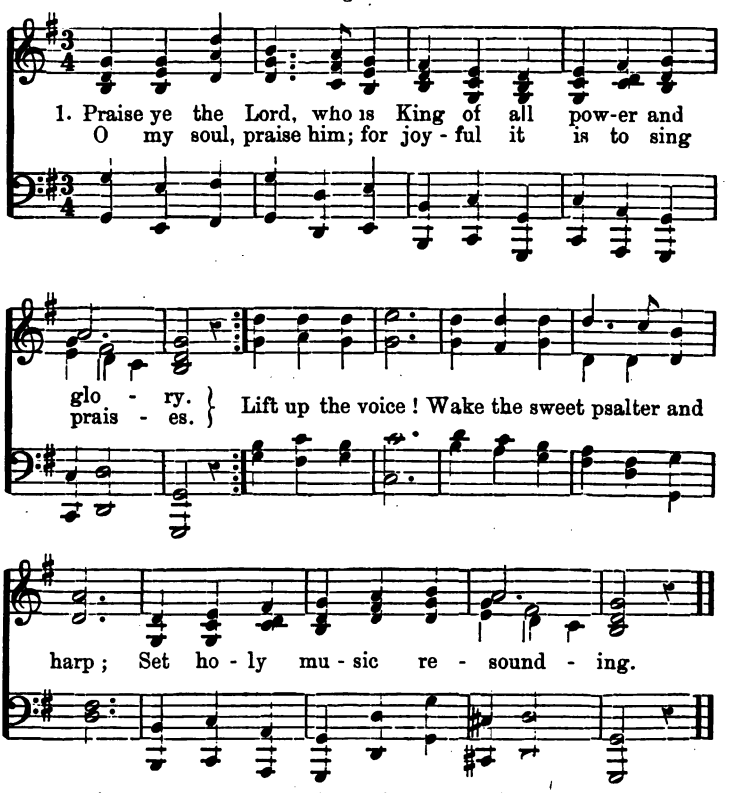
Supt.: His name endureth forever, and men are blessed in him. [Ps. lxxii.]



II. JOY.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands !
Serve the Lord with gladness.
Come before his presence with singing !
It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves.
We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.
Be thankful unto him and bless his name !
For the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting.
And his truth endureth to all generations. [Psalm c.]

2. Then the school will stand and sing.



2. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things:
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles;
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

3. Praise ye the Lord, who prepareth thy way in his wisdom;
When thy strength faileth, he keepeth thy feet for his love's sake.
In what great need hath not the merciful God
Spread his wings over his children?

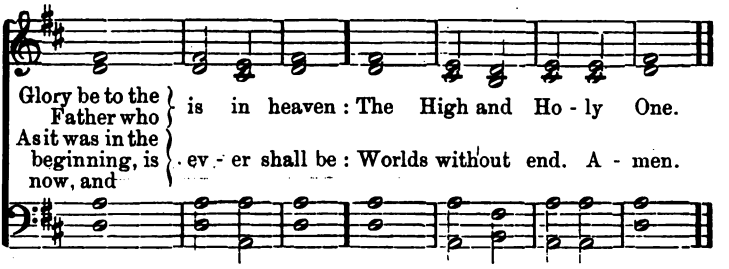
4. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

The school will be seated again.

3. Then will be read and sung these responses.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation!
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms!
In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The heights of the hills are his also:
The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land. [Ps. xcv.]
Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof:
The world and they that dwell therein:
Let the floods clap their hands:
Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord!
With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity [Ps. xcviii.]

Gloria.



The wilderness and the parched land shall be glad:
And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose
It shall blossom abundantly,
And rejoice even with joy and singing.
Strengthen ye the weak hands,
And confirm the feeble knees.
Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not.
Behold your God! He will come and save you.
Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,
And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped:

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart,
And the tongue of the dumb sing.
For in the wilderness shall waters break forth,
And streams in the desert:
And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land springs of water.
There shall be joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. [Is. xxxv.]

Gloria. (Music as before.)

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy | One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

4. Prayer.

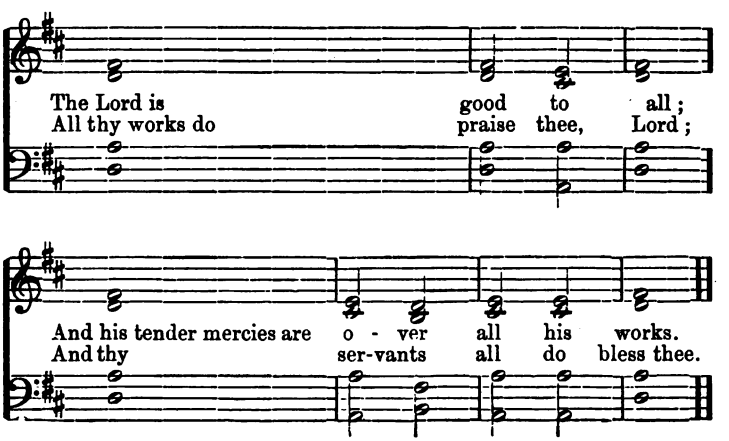
The Lord is our Shepherd, we shall not want. He maketh us to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth us beside the still waters. [Ps. xxiii.]

Then the school will stand.

O Thou who hast brought us to this hour, we pray Thee to bless it. Help us to be faithful, so that it may be good for us to be here. Save us from evil and danger. Make us strong in duty and brave in trial. And may thy peace be with us all.

Then all will read in unison.

We thank thee, O Father, for the light of day and the stillness of night; for the beauty of the sky and the earth; for the stars and the flowers; for the dear faces of those we love, and for the gift of immortal life. Let thy blessing be with us, heavenly Father. What we shall learn, may we remember; and what we remember, with thy help may we do. Amen.



Then the school will be seated.

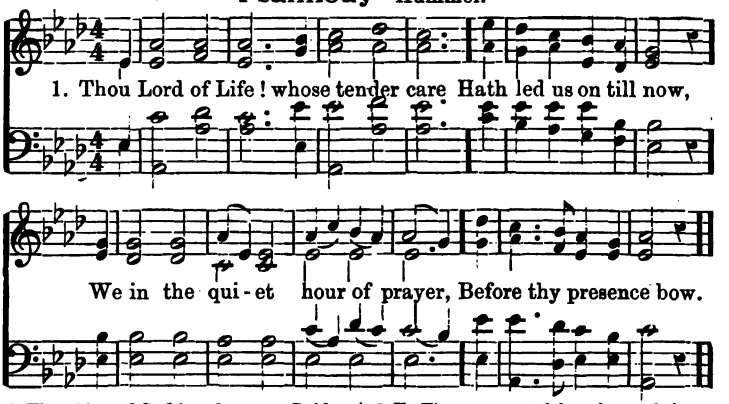
5. Hymn—selected.

6. Here will be opportunity for any customary or special exercise; Or for a five minute sermon or address.

7. Hymn—selected.

8. The Class Lessons.

9. Close of school: **Psalmody—Hummel.**



2. Thou, blessed God, hast been our Guide,
Through life our Guard and Friend;
O still on life's uncertain tide,
Preserve us to the end!

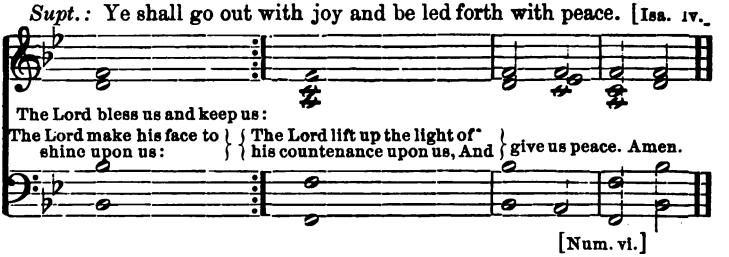
3. To Thee our grateful praise we bring,
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach our hearts thy praise to sing,
O, teach us how to pray.

10. Benediction:

Supt.: The Lord be with you. [Ruth ii.]

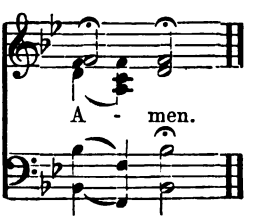
School: The Lord bless thee. [Ruth ii.]

Supt.: Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace. [Isa. iv.



[Num. vi.]

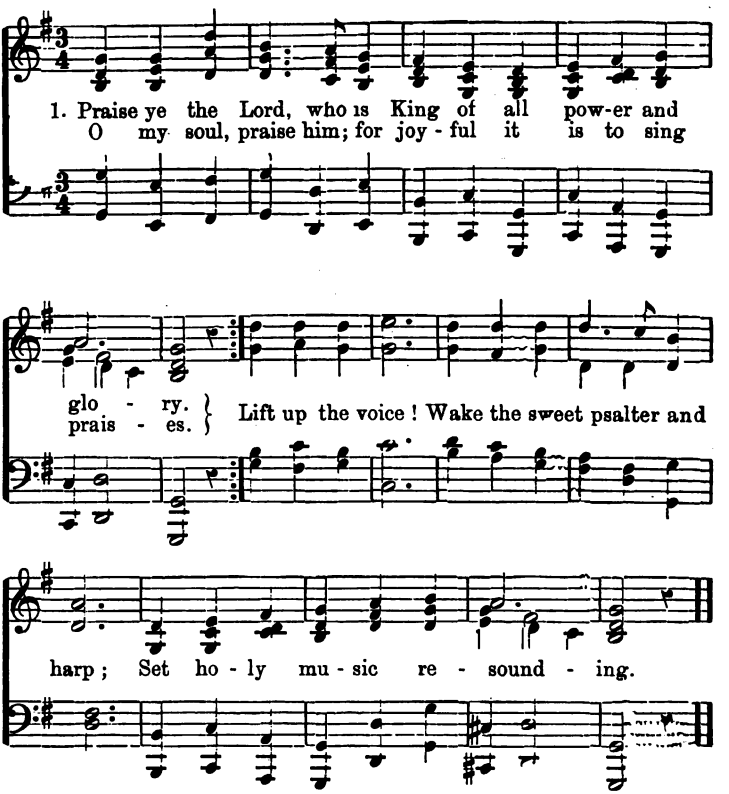
Supt.: Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart. [Mat. v.]



III. DUTY.

1. O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
Come, ye children, hearken u ıto me;
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil and do good;
Seek peace and pursue it. [Ps. xxxiv.]

2. Then the school will stand and sing.



2. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things:
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles:
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

3. Praise ye the Lord, who prepareth thy way in his wisdom;
When thy strength faileth, he keepeth thy feet for his love's sake.
In what great need hath not the merciful God
Spread his wings over his children?

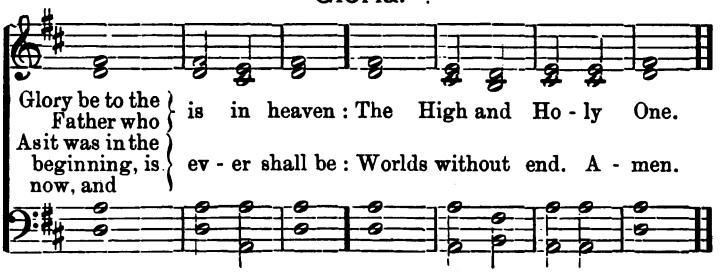
4. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

Then the school will be seated again.

3. Then will be read and sung these responses.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!
Yea, to get understanding is rather to be chosen than silver.
Better is it to be of a humble spirit with the lowly
Than to divide the spoil with the proud.
The hoary head is a crown of glory,
If it be found in the way of righteousness.
He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty,
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. [Prov. xvi.]
Honor thy father and mother both in word and deed,
That a blessing may come upon thee from them.
My son, help thy father in his age,
And grieve him not as long as he liveth:
And if his understanding fail, have patience with him,
And despise him not when thou art in thy full strength.
Many are in high place and of renown;
But mysteries are revealed unto the meek.
For the power of the Lord is great and he is honored of the lowly.
[Ecclesiasticus iii.]

Gloria.



Let no man think lightly of evil,
Saying in his heart, It will not come near me.
Let no man think lightly of good,
Saying in his heart, It will not benefit me.
If any live a hundred years ignorant and unrestrained,
A life of one day is better if a man be wise and reflecting:

If any live a hundred years not seeing the highest law,
A life of one day is better if a man see the highest law.
[Buddha.]

Will any one for one day apply his strength to virtue:
I have not seen the case in which his strength is insufficient.
Virtue is not left to stand alone;
He who practices it will have neighbors. [Confucius.]

The day is short,
The task is great;
It is not incumbent on thee to complete the work,
But thou must not therefore cease from it. [The Rabbins.]

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness;
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved. [Ps. xv.

Gloria. (Music as before.)

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven :
The | High and | Holy | One !
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be ;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

4. Prayer.

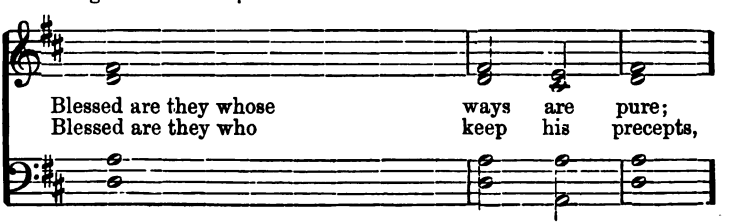
From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. [Ps. cxxi.]

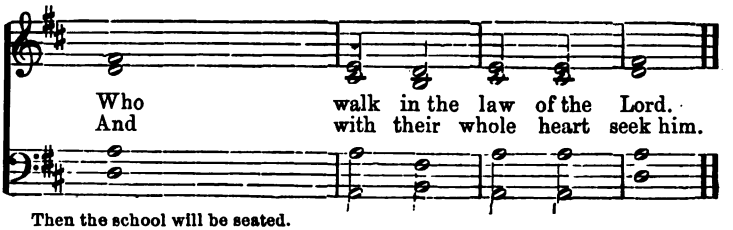
Then the school will stand.

Heavenly Father, let thy blessing rest upon us, and give us strength. Help us to follow the voice of conscience, and to obey thy laws, not with eye-service, but heartily. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure. whatsoever things are lovely, may we think of these things.

Then all will read in unison,

Holy Father, may we love the truth and speak the truth. May we be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, holding no anger or malice. Help us, we pray thee, to overcome our faults and the sin which easily besets us. And when we are tempted to do wrong, may the thought of thee keep us from the evil. Amen.





Then the school will be seated.

5. Hymn—selected.

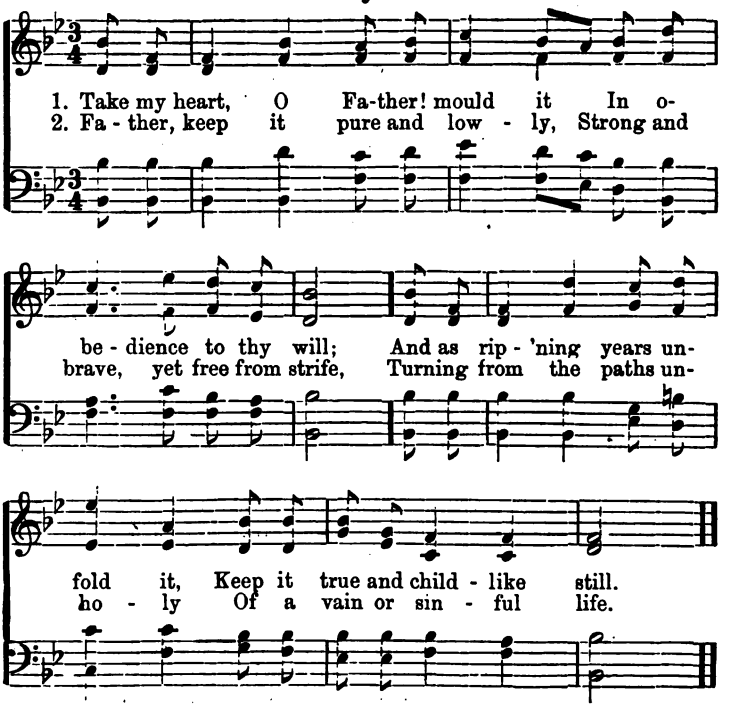
6. Here will be opportunity for any customary or special exercise; Or for a five minute sermon.

7. Hymn—selected.

8. The Class Lessons.

9. Close of school.

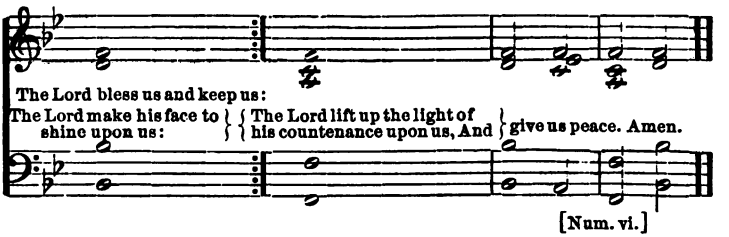
Psalmody—Stockwell.



3. Ever let thy might surround it,
Strengthen it with love divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto thine.

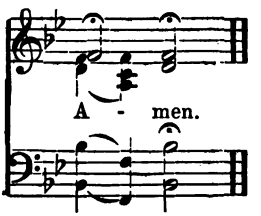
10. Benediction:

Supt.: The Lord be with you. [Ruth ii.]
School: The Lord bless thee. [Ruth ii.]
Supt.: Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace. [Isa. lv.]



[Num. vi.]

Supt.: Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer.
[Ps. xix.]



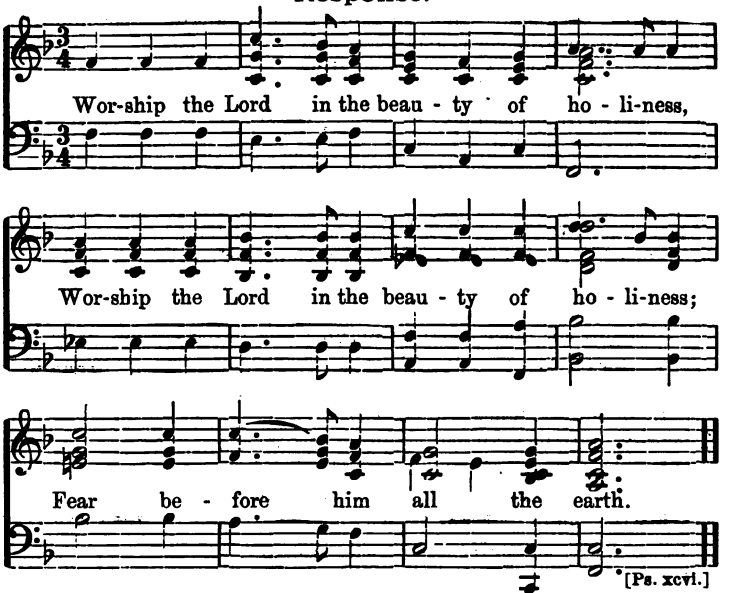
IV. TRUST.

1. It is good to pray unto God, for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from the door; but he heals and helps and consoles them.
It is good to pray when all things are prospering with us;
For do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from heaven?
Love is the root of creation—God's essence. Worlds without number.
Lie in his bosom like children. [Tegner.]

2. Then the school will stand and sing in response to the reading of the minister or superintendent:

My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation. Set thy heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble. Whatsoever is brought upon thee, take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate. For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity. Believe in him and he will help thee; order thy way aright and trust in him.
[Ecclesiasticus ii.]

Response.



[Ps. xcvi.]

Look at the generations of old, and see: did any ever trust in the Lord and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise that called upon him? For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins and saveth in time of affliction. Woe unto him that is fainthearted! for he believeth not. Woe unto you that have lost patience! and what will ye do when the Lord shall visit you? They that fear the Lord will not disobey his word: and they that love him, will keep his ways. [Eccle'cus ii.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him, all the earth. [Ps. xcvi.]

They that fear the Lord will prepare their hearts, and humble their souls in his sight, saying, We will fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of men; for as his majesty is, so is his mercy.
[Ecclesiasticus ii.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him, all the earth. [Ps. xcvi.]

Then the school will be seated.

3. Then will be read these responses.

Hearken unto me, my people!
And give ear unto me, O my nation!

For a law shall proceed from me,
And I will make my judgment to rest for a light of the people.
Lift up your eyes to the heavens,
And look upon the earth beneath!
For the heavens shall vanish away like smoke,
And the earth shall wax old like a garment,
And they that dwell therein shall die in like manner:
But my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished. [Is. li.]

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons;
For what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?
Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence;
Shall we not much more be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? [Heb. xii.]

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord:
He delighteth himself in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright,
For the end of that man is peace. [Ps. xxxvii.]

4. Prayer. The minister or superintendent will say:

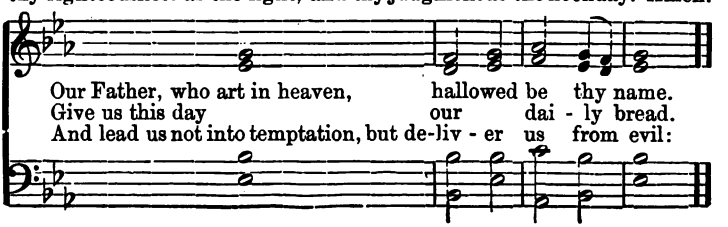
Let us search and try our ways, and turn unto the Lord. [Lament. iii.]

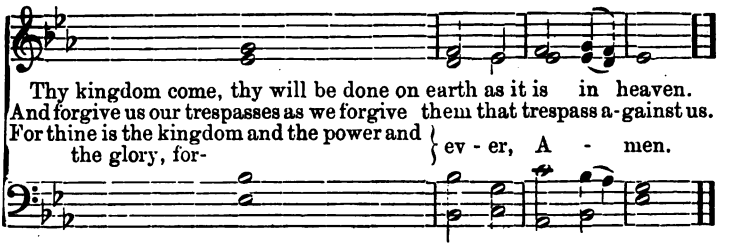
Then the school will stand.

O Eternal One, we pray to thee. Help us to reverence thy power, to worship thy wisdom, to adore thy justice, to be gladdened by thy love, to be blessed in thinking of thee, and to trust thee forever.

Then all will read in unison.

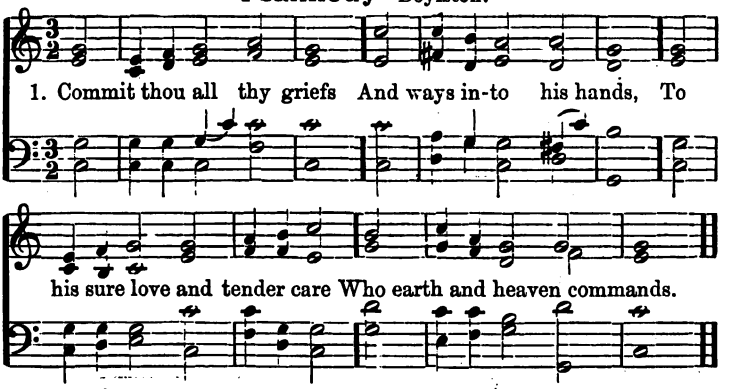
O Father of Light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, from thee cometh down every good and perfect gift. We trust in thy perfect providence which is over all, and in thy loving-kindness which blesses the child and the old man. We grieve that we have wandered from thy way and forgotten thy laws. But thy kindness is not as our kindness. O Infinite Love, help us to depart from evil and do good. We commit our ways to thee and trust in thee. Thou dost bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Amen.





5. Hymn—selected.
6. Here will be opportunity for any customary or special exercise; Or for a five minute sermon or address.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. The Class Lessons.
9. Close of school:

Psalmody—Boylston.



2. Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He will direct thy wandering feet,
He will prepare thy way.

3. Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

10. Benediction.

Supt.: The Lord will give strength unto his people. The Lord wil bless his people with peace. [Ps. xxix.]

School: He is our strong habitation, whereunto we may continually resort. He is our rock and our fortress. [Ps. lxxi.]

Supt.: The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore. [Ps. cxxi.]

All: Amen.

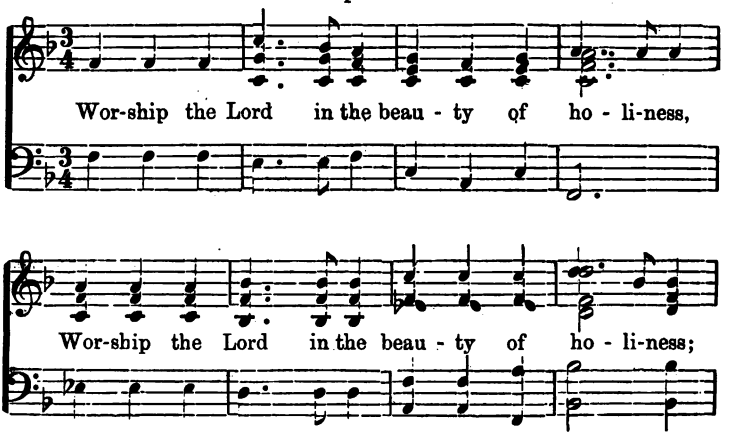
V. NATURE.

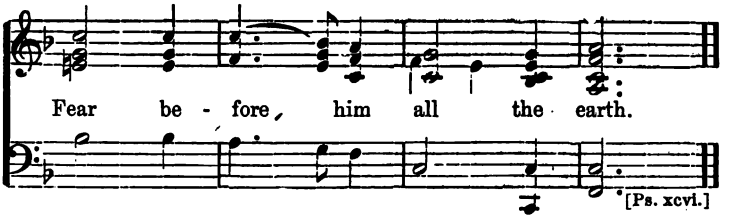
1. O give thanks unto the Lord;
Call upon his name:
Make known his deeds among the people.
Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him:
Talk ye of all his wondrous ways. [Ps. cv.]
He covereth himself with light as with a garment:
He stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain:
He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
He maketh the clouds his chariot:
He rideth upon the wings of the wind.
He looketh on the earth and it trembleth:
He toucheth the hills and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.
I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. [Ps. civ.]

2. Then the school will stand and sing in response to the reading of the minister or superintendent:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day uttereth speech unto day,
And night showeth knowledge unto night.
They have no speech nor language,
And their voice is not heard;
Yet their sound is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world. [Ps. xix.]

Response.





Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you? Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. [Matt. vi.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him, all the earth. [Ps. xcvi.]

Learn, O child, the true wisdom! See yon bush aflame with roses, like the burning bush of Moses. Listen, and thou shalt hear, if thy soul be not deaf, how from out it, soft and clear, speaks to thee the Lord Almighty. [Persian.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him, all the earth. [Ps. xcvi.]

Then the school will be seated.

3. Then will be read these responses.

For the wealth of pathless forests
    Whereon no ax may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches,
    The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
    Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
    We thank thee. O our God!
For the lifting up of mountains
    In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
    Alone have dared to tread;

For the dark of silent gorges
    Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
    We thank thee, O our God!
For the hidden scroll o'erwritten
    With one dear name adoréd;
For the heavenly in the human;
    The Spirit in the word;
For the tokens of thy presence
    Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of Being,
    We thank thee, O our God! [Anon.]

Who is the great Name, that our lips may praise him?
    The great Name is God.
It is he that maketh all things:
    But he himself is more excellent than all which he hath made
They are beautiful,
    But he is Beauty:
They are strong,
    But he is Strength:
They are perfect,
    But he is Perfection. [Barbauld.]

4. Prayer.

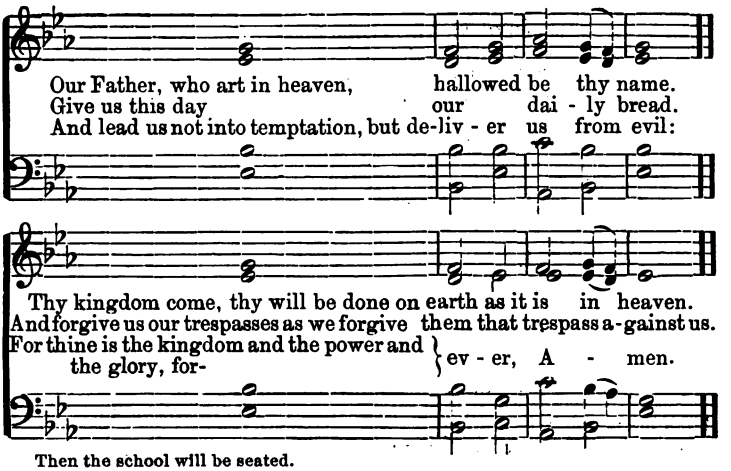
Let us search and try our ways, and turn unto the Lord. [Lam. iii.]

Then the school will stand.

Heavenly Father, we live in thee. It is thy providence which rules over the summer and the winter, the spring and the autumn, beautifying the various and fourfold year. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee. We work by thy strength, we sleep in thy care; and when we are awake we are still with thee. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory.

Then all will read in unison.

Blessed be thou, Father of all Mercy, who continuest to pour thy benefits upon us. Thou hast given us the blessings of this life, and of immortal being. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters, they come trooping upon us! They break forth like mighty waters on every side. O make thy goodness health and strength unto us, that we may be thankful, dutiful and holy. Amen.



Then the school will be seated.

5. Hymn—selected.

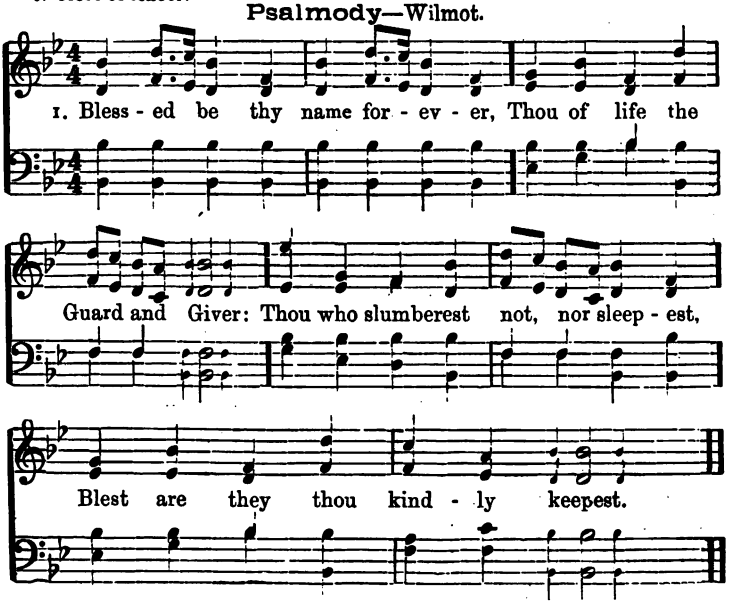
6. Here will be opportunity for any customary or special exercise; Or for a five minute sermon or address.

7. Hymn—selected.

8. The Class Lessons.

9. Close of school:

Psalmody—Wilmot.



2. God of stillness and of motion
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be thy name forever.

3. God of evening's peaceful ray,
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of eternity!

4. Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night:
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name forever.

10. Benediction.

Supt.: The Lord will give strength unto his people. The Lord will bless his people with peace. [Ps. xxix.]

School: He is our strong habitation, whereunto we may continually resort. He is our rock and our fortress. [Ps. lxxi.]

Supt.: The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore. [Ps. cxxi.]

All: Amen.

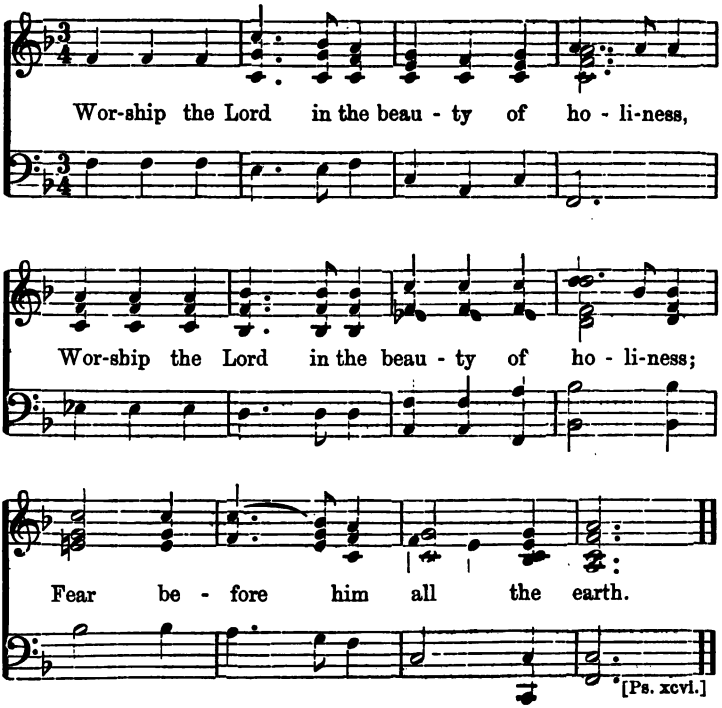
VI. SUNDAY

1. This is the day of Light!
This is the day of Rest!
This is the day of Peace!
This is the day of Prayer!
Let there be light to-day;
Let rest renew failing strength;
Let peace be on this house;
Let earth draw near to heaven. [Ellerton.]

2. Then the school will stand and sing in response to the reading of the minister or superintendent:

The work of righteousnees shall be peace,
And the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever:
And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation,
And in sure dwellings and in quiet resting-places. [Is. xxxii.]

Response.



To this holy day, thrice welcome;
Let all vain follies be put away.
This day the lifted eye suits;
The heart communing with the sky;
A calm spirit, a step sedate,
A sober mind and simple garb,
Together, hand in hand,
We stand within the aisle,
To the solemn sound listening.
There attends Charity,
Changing an enemy to a friend:
Hope is there, looking up,
And Faith that dares to die.
I ask these joys of this day of jubilee,
Delight of heaven and earth:
Best day of all the seven. [Caswall]

Response. (Music as before.)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him, all the earth. [Ps. xcvi.]

Hear these rules for this joyful day:

Preserve Peace and Quiet; put away noisy business and noisy mirth.

Let the day be Rest, for body and for mind.

Provide rest for all who serve us; therefore, let the day be simple.

Give our dumb animals—our fellow creatures—rest and refreshment.

Let it be a glad day; keep the mind, the behavior and the face cheerful.

Let it be a day of love, conversation and companionship *at Home.*

Think how we are living and resolve how to live better.

Look at the beauty and grandeur of Nature, the glorious works of God.

Go, with simple heart, to the Church to join in praise and prayer.

Thus the Sunday, our Home-Day and our Church-Day, will be quiet, restful, merciful, joyful, prayerful and hallowed.

Response. (Music as before.)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Fear before him, all the earth. [Ps. xcvi.]

Then the school will be seated.

3. Then will be read these responses.

O Lord, open thou our lips,
And our mouth shall show forth thy praise. [Ps. li.]

Who can tell where the stream doth flow
By which we shall rest one day?
Who can tell where the sheep now feed,
In whose wool we shall dress one day?
Who can tell where the corn-seed grows
That shall yield us bread one day?
Who can tell where a kindly board
For us shall be spread one day?
Who can tell where the road is made
Whereon we shall walk one day?
Who can tell when death will come
To bear us home one day?
There is One who knoweth all hidden things:
They are open to him each day.

He knoweth well what is best for all;
We are all in his hand each day.
Then, sorrow, cease, and leave us in peace:
The Lord will provide alway.

4. Prayer.

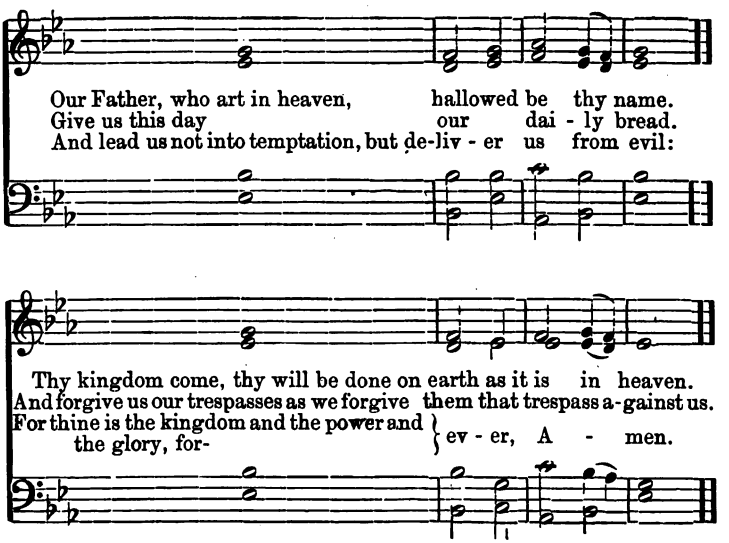
Let us search and try our ways, and turn unto the Lord. [Lam. iii.]

Then the school will stand.

O God, who givest us not only the day for labor and the night for rest, but also the peace of this blessed day, grant, we beseech thee, that this season of holy quiet may be profitable to us in heavenly things, and refresh and strengthen us to return to the work which thou hast given us to do.

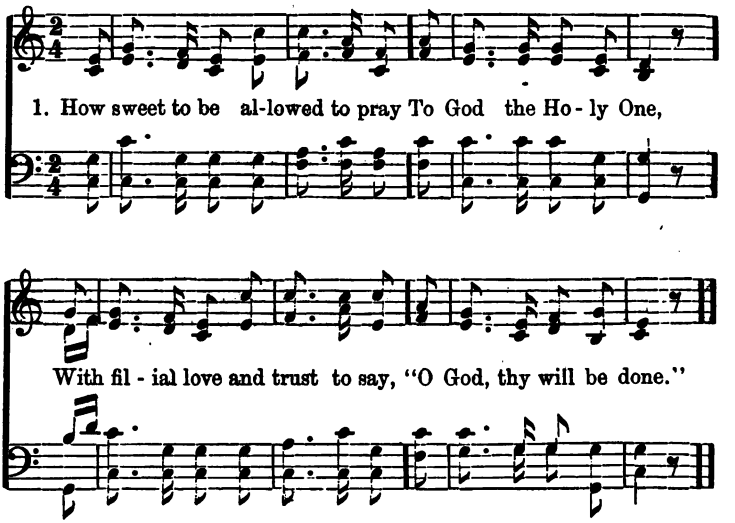
Then all will read in unison.

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will to men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O God, the Father Almighty! Merciful Father, who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer! Thou rulest with the kind hand of a Father; thou hast mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord. Amen.



5. Hymn—selected.
6. Here will be opportunity for any customary or special exercise; Or for a five minute sermon or address.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. The Class Lessons.
9. Close of school:

Psalmody.



2. We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3. O let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

10. Benediction.

Supt.: The Lord will give strength unto his people. The Lord will bless his people with peace. [Ps. xxix.]

School: He is our strong habitation, whereunto we may continually resort. He is our rock and our fortress. [Ps. lxxi.]

Supt.: The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore. [Ps. cxxi.]

All: Amen.

VII. FREEDOM.

"FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION."

Freedom in Religion is to think and speak about religion freely and reverently, unfettered by any power, or by any person, or by our own passions or prejudices: and to claim the same liberty for all men.

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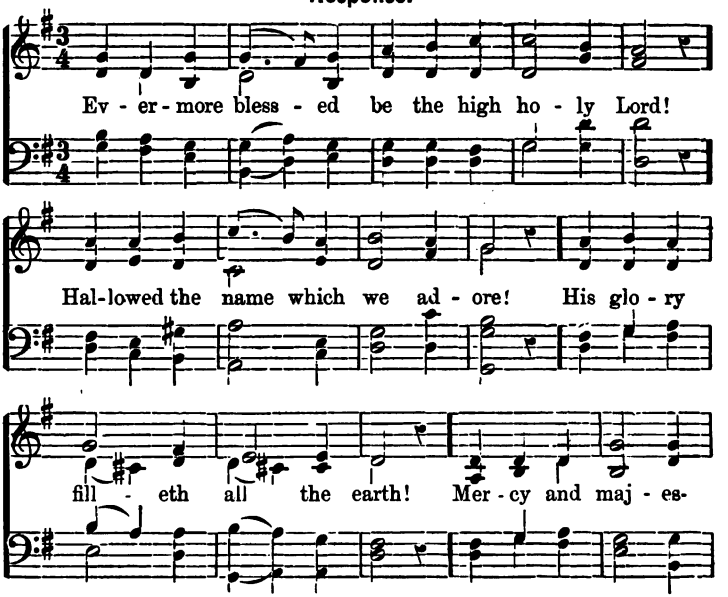
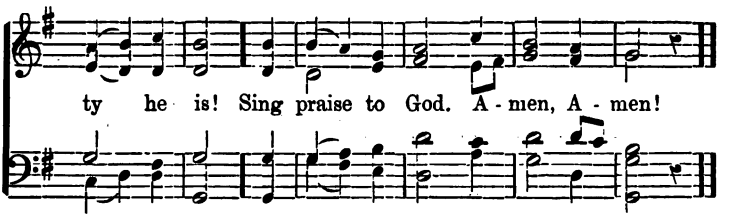
1. Let the counsel of thine own heart stand;
For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more
Than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower:
And above all, pray to the Most High,
That he will direct thy way in truth. [Ecclesiasticus xxxvii.]

2. The School will stand and sing responsively.

God speaketh in every faithful human spirit;
Therefrom have come the Bible and all scriptures.
We learn to feel the blessedness of knowing
That God, our Father and Friend,
Is nearer to us than anything can be:
That his voice within the heart will be our teacher and our guide,
When all other things fail.

Response.





Because God, who inhabits eternity, is the same from everlasting to everlasting,
The present moment comes as a scroll unrolled from his hand,
Bringing its own divine message for us.
On the faithful, he will pour out his spirit now
As on the holy men of old:
He comes near, he stands by; he dwells with us mightily:
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of his glory.

Response. (Music as before.)

Glory and might encompass the works of God;
All the earth owns his holy will,
Raising the poor to stand upright
With the great princes of the land!
Sing praise to God, Amen! Amen!

Listen to the holy seers who speak of God, but acquaint thine own-self with him if thou would'st know his works. Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before. Thine eye shall be instructed and thy heart made pure. Then we are free! Then liberty, like day, breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heaven fires all the faculties with glorious joy. [Cowper.]

Response. (Music as before.)

He lighteth minds and healeth the broken heart:
He telleth all the hosts of stars
And calleth them all by their names!
These are the wonders of his ways:
Sing praise to God, Amen! Amen!

The School seated.

3. Responses.

We believe in the perfect order and living power of God
Which make for truth and righteousness in the world.
It is he that leadeth us and speaketh in the still places of the heart:
Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. [Paul.]

We shall know the truth
And the truth shall make us free. [Jesus.]

Let falsehood and truth grapple:
Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?
For who knows not that truth is strong
With the power of the Almighty? [Milton.]

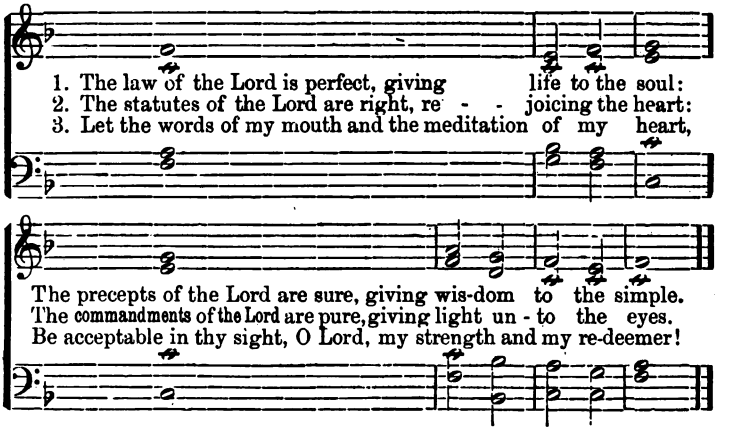
Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in men who cannot help:
Our trust is in the Lord our God,
Who keepeth truth forever.
The Lord giveth freedom to the bound,
The Lord giveth light unto the blind.
The Lord, our God, shall reign forever,
Yea, throughout all ages. Praise ye the Lord. [Ps. 146.]

4. Prayer.

Let us give thanks for our high calling. Let us seek strength to be faithful.

The School will stand and read together.

Holy, holy, holy Lord, adored in the highest heaven, dwelling in the humble heart, whither can we go from thy spirit, whither can we flee from thy presence! Daily thy hand leads us, daily thy bounty feeds us, daily thy light, liberty and law shine within us: give us grace daily to rejoice in thy goodness with thanksgiving and to follow thy law faithfully. Father, hallowed be thy name. Amen.



5. Hymn—selected.
6. Five-minute Sermon, or any customary or special exercise.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. Class Lessons.

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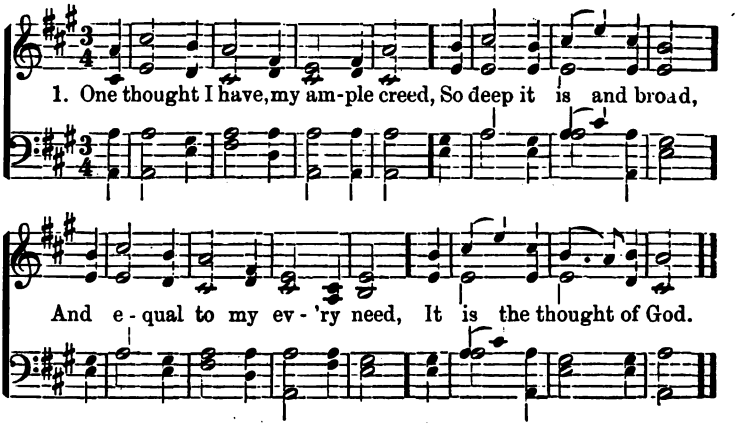
9. Close of School.

Psalmody—Balerma.



2. I ask not far before to see,
   But take in trust my road;
   Life, death, and immortality
   Are in my thought of God.

3. Be still the light upon my way,
   My pilgrim staff and rod,
   My rest by night, my strength by day,
   O blessed thought of God!

10. Benediction:

Supt. It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.

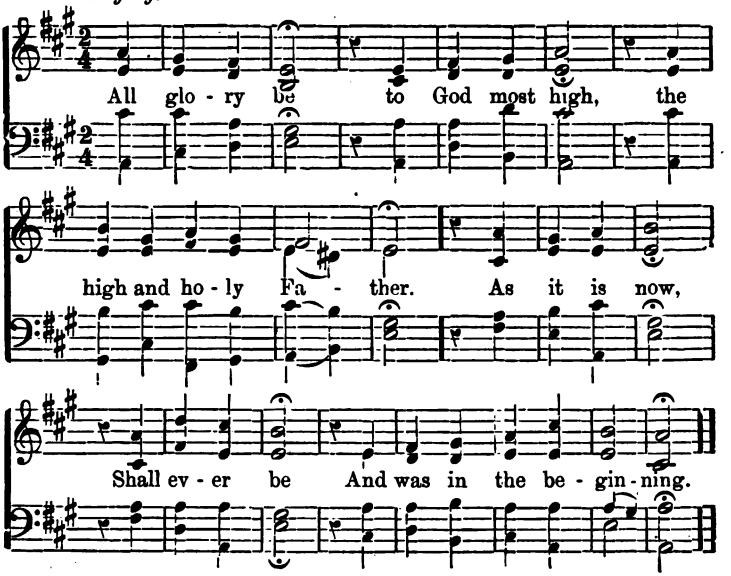
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here:

School. Peace to every soul herein.

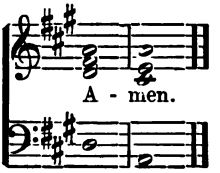
Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.



Supt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing



VIII. FELLOWSHIP.

"FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION."

Fellowship in Religion is to bring the brotherhood of man into religion, so that the bond of humanity is put above that of creed or church or any other thing. This will teach us not to set bounds anywhere, as to say, We will receive all Christians but not a Jew, or, We will receive Jews and Christians but no others; but to say, as Paul did, that we receive all, being made of one blood and walking under the common sky of the One Creator and Father.

1. Say not, I will love the wise and hate the unwise; thou shalt love all mankind. [Talmud.]

Religions are many and different; but reason is one. We are all brethren. [Chinese Scripture.]

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

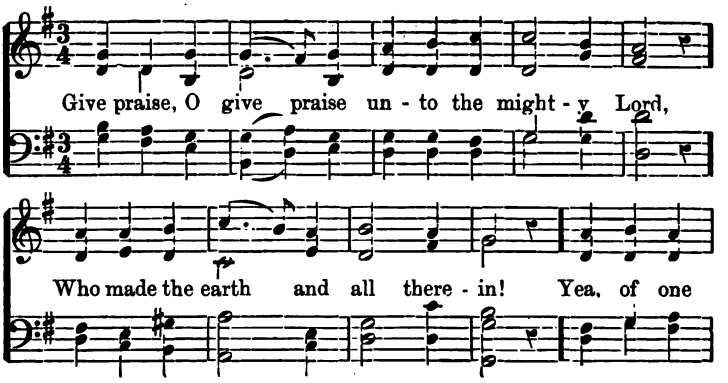
God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.

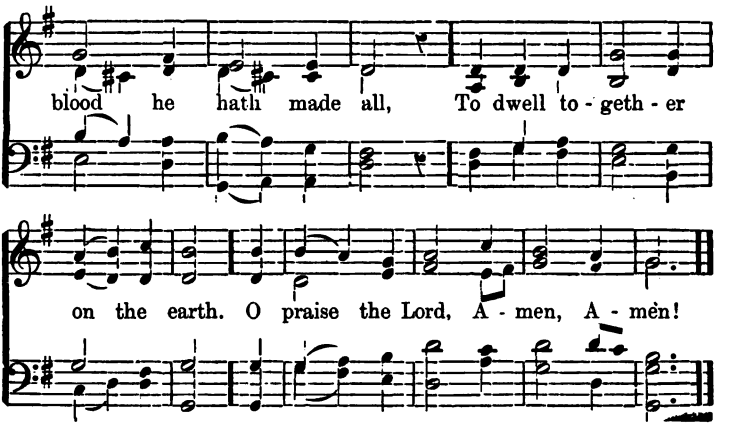
This commandment we have, that he who loveth God love his brother also. [New Testament.]

2. The School will stand, and sing responsively.

God that made the world and all things therein, the Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth, that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from any one of us. [Paul.]

Response.





There is one church universal; and many names, but one God whom all the names mean; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. Therefore judge not thy brother nor set at naught thy brother; every one shall give account of himself to God. [Paul.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Give praise, O give praise unto the Holy One,
For he is merciful and kind;
He giveth us all needful things,
Who is the same Lord over all.
O praise the Lord, Amen! Amen!

Difference of worship has divided men into many nations: from all their doctrines I have chosen one—the Love of God. [Persian.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Give praise unto the Holy One who is Love!
He hears the ravens when they cry,
He is the same Lord over all.
Who can proclaim his love for man!
O praise the Lord, Amen! Amen!

The School seated.

3. Responses.

The Lord speaks in the secret places of the soul, and says:
Thou art a man; all men shall be thy neighbors and thy brothers.
We are members of one great body:
Remember that each was born for the good of all. [Seneca.]

Men are limbs of one another—all of one substance. [Sadi—Persian.]

For the body is not one member, but many;
And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of you,
Nor the head to the feet, I have no need of you;
And if one member suffers,
All members suffer with it. [Paul.]

When brothers are unkind, it is as if the two hands which God has formed to aid each other,
Neglecting this duty should hinder each other:
Or as if the feet, formed by God to act together,
Should forsake this office and obstruct each other.
Now, God hath designed brothers to be of greater service to each other
Than hands or feet or eyes or other members which he hath given in pairs to men. [Socrates.]

There are differing gifts,
But the same spirit;
And there are different kinds of service,
But the same Lord;
And there are different ways of working,
But it is the same God that worketh in all. [Paul.]

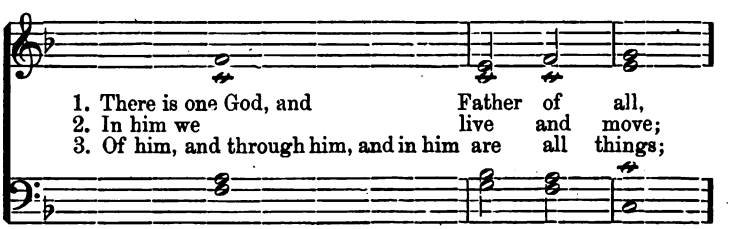
4. Prayer.

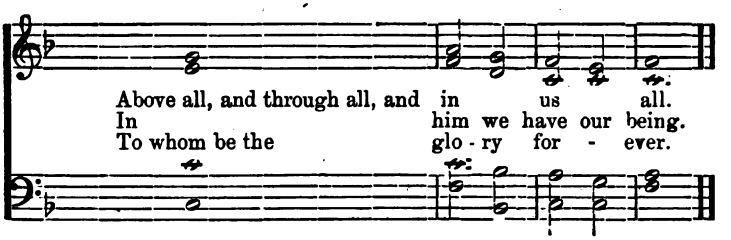
Let us strive to be followers of God as dear children, and walk in love: and the God of Love and Peace will be with us.

The School will stand and read together.

O Divine Love, whose providence is like the sky that containeth all, thy peace be with us and with all men.

Help us to love our brother men, and to walk in gentleness and humility of spirit. If we see the right, give thy grace that we may live in it; but if we are wrong, teach us to find a better way. We would do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. Amen.





The School seated.

5. Hymn—selected.
6. Five-minute Sermon, or any customary or special exercise.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. Class lessons.

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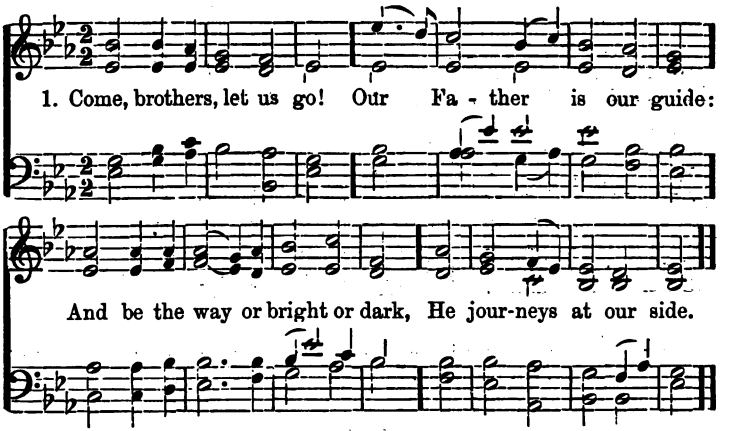
9. Close of School.

Psalmody—Mornington.



2. Come, brothers, let us go!
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards us round about.

3. The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, when they fall;
In love and peace and quiet go:
God's blessing keep us all!

10. **Benediction:**

Supt. It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.

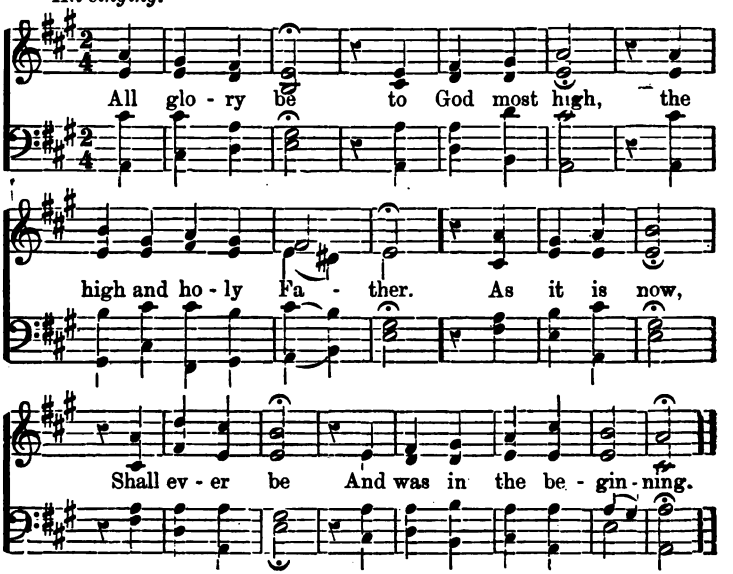
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here:

School. Peace to every soul herein.

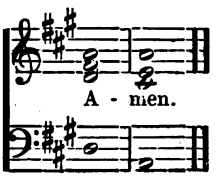
Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.



Supt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.



IX. CHARACTER.

"FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION."

Character in Religion means that what we *are* is the supreme matter: not the prayers we utter, still less the creed we accept, but what we are in the heart; also it means that all true worship springs from love of goodness, and that no man's religion can be better or purer than *he is in the depths of his soul.*

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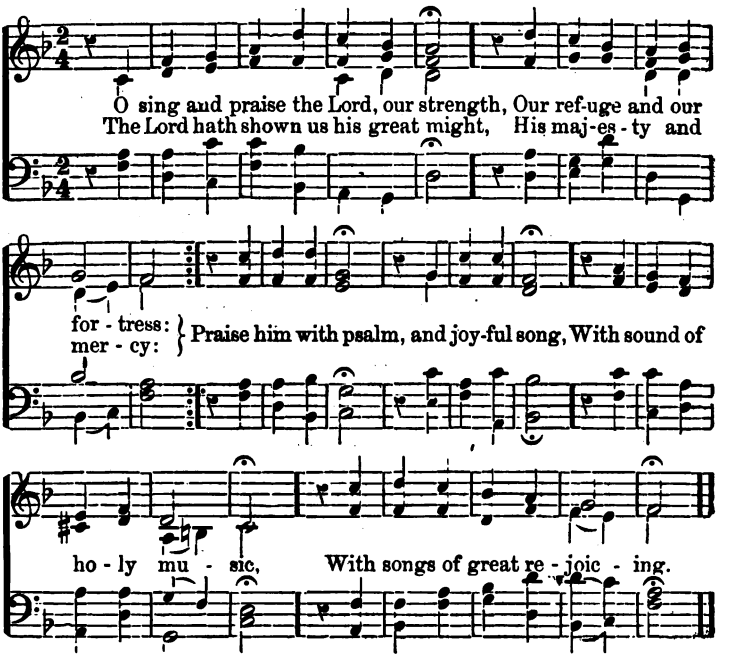
1. He whc does a good deed is instantly ennobled. The safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into a man with justice. [Emerson.]

Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord and stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not inclined his soul to falsehood nor spoken deceitfully. [Ps. xxiv.]

Thou desirest not sacrifice, but truth in the heart. Teach me wisdom in my inmost soul: create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. [Ps. li.]

2. The School will stand and sing.



The School seated.

3. Responses.

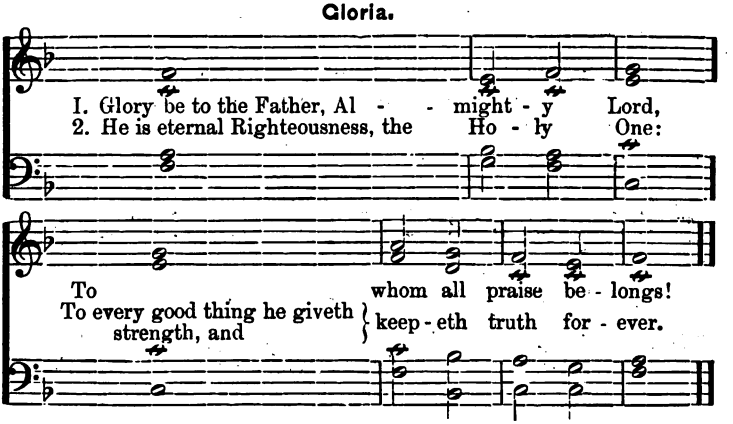
Two things command my reverence, the starry universe around me,
And the law of duty within me. [Kant.]

Happiness is not the purpose of our being,
But to deserve happiness. [Fichte.]

And we are not left to stand alone:
All things work together for good to those that obey God.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can! [Emerson.]

Gloria.



Come, and I will show you what is beautiful:
It is the rose and the lily of the field, the green hills, waving woods, singing birds, and sparkling waters.
Come and I will show you what is glorious:
It is the sun in the heavens and the multitude of stars by night.
These things are sublime and lovely
But a good man is more beautiful and glorious.
Cease to do evil, learn to do well,
And "lend a hand" to thy brother.

Be not weary in well doing:
My Father worketh hitherto and I work.
I came not to do mine own will,
But the will of him that sent me;
And he that doeth the will of God
Shall know the truth of God. [Jesus.]

Gloria. (Music as before.)

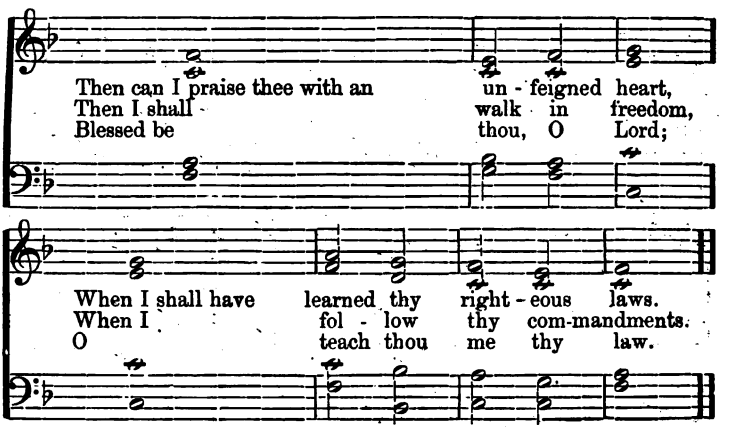
Glory be to the Father, Al- | mighty | Lord,
To | whom all | praise be- | longs!
He is Eternal Righteousness, the | Holy | One:
To every good thing he giveth strength and | keepeth | truth for- | ever.

4. Prayer.

Let us seek strength to depart from evil and do good.

The School will stand and read together.

Heavenly Father, whose Life is Love, whose Will is Right, not for ease we pray, nor for any gifts from thy hand; but for strength to cease to do evil, to learn to do well. Give us grace to keep clean in heart, and to watch and pray. Then thou wilt be always with us and our feet on holy ground. Amen.



5. Hymn—selected.
6. Five-minute sermon, or other customary or special exercise.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. Class Lessons.
9. Close of School.

Psalmody.—Stockwell, p. 15.

1. Life is real, life is earnest!
   And the grave is not its goal:
   Dust thou art to dust returnest,
   Was not spoken of the Soul.
2. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
   Is our destined end and way;
   But to act, that each to-morrow
   Find us further than to-day.

3. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.

10. Benediction:

Supt. It is our holy day: we nave taken sweet counsel together.

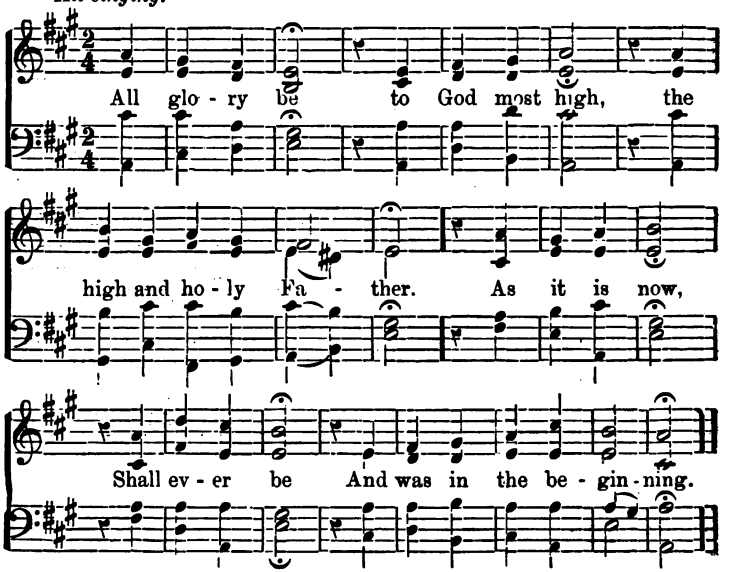
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here:

School. Peace to every soul herein.

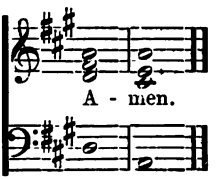
Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.



Supt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.

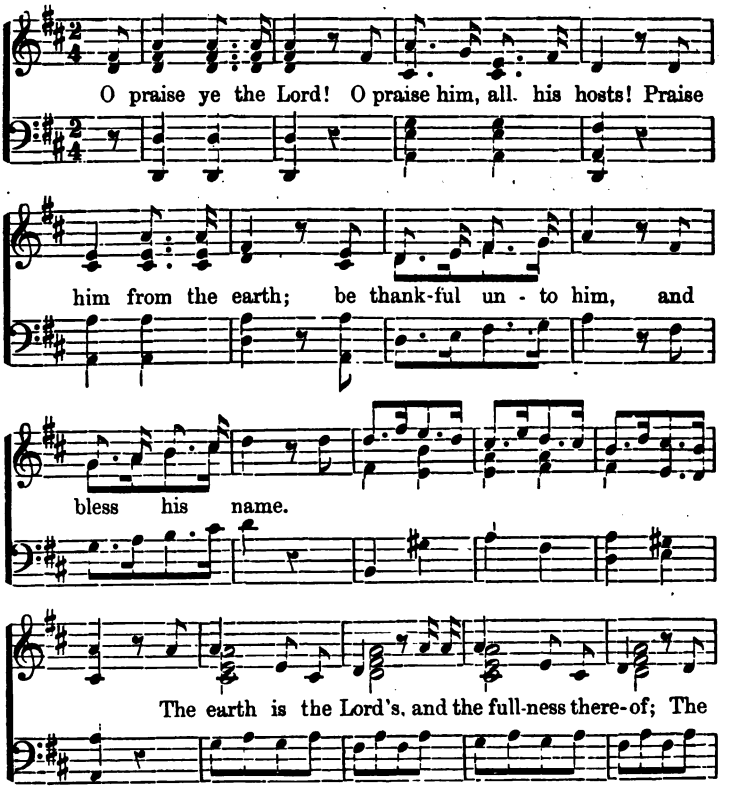


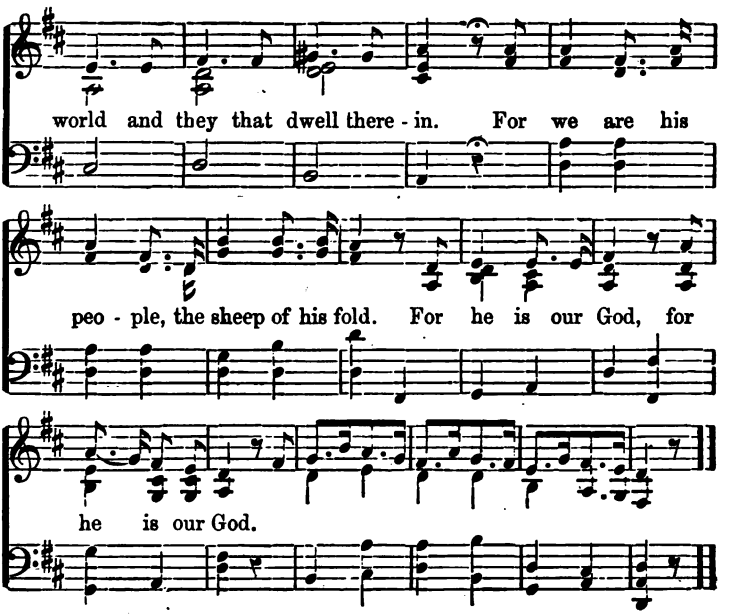
X. JESUS.

1. Is virtue far off?
I wish to be virtuous, and lo! it is at hand.
Goodness runs swifter than the King's horsemen [Confucius.]

The memorial of virtue is immortal:
When it is present, men take example of it,
And when it is gone, they desire it:
It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever,
Having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled reward.
[Book of Wisdom.]

2. The School will stand and sing.





3. Responses. The School seated.

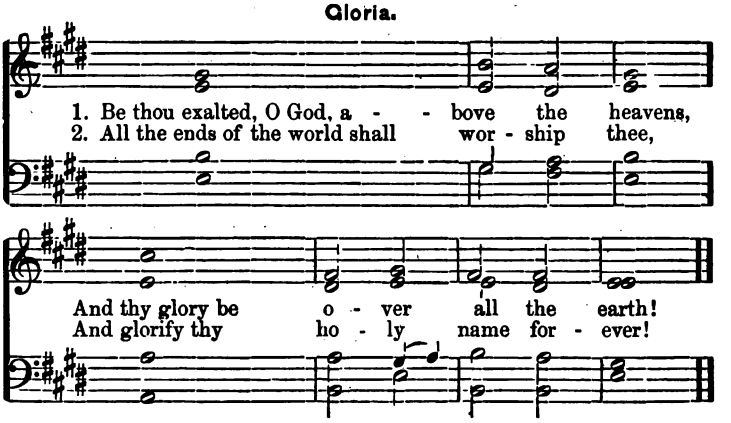
Let us call to mind Jesus of Nazareth,
And be glad in his goodness.
He taught the law of Religion,
To love the Lord our God with all our hearts and minds and strength.
He taught the law of justice,
To love our neighbors as ourselves.
He taught the law of love,
To love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us.
That we may be children of the Father in Heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good,
And sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

Jesus was a high and holy seer:
To us he is a teacher, a friend and a brother.
His youth was unknown: then the world saw him but a little time,
While he preached in the synagogues and by the wayside, and went about doing good.

Many heard him gladly and followed him with shouts and waving palm-branches;
But others hated him; the priests and governor condemned him.
He was whipped, mocked, crowned with thorns,
And put to death upon the cross.
But he was faithful to the end, and victorious over death,
Bearing all things, hoping all things, rejoicing in the truth.

Thanks be to God for his holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets!

Gloria.



Jesus loved the beauty of the earth, saying,
"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow."
He was merciful and prayed for his enemies, saying,
"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."
He loved children and the child-like heart, saying,
"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."
He loved the outcast and the wicked, saying,
"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."
He loved the poor and humble,
And was a friend to the despised.
He was gentle and patient,
But strong to resist evil.
He taught that religion is not in words or forms, but in the thought of the heart:
His trust was in God and in the unseen things which are Eternal.

Let us strive to learn of Jesus,
Who was meek, lowly and brave.
When we labor and are heavy-laden, when we are tempted, sinful, sorrowful, cold-hearted,
The thought of him can make us strong, patient, cheerful and kind.

Thanks be to God for his holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets!

Gloria. (Music as before.)

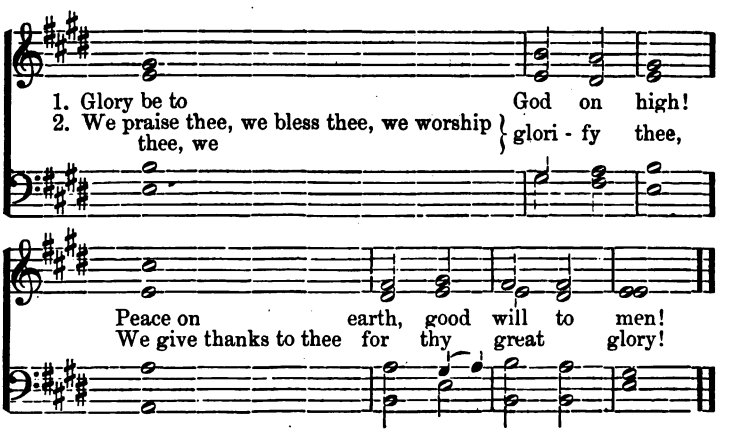
Be thou exalted, O God a- | bove the | heavens,
And thy glory be | over | all the | Earth!
All the ends of the world shall | worship | thee,
And glorify thy | holy | name for- | ever!

4. Prayer.

Jesus said, Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find.

The School will stand and read together.

Father Eternal, Infinite, Almighty, yet loving to dwell in every pure and lowly soul, in times past thou hast spoken to our fathers by prophets and holy teachers who have hallowed thy name. We bless thee for their sacred words which teach us truth, and for their holy lives which give us strength. We thank thee for the good teacher Jesus. We are moved by his holy life and heavenly spirit. Help us to learn of him how to pray and to live unto thee. Amen.



The School seated.

5. Hymn—selected.
6. Five-minute Sermon—or other customary or special exercise.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. The Class Lessons.

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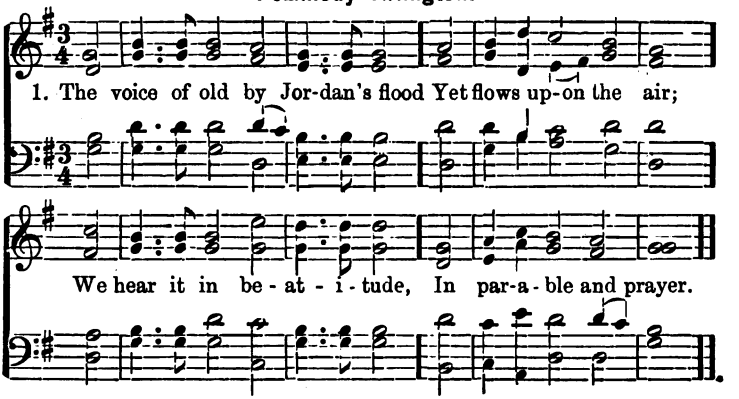
9. Close of School:—

Psalmody—Arlington.



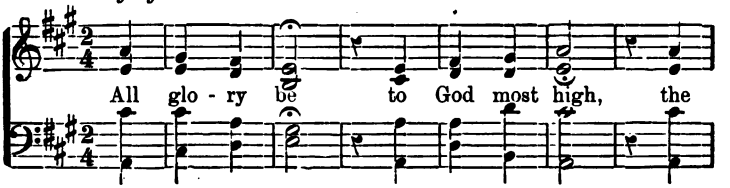
2. Earnest of life forevermore,
   That life of duty here,—
   The trust that in the darkest hour,
   Looked forth and knew no fear!

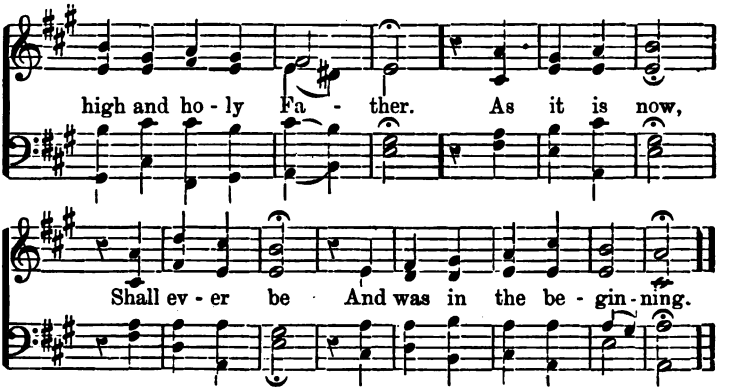
3. Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
   Speed on thy conquering way,
   Till every heart the Father own
   And all his will obey!

10. Benediction.

Supt. It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.
Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here:
School. Peace to every soul herein.
Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

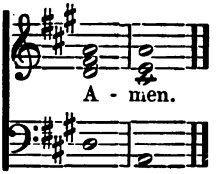
All singing.





Supt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

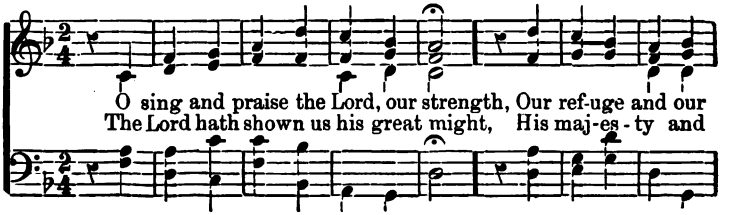
All singing.

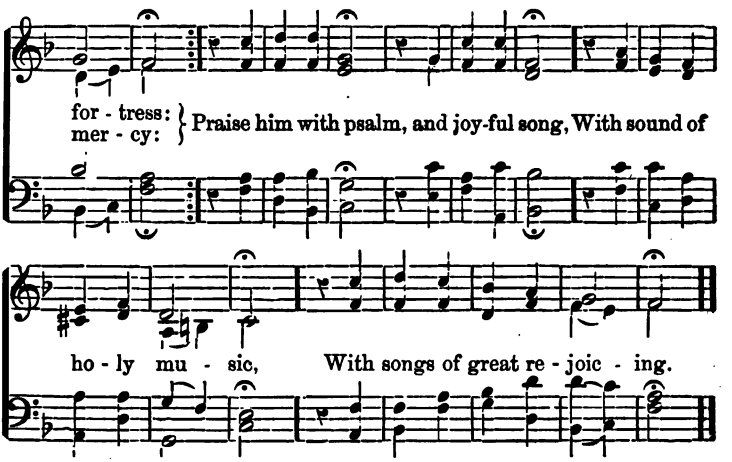


XI. SAINTS, SAGES AND SEERS.

1. Let us call to remembrance the great and good,
Who in times past have wrought righteousness:
The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance;
Yea, blessed is the memory of the just.

2. The School will stand and sing.





3. Responses. The School seated.

Come, let us reason together,
Let us take sweet counsel together:
We will hear the wise and good, the saints and seers of the world,
Whose sacred words teach us truth and whose holy lives give us strength.

The good Zoroaster, in central Asia, called God Ahuramazda, The Living One who is Creator of All. He taught the people, and said:

Give me, O God, these two desires,
To see, and to question myself.
Adore God by means of sincere actions,
Let us be such as help the life of the future.
Him whom I exalt with my praise I now see with my eye,
Knowing him to be God, the reality of the good mind, the good deed, the good word. [Zoroaster.]

The good Moses delivered the Israelites and taught them good commandments. He said:

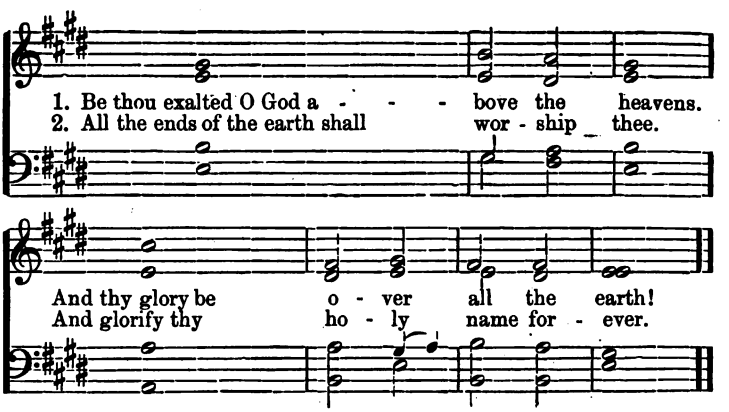
Ye shall be holy,
For the Lord our God is holy.
Thou shalt not kill, nor bear false witness, nor covet, nor steal, nor profane the name of God.
Thou shalt not oppress any one, but love thy neighbor as thyself.
Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother.
Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head. [Moses.]

The good Confucius taught in China during many years of poverty, hunger and exile, teaching right-living. He said:

To see what is right and not to do it
Is the part of a cowardly mind.
If one cannot improve himself, or serve men,
How can he improve others, or serve God?
He who requires much from himself and little from others
Will save himself from anger.
Only he who has the most complete sincerity,
Can transform and inspire others.
Treat not others as you would not wish them to treat you.
Love to speak of the good in others.
Make happy those who are near,
And those who are far will come. [Confucius.]

Thanks be to God for his holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls maketh them friends of God and prophets.

Gloria.



The good Buddha wandered and preached for forty years in India, with labor and in poverty, to help his fellow men. He taught thus:

Overcome anger with love,
Evil with good.
For wrath is not stilled by wrath at any time;
Anger ceases by love—this is an everlasting law.

Not in the sky, nor in the midst of the sea, nor in the clefts of mountains is any place known
Where a man may escape from his evil deed.

For the evil-doer burns by his own deeds,
Yea, as if burnt by fire.

But there is no evil
For one who does no evil. [Buddhist.]

The good Socrates taught in the streets and market-places of Athens, choosing to be poor that he might teach men, talking with young and old, showing them piety, self-control and justice. He said:

To want as little as possible,
Is to make the nearest approach to God.

Let any man be of good cheer about his soul who has ruled his body,
And followed knowledge and goodness in this life.

For if death be the journey to another place and there all the dead are,
What good can be greater than this?

Be of good cheer about death and know this of a truth,
That no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. [Socrates.]

The good Jesus taught in Palestine, bearing poverty, persecution, and death with patience, to show men a spiritual religion and a pure life. He said:

Watch and pray,
That ye enter not into temptation.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers,
For they shall be called the children of God.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,
If ye have love one to another.

God is Spirit, and they that worship him
Must worship him in spirit and in truth. [Jesus.]

Thanks be to God for his holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.

Gloria. (Music as before.)

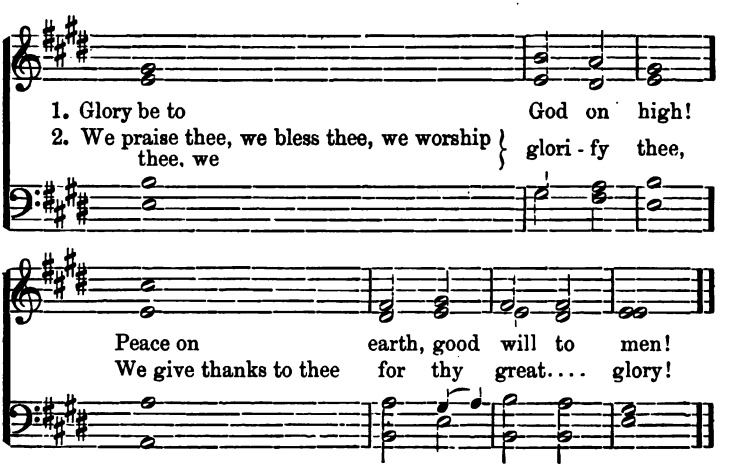
Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens,
And thy glory be | over | all the | earth!
All the ends of the world shall | worship | thee,
And glorify thy | holy | name for- - | ever!

4. Prayer.

Hear, O people: the Eternal is our God; the Eternal is One.

The School will stand and read together.

Infinite Life, Power and Beauty! Eternal Voice speaking in our souls! thine is the wisdom of the saint and seer, thine the light shining on the eyes of holy prophets, and thine the love that answereth and filleth every prayerful spirit. We bless thee for all the holy souls that reveal thee, for all unknown and lowly people whose daily lives are offerings heroic, sweet and beautiful to thee, and for thy voice that speaketh within us. O may we heed thee, and be called into the liberty and joy of thy faithful children. Amen.



The School seated.

5. Hymn—selected.

6. Five-minute Sermon, or other customary or special exercise,

7. Hymn—selected.

8. Class Lessons,

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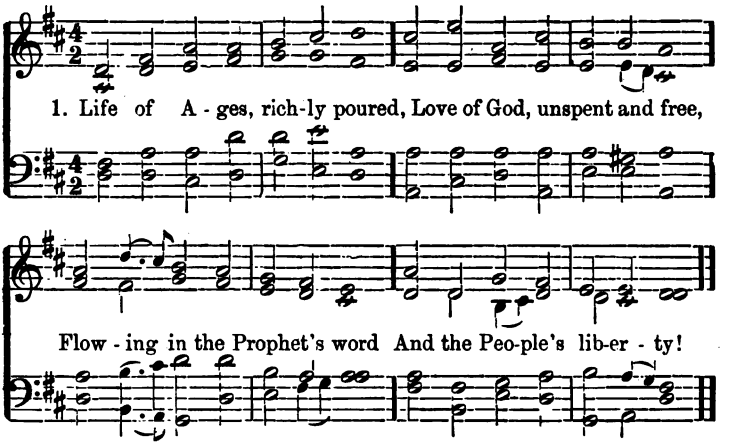
9. Close of School.

Psalmody—Noyes.



2. Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

3. Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

10. Benediction.

Supt. It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.

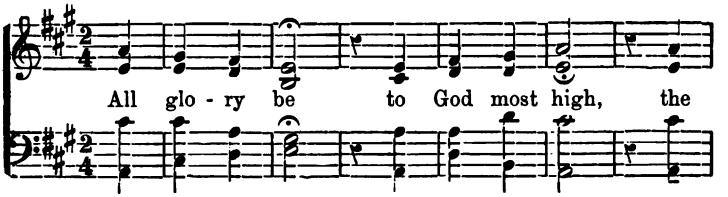
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

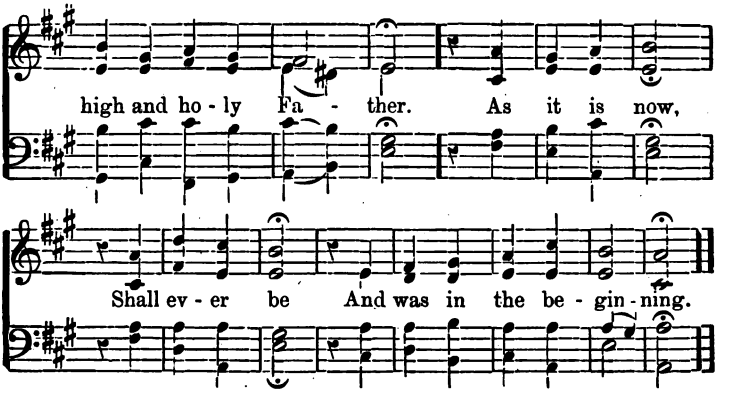
Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here:

School. Peace to every soul herein.

Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

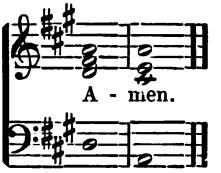
All singing.





Supt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.



Zoroaster. Very little is known of this very ancient religious teacher, and some scholars have doubted or denied his existence. His name was Spitama Zarathushtra, changed to Zoroaster by the Greeks. He seems to have lived in Central Asia as early as 1000 B. C., or possibly as early as Moses (1300 B. C.) or even as Abraham (1800 B. C.); but the different dates assigned him by tradition differ by as much as 5000 years. He is the prophet of the religion of the Parsees; the scriptures that rest on his name and teaching are called the Zend-Avesta. He spoke of himself "as a messenger of God." In the old scriptures, prayers and laws, he appears as a supernatural personage, surrounded with legends, miracles and signs; but in the VERY oldest of all the Parsee Scriptures, he appears simply as a great and good man. Only very few Parsees are to be found in Persia, in a miserable condition, a sad remnant debased by constant persecution. But in India they are numerous, wealthy, energetic, multiplying and improving, and pushing education among the girls as well as the boys, contrary to Oriental prejudice and to their own previous custom. They are gathered mostly in and near Bombay. They are called Fire-Worshippers; but the Fire or Sun is looked on as the best SYMBOL of deity. They worship BEFORE fire in their temples, but they adore God under the name Ahuramazda (Ormuzd) as taught by Zoroaster.

Moses. The first unquestionably historical character of eminence in Hebrew history, and a colossal figure. He freed the Israelites (The Exodus, about 1320 B. C.), gave an imperishable impulse to the development of their national unity during their wanderings for 50 years over the desert in detached bands, founded their worship of one holy and austere God (Yaweh) and connected with their religion a high code of morals (Ten Commandments). Very little is known of him, his birth, life and death being covered all over with miraculous legends; but enough can be made out to show a great, strong, grand figure in those far-away mists of time.

Confucius. Born about 550 B. C. He was poor and compelled to work for his livelihood. Began to teach at 22 years of age. He was made magistrate of a town and reformed its morals even to the quality of the handwork: was made minister in the government, but was so strictly just and upright that he was driven into exile. For many years he was poor, hungry, slandered, and his life was attempted. At last, when he was 70 years old and had but 5 years to live, he was recalled, and during those 5 years did most of his writing. To the Chinese he is the ideal of humanity, and his effect on their life has been very great. All the cities and even small towns in China have a temple sacred to him. He spent the years of his exile in wandering about, trying to find some ruler who would listen to him and learn to make the people good and happy. He had great reverence for old persons, and also for the ancient saints of his country: he said, "It may simply be said of me that I strive to become like them." He was respectful to the young also, saying, "We know not but their future will be equal to our present." He was very gentle to the sick, the weak, the helpless: if he angled, he would not use a net; if he hunted, he would not shoot at a perching bird. He was continually warning people both to study and to think, to be fair and just, to keep a calm mind, and to beware of narrowness and one-sidedness. He taught that everything should have JUST ITS OWN PLACE, and said, "THE best country is that in which the Emperor is Emperor, the minister minister, the father father, and the son son." He was charitable and inclined to see the good and beautiful: a disciple said, "If the master sees one good in a man, he forgets a hundred faults." "His answers to all policies of hopelessness or indifference were always noble, and his acts fearless of evil tongues." He admitted no antagonism between heaven and earth; he said, "If you are not able to serve men, how can you serve God." and "The secret of the whole way of heaven and earth is that they are one and undivided." He is a noble, calm, lofty and inspiring figure in that strange country and distant time.

Buddha. Called also Gautama, Sakya-Muni, Siddartha: lived probably about 550 or 450 years B. C.; but his time is stated by different traditions with a difference of 2000 years. Very little is known of him, and the tradition is crusted all over with miraculous stories. Some persons have even denied his existence. Said to have been a prince who was so affected by the ills of humanity that he deserted his rank and family to seek a remedy for human sorrow. At first his preaching failed; he was charged with heresy and insanity, and driven from his native country. But soon he triumphed; for forty years he wandered about in a beggar's dress, preaching in northern India, drawing multitudes of all classes by his eloquence and saintly character; died at about 80 years of age. He founded the religion called Buddhism; very little is known of its history during its first 100 years; finally it nearly died out in India, so that very little of it remains in its birth place, but it spread over China, Japan, and many other regions and is now the religion of about one-third of the human race Gautama led a high and saintly life of self-denial, labor and poverty to help his fellow men, for pity of their sorrows and pains.

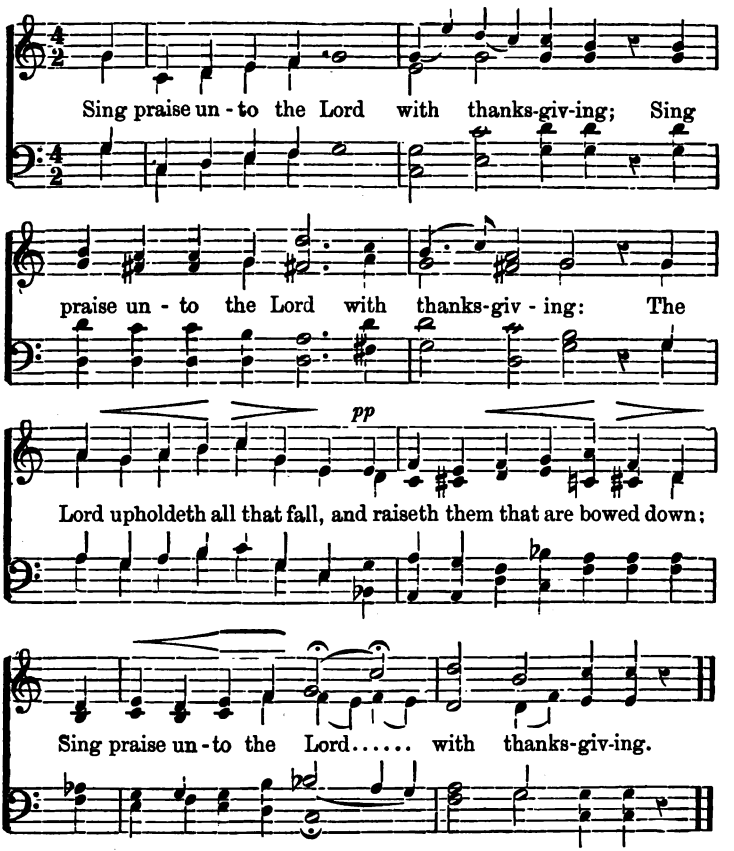
Socrates. Lived at Athens, 469 to 399 B. C. We know but little of the circumstances of his life of 70 years. Was at first a statuary like his father; served as a soldier, and was once a member of the Athenian Senate. He is famous and beloved for his long career (30 years) of apostolic conversation, walking about all day in the streets, market-places and public resorts talking with any one who would converse with him. His aim was to teach men to think, so that they might learn what virtue REALLY WAS and then practice it. His power of rousing men to think was unparalleled. But he encountered much enmity and abuse, was finally brought to trial on charges of impiety and of perverting the minds of young persons, and condemned to death. His address to his judges is one of the world's treasures, so lofty is it. He told the judges that even if they spared him, he should go about conversing just as before, because it was his mission, and he preferred to obey God rather than men. He believed himself to be under constant divine guidance, and spoke of a voice continually attending him which he always obeyed; this voice, he said, did not point out to him things to do, but always warned him when he was in danger of doing anything wrong or unwise. He was very simple in habits, just, temperate, independent, contented in poverty, strong in body, going barefoot summer and winter and wearing the same homely clothing at all seasons. "He made those who associated with him better before he let them go. * * * To God he simply prayed for good things, believing that God knows best what things are good. * * * So frugal was he that perhaps no one could earn so little by the labor of his hands as not to procure enough to satisfy Socrates" (Xenophon).

XII. FAITHFUL IN ALL THINGS.

1. Come, let us sing together!

There is nothing that so clears a way for prayer, that so disperses dullness of heart, that so purifies the soul from poor and little passions, that so opens heaven or carries the heart so near it, as these songs of praise. They kindle a holy flame, they turn the heart into an altar, prayer into worship. [William Law.]

2. The School will stand and sing.



The School seated.

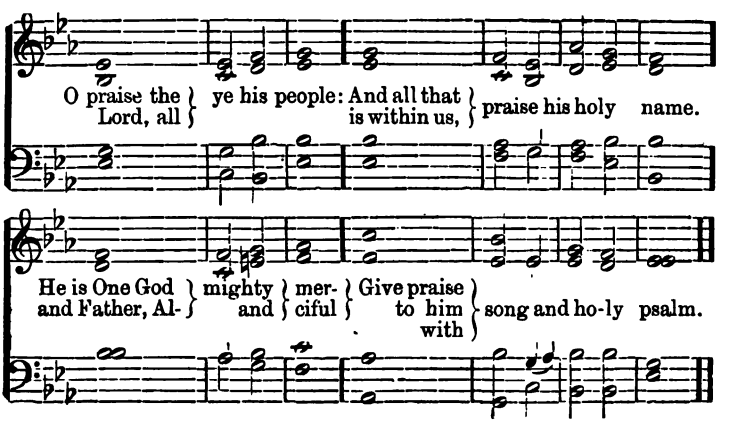
3. Responses.

Let us strive earnestly to be faithful in all things.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is faithful also in much,
And he that is unjust in the least
Is unjust also in much. [Jesus, Lc. XVI.

If we are to live unto God at any time or in any place,
We are to live unto him at all times and in all places:
If we are to use anything as the gift of God,
We are to use everything as his gift:
If we are to do anything by strict rules of reason and piety,
We are to do everything in the same manner.
Because reason and wisdom and piety are as much the best things at all times and in all places,
As they are the best things at any time or in any place.
[William Law.]

Therefore, what matter if no one heed us or praise us,
Let us work faithfully with hand and heart,
Because we know the future ages need us,
And we must help our time to take its stand.
However things may seem, no evil thing is success
And no good thing is failure:
For God stands in all shadows
And keeps watch above his own.

Gloria.



Let us be truthful:

He that speaketh the truth from his heart shall never be moved.

[Ps. xv.]

Let us be courageous for the right:

He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

Let us be just:

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

[Moses, Jesus, Buddha, Confucus, Zoroaster, Talmud, etc.]

Let us return good for evil:

Blessed is he who loveth God, and his friend in God, and his enemies for God. [Augustine.]

Let us rule our own spirit, putting away anger and every unclean thing:

Be stern to ourselves and gentle to others. [Confucius.]

Let us be generous and unselfish:

Large rivers and rich persons are not created for themselves but to be of service to others. [Hindu.]

Let us be industrious, not slothful:

My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. [Jesus.]

Let us be simple, childlike, contented;

By contenting ourselves with obedience, we become divine.

[Emerson.]

If we strive sincerely for these virtues, we are not left alone:

All things work together for good to them that love God.

Gloria. (Music as before.)

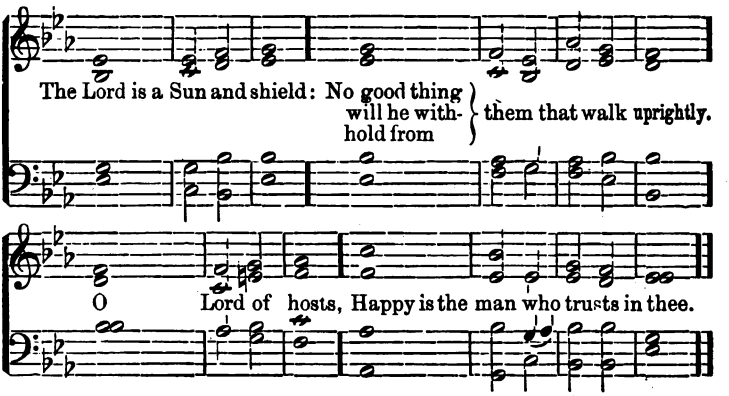
O praise the Lord all | ye his | people;
And all that is within us, | praise his | holy | name.
He is One God and Father, Al- | mighty and | merciful;
Give praise to him with | song and | holy | psalm.

4. Prayer.

Ask, and it shall be given unto us: seek, and we shall find. In the Lord, the Eternal, is everlasting strength.

The School will stand and read together.

Merciful Father and Almighty Friend, we can give nothing to thee who hast all things, nor dost thou ask any offering. The greatest temple cannot be worthy of thee; but thou dost dwell in the pure and simple heart and dost love the hallowed mind. Help us to keep every evil purpose from our hearts, that we may lift up pure hands to thee, and wish nothing by which another may be harmed. Amen.



5. Hymn—selected.
6. Five minute Sermon—or other customary or special exercises.
7. Hymn—selected.
8. Class Lessons.

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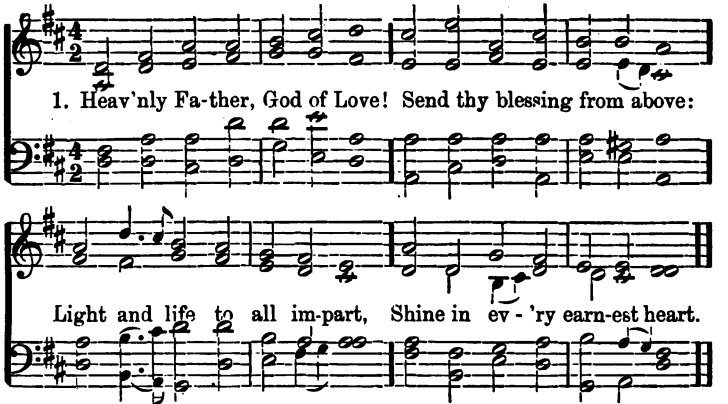
9. Close of School.

Psalmody—Noyes.



2. Plant in us a humble mind,
   Patient pitiful and kind;
   Meek and lowly let us be,
   Seeking goodness, seeking thee.

3. Let us in our spirits prove
   All the depths of lowly love;
   Let us in our lives express
   All the hights of faithfulness.

10. Benediction.

Supt. It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.

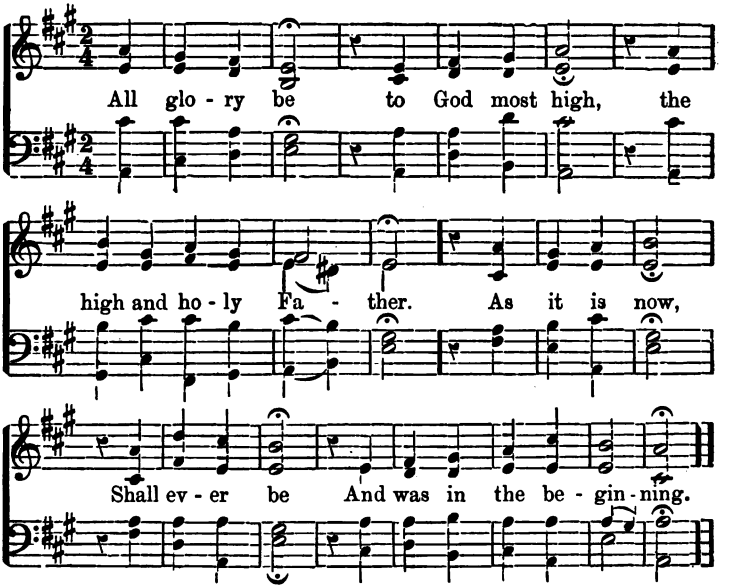
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here:

School. Peace to every soul herein.

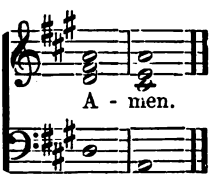
Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.



Supt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.

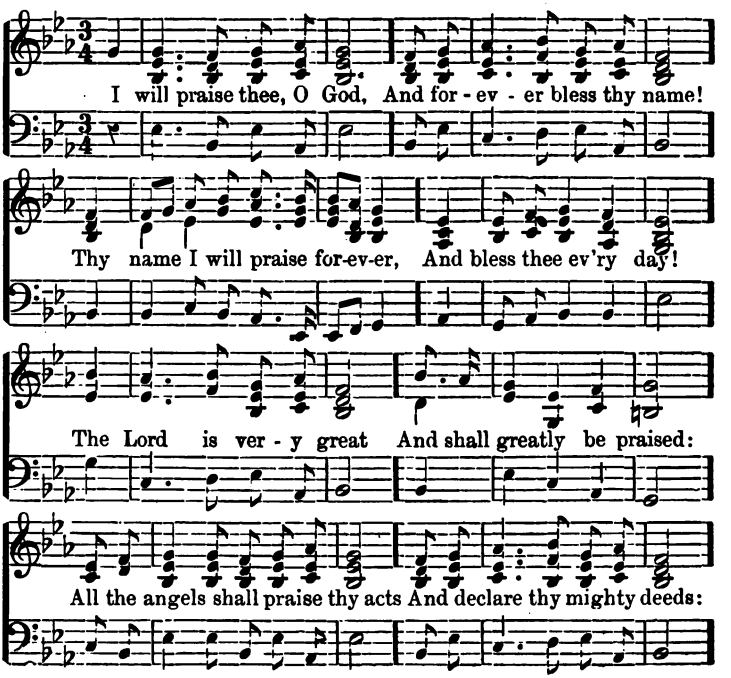


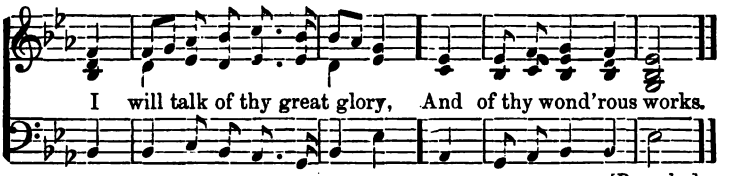
XIII. THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

1. The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice:
Let the multitudes of isles be glad!
The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the people see his glory.
Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart,
Rejoice in the Lord,
Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness. [Ps. xcvii.]

2. The School will stand and sing responsively.

When ye glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as ye can;
For even yet he will far exceed:
And when ye exalt him, put forth all your strength and be not weary,
For ye can never go far enough;
There are yet hid greater things than these be,
For we have seen but a few of his works. [Ecclesiasticus xliii.]





[Ps. cxlv.]

Show forth the praise of the Lord with songs,
And in praising him ye shall say after this manner:—
All the works of the Lord are good,
And he will give every needful thing in due season.
So that a man cannot say, This is worse than that;
For in time they shall all be well approved.
Therefore, praise ye the Lord with the whole heart and mouth,
And bless the name of the Lord. [Ecclesiasticus xxxix.]

Response. (Music as before.)

The Lord is good to all,
Over all his works is love;
All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord,
Thy servants shall bless thee.
They tell thy glorious rule
And they talk of thy might,
To make known to the sons of men
All thy majesty of power.
Thy kingdom is everlasting,
Thy glory hath no end. [Ps. cxlv.]

God giveth to the beast his food
And to the young ravens which cry.
He healeth the broken in heart
And bindeth up their wounds.
He telleth the number of the stars.
And calleth them all by their names. [Ps. cxlvii.]

Response. (Music as before.)

Thou holdest all that fall
And dost raise up those bowed down.
The eyes of all wait upon thee,
Thou givest them their food.
Thou openest thine hand,
And dost satisfy all.
For the Lord is nigh unto all
That do call on him in truth:
O, let all men bless his holy name,
Now and forevermore! [Ps. cxlv.]

The School seated.

3. Responses.

Praise be to God,
And thanksgiving forever,
To whom we owe all our blessings,
Who crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

For all the fruits of the field, for the stores of the garden, for the flocks that whiten the plain, the grass that feedeth the cattle and the grain that nourisheth men,

Our souls give thee glad thanksgiving and solemn praise, O Lord!

For the beauty and promise of the Spring, for the glory of the Summer, for the rich stores of the Autumn and for Winter's snow and brightness,

Our souls give thee glad thanksgiving and solemn praise, O Lord!

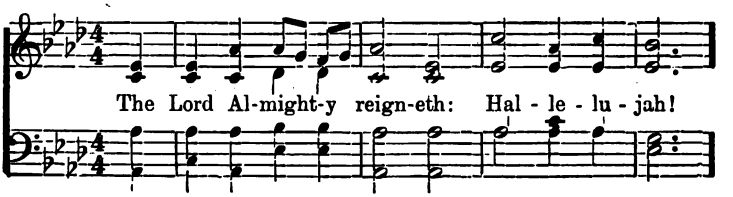
For peace, prosperity and health, for wealth and happiness, for the joys of love, the shelter of home, the glad streams of knowledge, the holy light of religion,

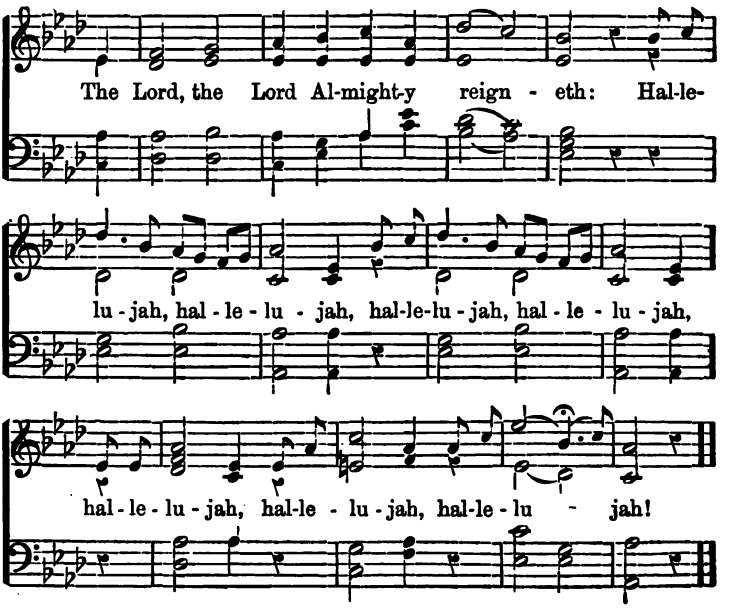
Our souls give thee glad thanksgiving and solemn praise, O Lord!

Let our church and homes ring with anthems,
While our mouths and hearts sing the mercies of the Lord;
Whose bounty never ends, whose goodness never fails,
Whose loving-kindness is our habitation.

Break into praise, my soul! All nature join!
All creatures lift their voices together!
While our years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity shall run its course,
Praise the Lord whose goodness is never-ending!
Praise him with songs of thanksgiving!

All singing. **Hallelujah.**



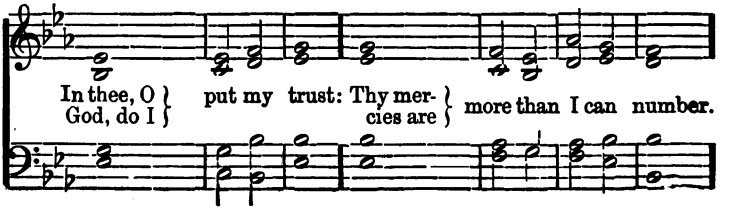


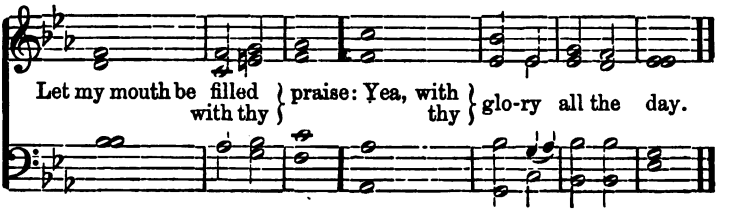
4. Prayer.

We will rejoice in the Lord and be glad.

The school will stand and read together.

Infinite and Holy One, we cannot find thee out by searching, nor comprehend thee; but we can bless thee, trust thee, give thanks to thee. Whatever in us is true sings praises to the Truth: Whatever in us is good sings praises to the Good. O Almighty and All-Good, we cry aloud to thee with thanksgiving and praise, and with great joy. Amen.





5. Hymn—selected.

6. Five-minute Sermon—or other customary or special exercises.

7. Hymn—selected.

8. Class Lessons.

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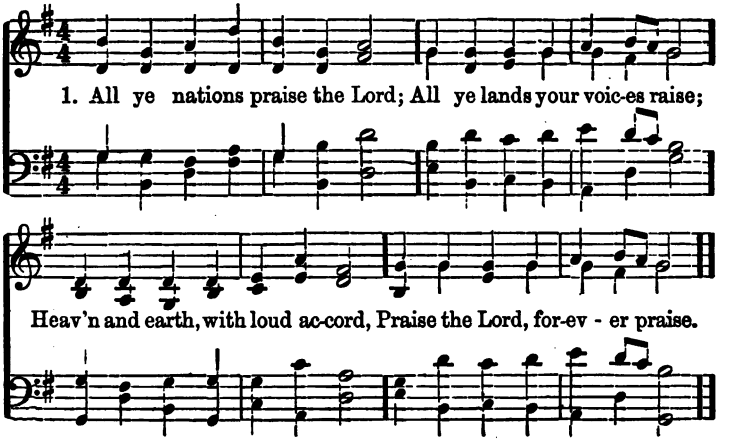
9. Close of School.

Psalmody—Nuremburg.



2. For his truth and mercy stand,
   Past, and present, and to be,
   Like the years of his right hand
   Like his own eternity.

3. Praise him, ye who know his love!
   Praise him, from the depths beneath!
   Praise him in the heights above!
   Praise your Maker all that breathe

10. Benediction.

Supt. It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.

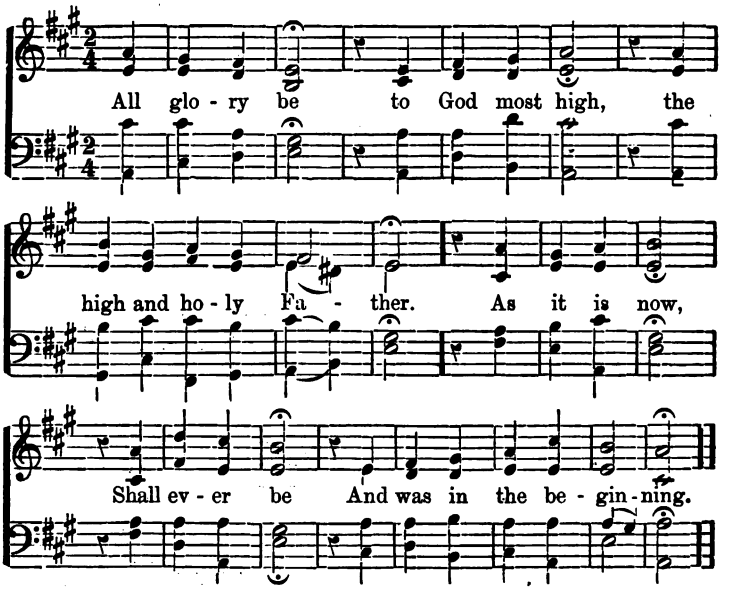
School. Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

Supt. Peace to young and old that enter here·

School. Peace to every soul herein.

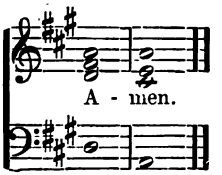
Supt. The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.



Suvt. The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.



HYMNS.

No. 1. THE DAYSPRING.

Adagio. German.

1. Truth is dawn - ing! see the morn - ing Kin - dled
   And the gild - ed hills are warn - ing That the
2. Broth-ers, on - ward! lo! our stand - ard, Soar - ing
   Trust-ful ev - er, fear - ful nev - er, Gird - ed

o - ver sea and land!
day - spring is at hand! } Far adown it flows and
in im-mor - tal youth!
with the might of Truth! } List-en to the accla-

bright - ens; And the dis - tant mount-ain
ma - tion, Na - tion call - ing un - to

light - ens, With the day - spring near at hand.
na - tion, That the day - spring is at hand.

No. 2. OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

KREUCHER. Tr. J. V. B. German.

Moderato.

1. O see! how fair, how sweet, how clear, our
   How bright on it the red and gold the
2. O see! the gold and glow of eve up-
   And like a bride with crown of flowers it
3. And when re-sounds and thrills a - round the
   How then the tones o'er-whelm the heart it
4. But see! the sun doth sink to rest, and
   The last soft ray of gold, the sky up-

lit - tle church it glows! / How sweet, how still the
west-ern sunbeam throws.
on the window streams, / Ah! see how it doth
standeth in the beams.
or - gan's sil - ver swell. / And mute we hear the
scarce can know or tell.
dark the val - ley grows; / How sweet, how still the
on the tow - er throws.

si - lence here! No church is half so dear.
gleam and glow, As doth the peach - tree blow!
ris - ing peal, Nor tell the things we feel.
si - lence here! No church is half so dear.

No. 3. RING THE BELLS.

Allegretto.

1. Ring the bells! the golden hours Of the ho - ly day,
2. Ring the bells! the sultry noon Is no time for toil;
3. Ring the bells! the twilight hour With its heavenly peace,
4. Ring the bells! the Sunday bells, On this ho - ly day;

With their pleasant call to prayer, Gen - tly glide a - way,
Call from gar-den and from field, Him who tills the soil,
Calls the wayward sons of earth, From all strife to cease,
Call the wor-ship-ers to praise, Near and far a - way.

O'er the towering granite steeps, O'r the wooded dells,
Welcome to the ar - ti - san, Is the sound which tells,
Sweet the soothing mel - o - dy, In the si - lence swells,
Heads are bowed and prayers ascend, All of wor-ship tells.

Let the tones the echoes wake, Ring the Sunday bells.
That a res-pite he may know, Ring the noontide bells.
While the stars are gleaming forth, Ring the ves-per bells.
Bless-ings to our Fa-ther's name! Ring the Sunday bells.

No. 4. SUNSHINE.

Moderato. German.

1. How we love to see thee, Gold-en evening sun!
2. Be it ours thus bright - ly Virtue's course to run;
3. Thus we wish in child-hood, While we gaze on thee,

How we love to see thee, When the day is done.
Ours to sleep so sweet - ly, All our la - bors done.
Wish our heavenly path-way, Like thine own may be.

No. 5. THANKSGIVING.

J. V. R. German.

Allegretto. *Solo.* *Repeat in Chorus.*

1. Come all ye happy chil-dren, Join in sweetest sing-ing,
2. Around you health and plenty Glow with winning beau-ty,
3. So come with glad thanksgiving, With your sweetest singing,

Solo. *Chorus.*

Blending our voic - es in beau - ti-ful song, Blending our
Crowning with pleasure the boun - ti-ful day, Crowning with
Seek-ing to use all your blessings a-right, Seek - ing to

Solo.

voic - es in beau - ti-ful song, Come all with glad thanksgiving,
pleas-ure the boun-ti-ful day. And watchful love surrounds you,
use all your blessings a-right. Be tender, kind and loving,

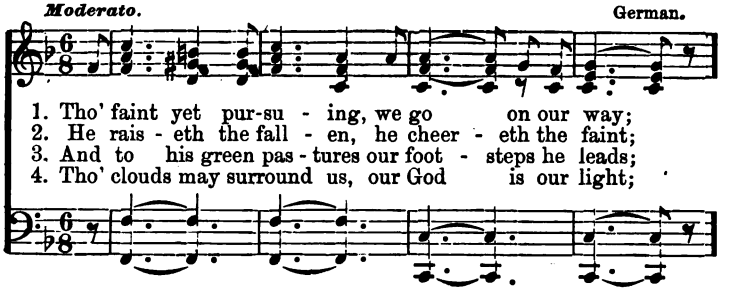
Repeat in Chorus. *Solo.*

Grateful spirits bringing, For all the blessings your pathway that
Teaching truth and du - ty. Guiding your footsteps, preparing the
To some sad heart bringing Shares of your blessings, a ray of your

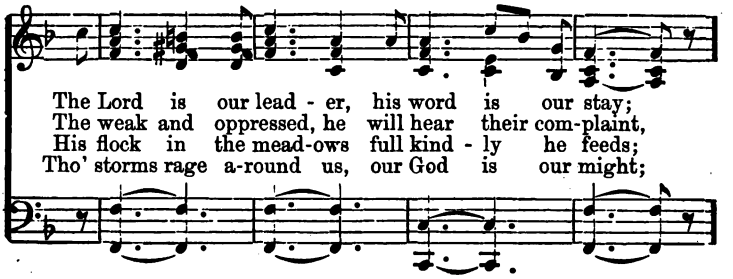
Chorus.

throng, For all the blessings your pathway that throng
way, Guid - ing your foot-steps, pre-par - ing the way.
light, Shares of your blessings, a ray of your light.

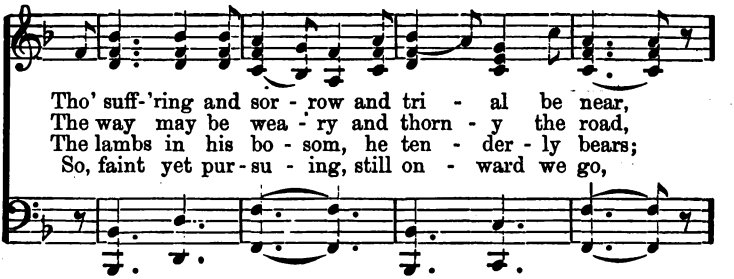
Moderato. German.



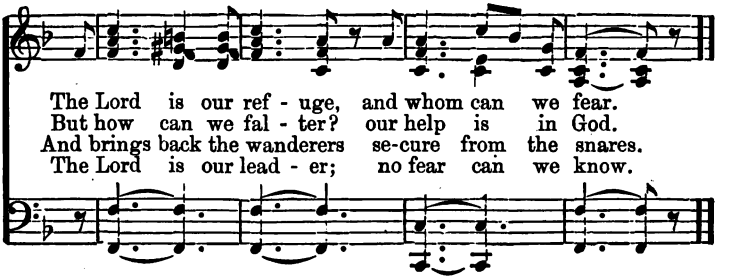
1. Tho' faint yet pur-su - ing, we go on our way;
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, he cheer - eth the faint;
3. And to his green pas - tures our foot - steps he leads;
4. Tho' clouds may surround us, our God is our light;



The Lord is our lead - er, his word is our stay;
The weak and oppressed, he will hear their com-plaint,
His flock in the mead-ows full kind - ly he feeds;
Tho' storms rage a-round us, our God is our might;



Tho' suff-'ring and sor - row and tri - al be near,
The way may be wea - ry and thorn - y the road,
The lambs in his bo - som, he ten - der - ly bears;
So, faint yet pur-su - ing, still on - ward we go,



The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear.
But how can we fal - ter? our help is in God.
And brings back the wanderers se-cure from the snares.
The Lord is our lead - er; no fear can we know.

No. 7. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Moderato.

1. Our Fa - ther in heav-en, We hal-low thy name, May
2. For - give our transgressions, And teach us to know The

thy king - dom ho - ly On earth be the same! O
hum-ble com-pas-sion That par - dons each foe; Keep

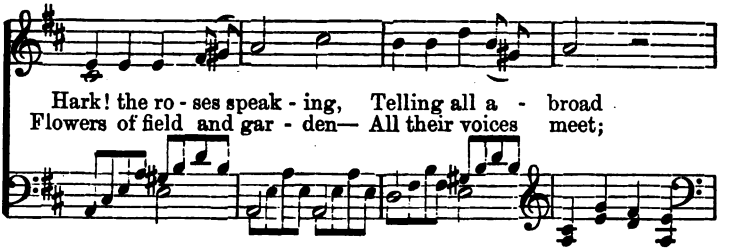
give to us dai - ly Our por-tion of bread, It
us from temp - ta - tion, From weakness and sin, And

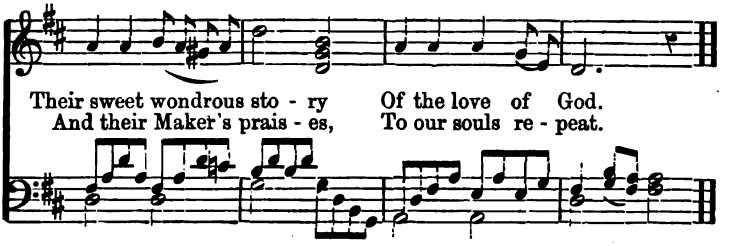
is from thy boun - ty That all must be fed.
thine be the glo - ry For - ev - er, A - men.

No. 8. CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Andantino. German.

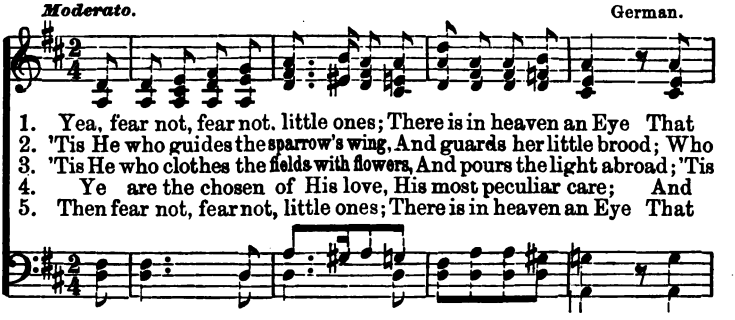
1. Hark! the lil - ies whis - per Ten-der-ly and low,
"In our grace and beau - ty, See how fair we grow."
2. And if toil or troub - le Be our lot be - low,
Think up - on the lil - ies, See how fair they grow.

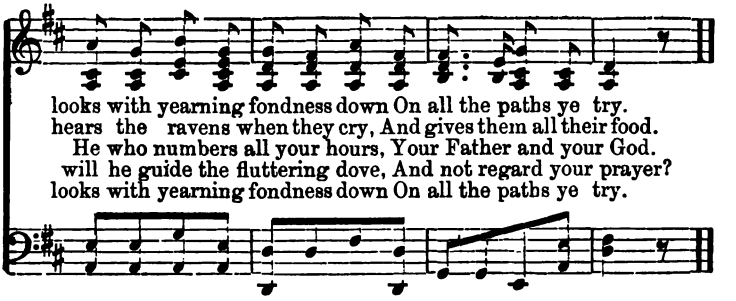




No. 9. FEAR NOT! FEAR NOT!

Moderato. German.





No. 10. BRIGHT THINGS CAN NEVER DIE.

Andante. German.

1. Bright things can nev - er die, E'en tho' they fade .
Beau - ty and min-strel - sy Deathless were made.
2. Kind words can nev - er die; Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie, Stored in the breast.
3. Childhood can nev - er die; Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the mem - o - ry, Bright to the last.

What tho' the sum - mer day, Pass - es at eve a-way,
Like childhood's sim - ple rhymes, Said o'er a thous - and times,
Ma - ny a hap - py thing, Shall to the spir - it cling,

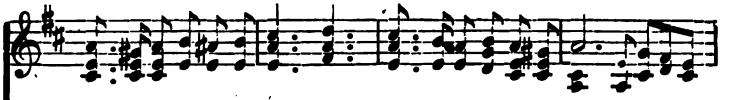
Doth not the moon's soft ray, Sil - ver the night?
They in all years and climes, Strengthen and cheer.
And on Time's heal-ing wing, Come ev - er - more.

No. 11. HOLY AND BEAUTIFUL DAY.

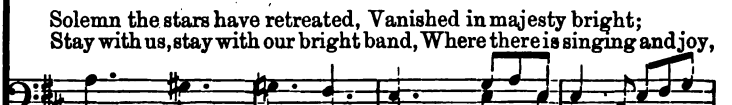
After the German, J. V. B. German.

Moderato.

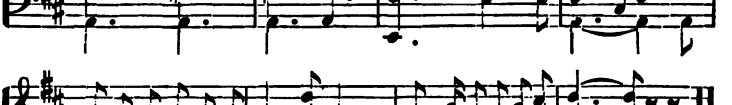
1. Lo! the great sun in his glory, Bringeth his beams from the sea;
Lighting with red the green hillside, Purple and golden to see.
2. Sweetly with songs do we greet thee, Holy and beautiful day;
Cheerfully, joyfully meet thee, Singing our youth's happy lay.



Solemn the stars have retreated, Vanished in majesty bright;
Stay with us, stay with our bright band, Where there is singing and joy,

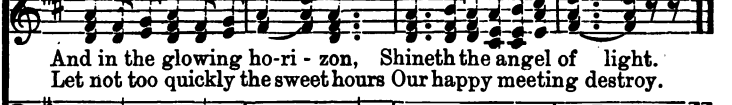


And in the glowing ho-ri - zon, Shineth the angel of light.
Let not too quickly the sweet hours Our happy meeting destroy.

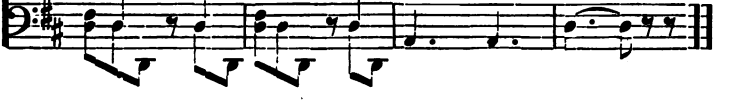


No. 12. THE EYES OF ALL WAIT UPON THEE.

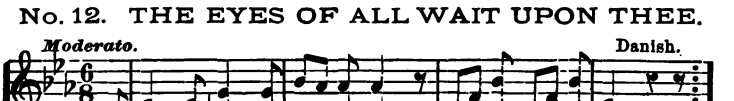
Moderato. Danish.



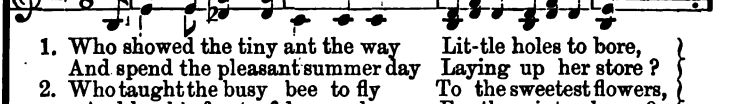
1. Who showed the tiny ant the way Lit-tle holes to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day Laying up her store?
2. Who taught the busy bee to fly To the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of hon-ey by For the winter hours?



The sparrow builds her clever nest Of softest hay and moss:
'Tis God who shows them all the way. And gives their little skill,



Who told her how to weave it best, Laying twigs across?
And teaches children, if they pray, How to do his will.



No. 13. PURPOSE OF LIFE.

Andantino. Dutch.

1. Father, our prayer we offer; Not ease we ask of thee But
2. Not always in green pastures We ask our way to be, But
3. Not always by still waters We would in qui-et stay, But
4. Give strength in hours of weakness, In wandering be our Guide; In

strength that we may ev - er Live on cour-age-ous - ly.
steep and rugged pathways To tread re - joic - ing - ly.
smite the liv - ing fountains From rocks a - long our way.
tri - al, fail - ure, danger, O be thou at our side.

Chorus.

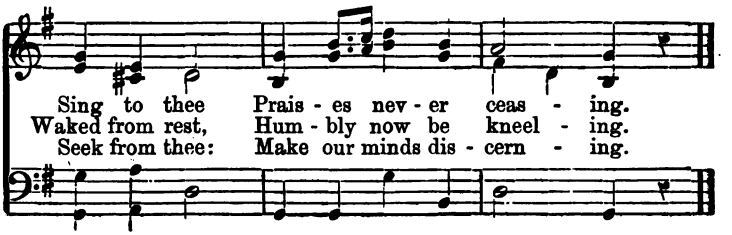
Vic - to - ri-ous and glo - ri-ous The faithful life shall ev-er be!

Vic - to - ri-ous and glo - ri-ous, Thy truth shall make us free!

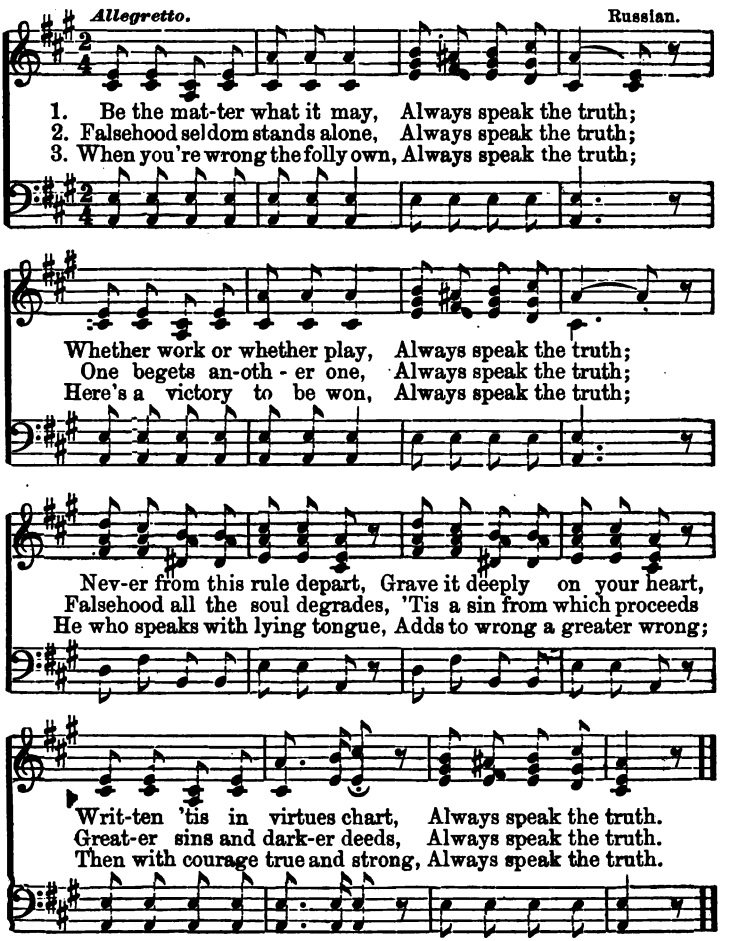
No. 14. FOR OUR LIFE.

Andante.

1. For our life, so young and pleas-ing, Fa - ther, we
2. Let us, while a grate - ful feel - ing Fills the breast,
3. Fa - ther, give us zeal for learn-ing: Light do we



No. 15. ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.



No. 16. MORNING AND EVENING.

Andantino. German.

1. When morning with a gold-en light A - dorns our
2. When in the si - lent hush of night, Our la - bors
3. We will our Father's goodness sing In grate - ful

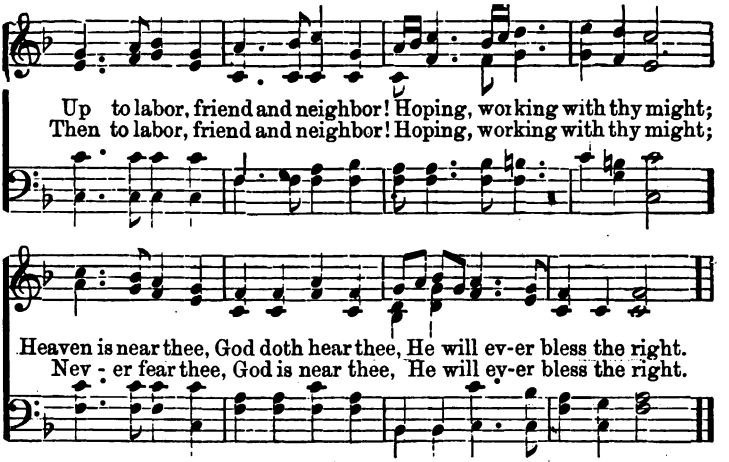
ways, Let us with heart and
close, *(Inst.)* Let us in ves-per
strain, And make the morn and

voice u - nite In songs of praise.
songs u - nite, Ere we re - pose. *(Inst.)*
even-ing ring, With our re - frain.

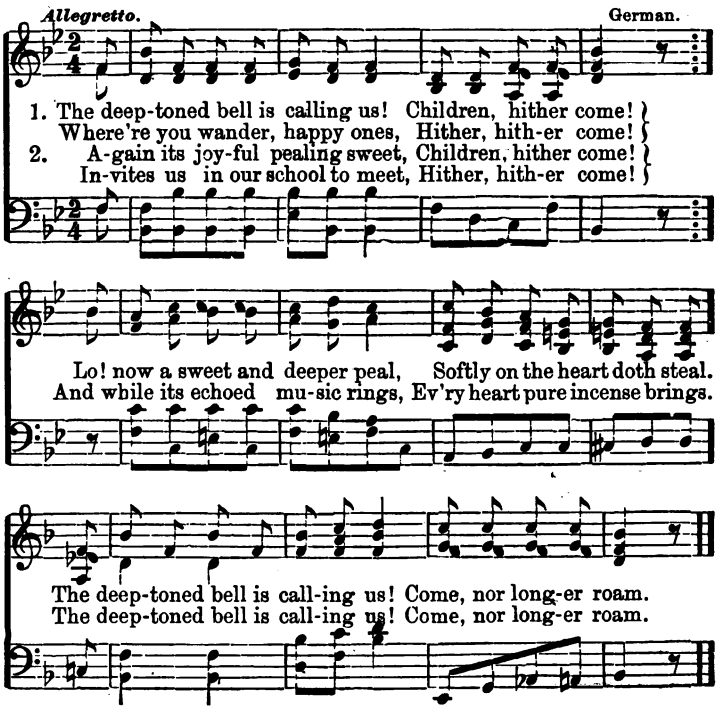
No. 17. GOD IS NEAR THEE.

Allegretto. Welsh.

1. Day is breaking, earth is waking, Darkness from the hills is gone;
Pale with terror, ancient error Trembles on her crumbling throne.
2. Day is breaking, earth is waking; Fellow-worker, lend thine ear;
Lis-ten to all nature speaking Words of love and words of cheer.

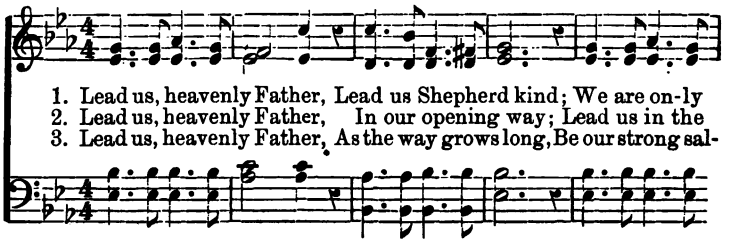


No. 18. THE DEEP-TONED BELL IS CALLING US!

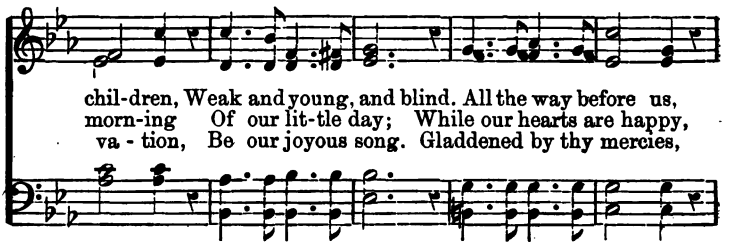


No. 19. LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

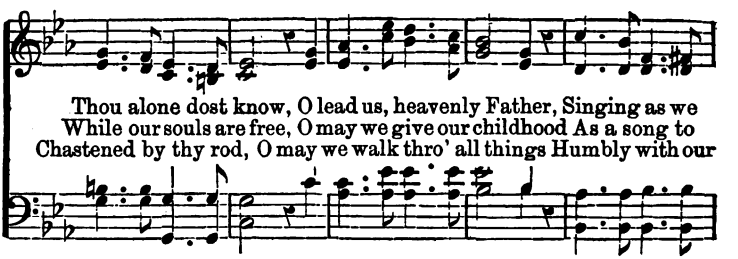
Rev. Brooke Herford. From "Sunny Side." Rev. C. W. Wendte.



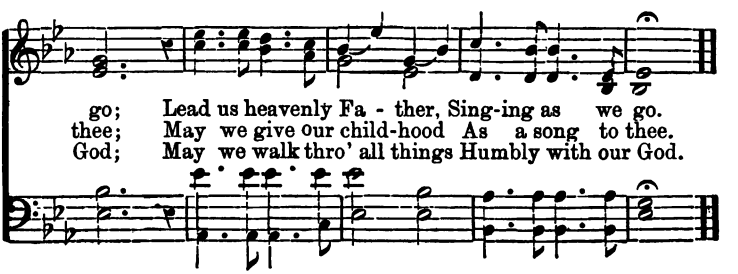
1. Lead us, heavenly Father, Lead us Shepherd kind; We are on-ly
2. Lead us, heavenly Father, In our opening way; Lead us in the
3. Lead us, heavenly Father, As the way grows long, Be our strong sal-



chil-dren, Weak and young, and blind. All the way before us,
morn-ing Of our lit-tle day; While our hearts are happy,
va - tion, Be our joyous song. Gladdened by thy mercies,



Thou alone dost know, O lead us, heavenly Father, Singing as we
While our souls are free, O may we give our childhood As a song to
Chastened by thy rod, O may we walk thro' all things Humbly with our



go; Lead us heavenly Fa - ther, Sing-ing as we go.
thee; May we give our child-hood As a song to thee.
God; May we walk thro' all things Humbly with our God.

Andantino. French.

1. Are we sow - ing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere
2. We can nev - er be too care - ful What the seed our hands shall

long. Are we sow - ing seeds of dis - cord? They shall
sow; Love for love is sure to rip - en, Hate for

rip - en in - to wrong. Are we sow - ing seeds of
hate is sure to grow. Seeds of good or ill we

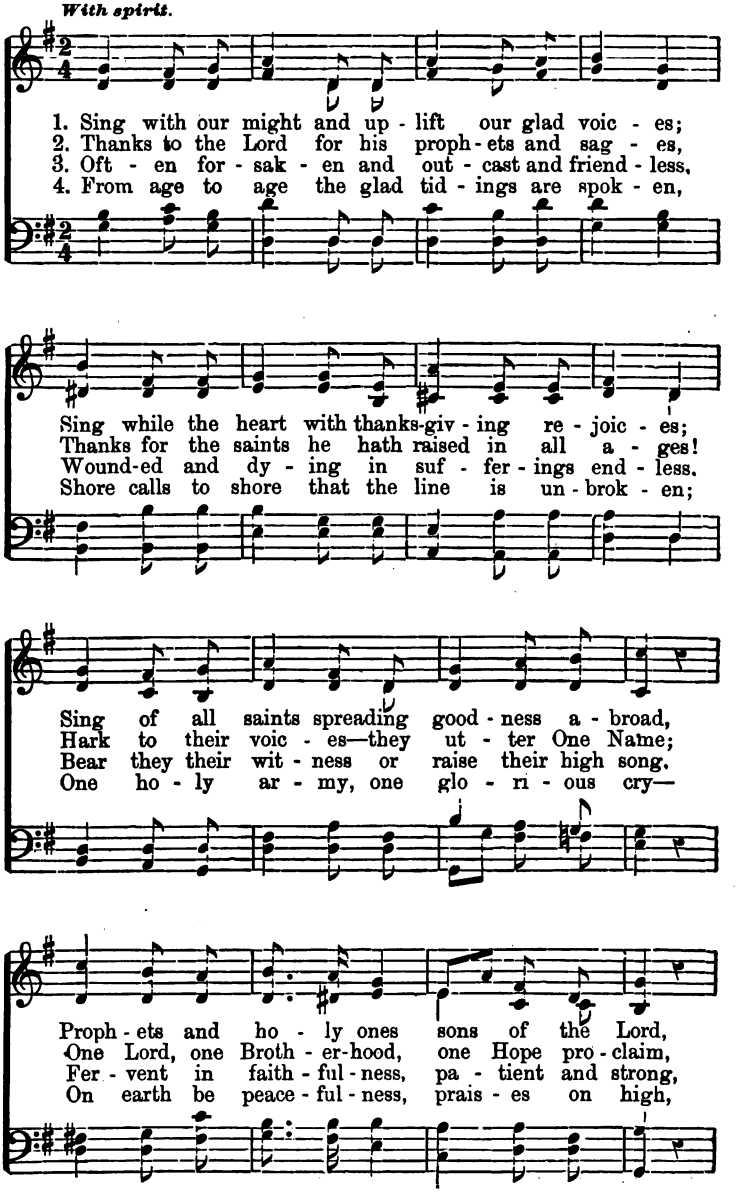
hon - or! They shall bring forth gold-en grain. Are we
scat - ter Heed-less - ly a - long our way; But a

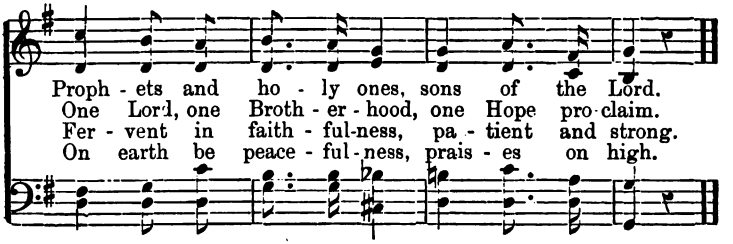
sow - ing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bit-ter pain.
glad or grievous fruit-age Waits us at the harvest day.

No. 21. SAINTS, SAGES AND SEERS.

J. V. B. German.

With spirit.

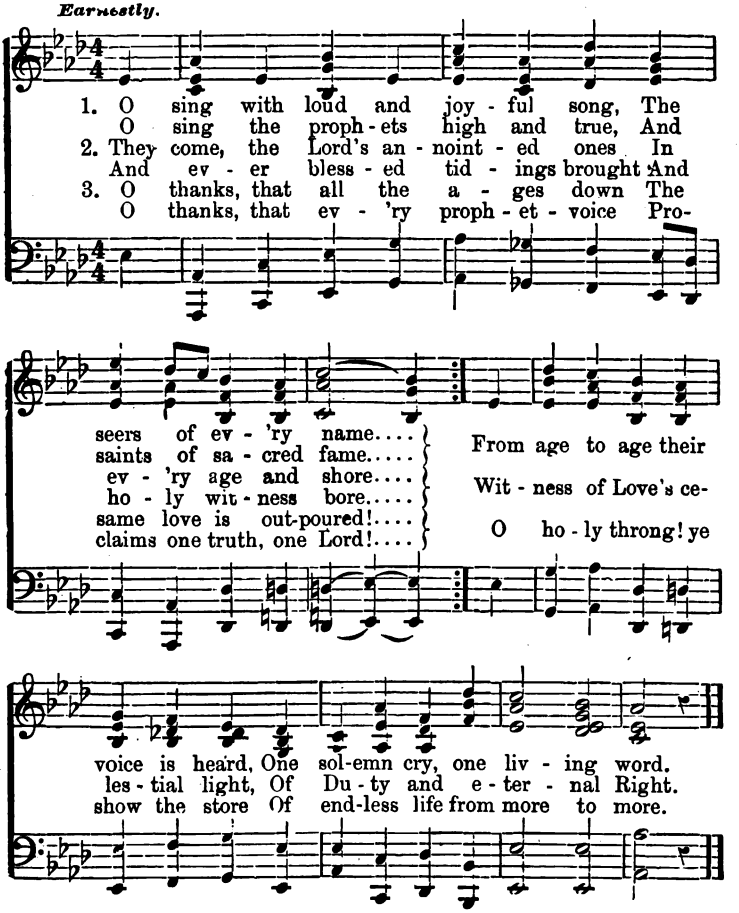




No. 22. VOICES OF THE PROPHETS.

J. V. B. German.

Earnestly.



No. 23. JESUS.

Slowly. German.

1. Je - sus, by thy sim - ple beau - ty, By thy
2. When we read the thrill - ing pa - ges, Of that
3. Faith and Hope and Love, shine o'er us, Make our
4. Thanks for - ev - er, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, That when

depth of love un - known, We are drawn to ear - nest
life so pure and true, Stars of Hope a - cross the
dai - ly lives de - vine! Friend and Broth - er gone be-
hu - man eyes grow dim, And when shad - ows dark - ly

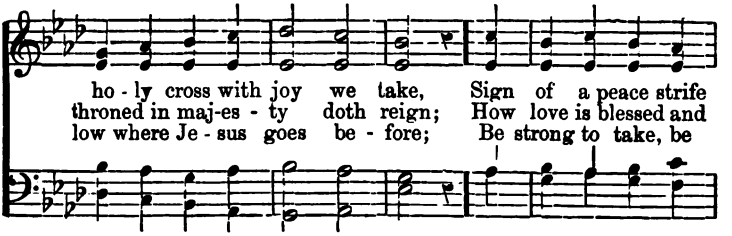
du - ty We come near the Fa - ther's throne.
a - ges, Rise in glo - ry on our view.
fore us, Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.
gath - er, Shines a ho - ly light through him.

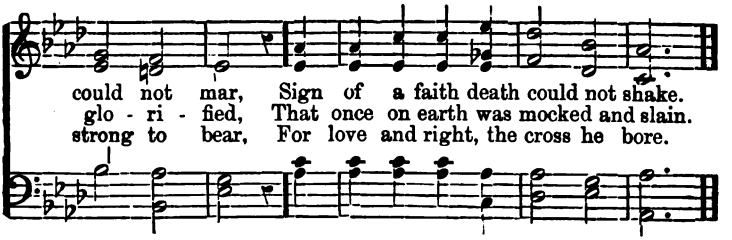
No. 24. THE CROSS.

(Tune, "Mann," from "Unity Hymns and Chorals.")

With spirit.

1. Sign of a glo - rious life a - far, The
2. It tells how truth once cru - ci - fied, Now
3. Up chil - dren of the cross! and dare Fol-

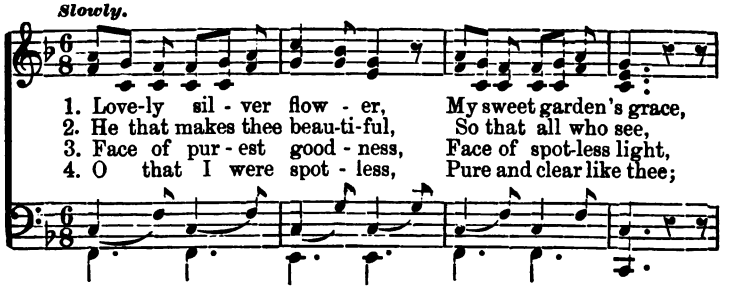


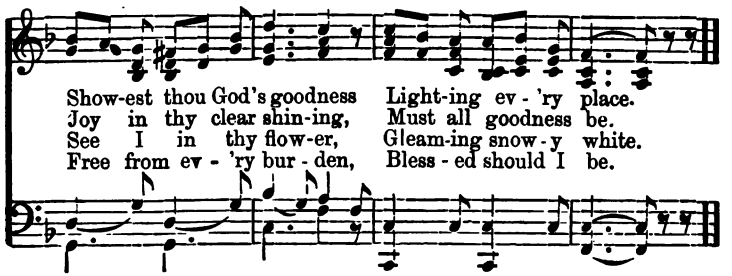


No. 25. "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

J. V. B., trans. German

Slowly.





No. 26. CHARITY.

Andante. German.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a-
2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er; Tho' de-

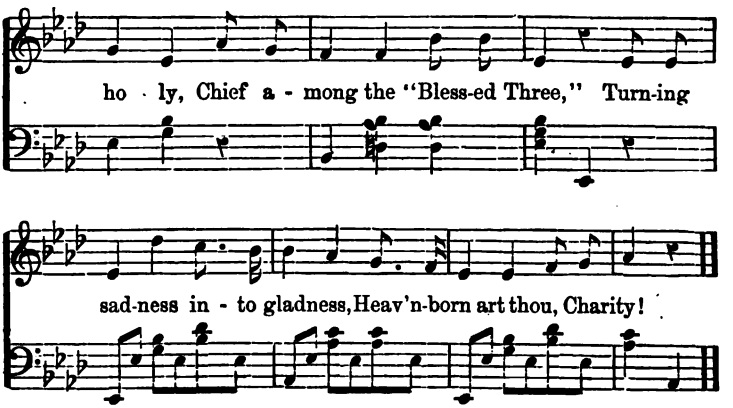
mong the "Bless-ed Three," Turn - ing sad - ness in - to
ceived, be - liev-ing still; Long a - bid - ing, all con-

glad - ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char - i - ty!
fid - ing To the heav'n - ly Fa - ther's will;

Pit - y dwell - eth in thy bo - som, Kind - ness
Gen - tle tho'ts a - lone can sway thee; Judg-ment
Nev - er wea - ry of well - do - ing, Nev - er
Claim - ing all man-kind as broth - ers, Thou dost

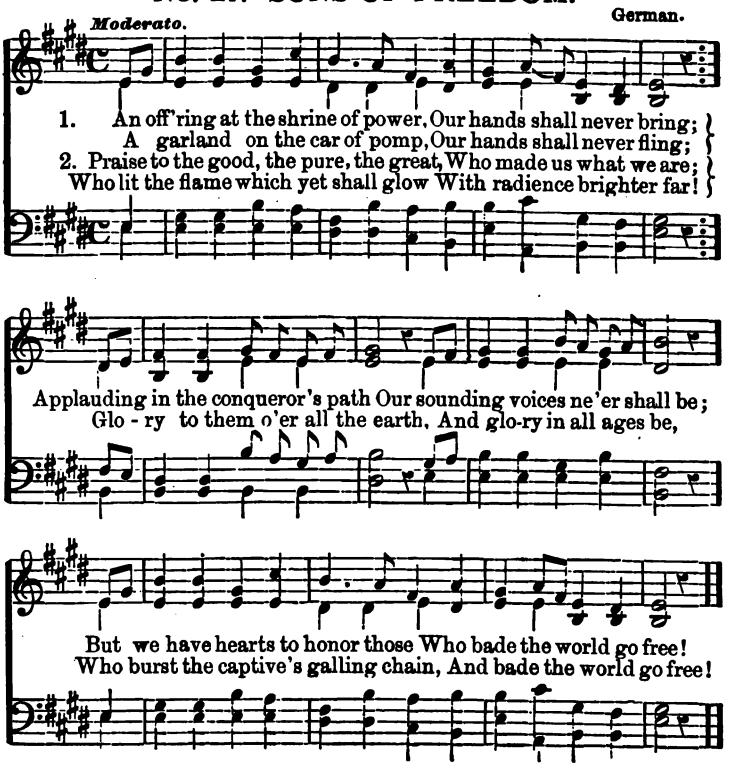
reign - eth o'er thy heart;
hath in thee no part.
fear - ful of the end;
all a - like be-friend.

Meek and low - ly, pure and
Meek, etc.



No. 27. SONS OF FREEDOM.

German.



No. 28. SPRING SONG.

J. V. B., trans. German.

Moderato.

1. O wel - come dear and love - ly Spring, My
2. The night - in - gale and sweet lark sing, The
3. How free is ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, The
4. What splen-dor fills the world be - low! How
5. To him I con - se - crate my joy! And

heart is full, and I must sing, The sky is blue, and
bee - tle chirps, the lamb - kins spring; On great and small, and
bird that spreads his air - y wing, And I who sit on
great the Lord who made it so! And here, and far as
pleas-ures sweet, my thanks em-ploy, To him who fills the

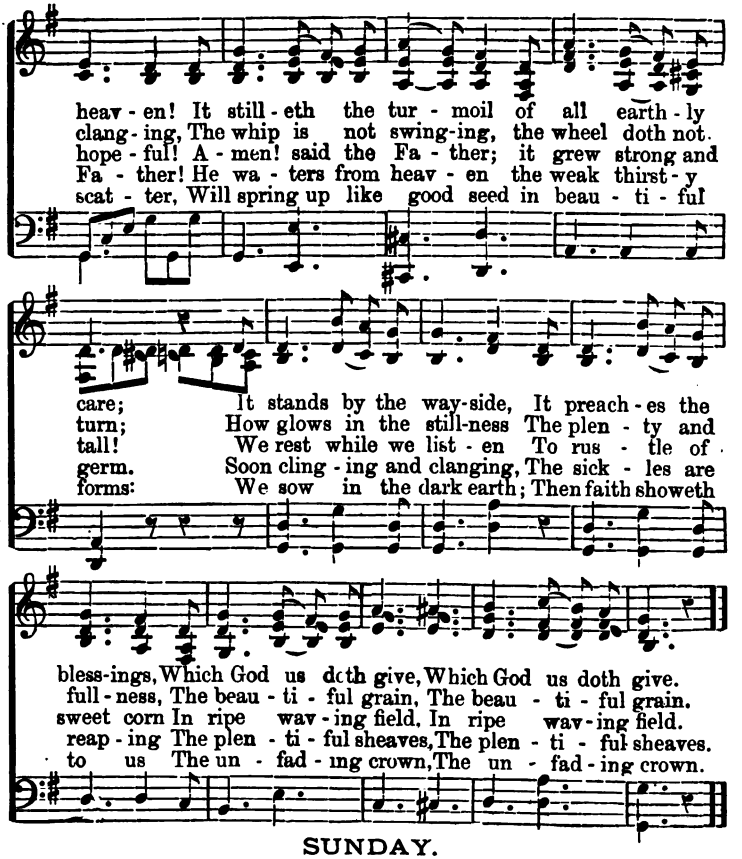
soft the breeze, The field is green, and green the trees.
man and child, Falls warm and bright, the sun-beam mild.
grass - y mound, Where joy - ful songs of birds re-sound.
space may be, It tells its Ma - ker's maj - es - ty.
world with light, And makes this time so fair and bright.

No. 29. SUNDAY IN SUMMER.

J. V. B., trans. German.

Moderato.

1. The Sun - day is here! It com-eth, sent to us from
2. The Sun - day is here! The chain of the plow is not
3. The Sun - day is here! We scattered the seeds and were
4. The Sun - day is here! Come, let us sing praise to our
5. The Sun - day is here! What, hop-ing and lov-ing, we



SUNDAY.

1. The Sunday is here!
It cometh sent to us from heaven!
It stilleth the turmoil of all earthly care.
It stands by the wayside.
It preaches the blessings
Which God us doth give.

2. The Sunday is here!
O welcome its coming with gladness!
Like rain on the mown field, it cooleth our care.
We sing of his mercies,
We pray for his blessing,
Who leadeth us on.

3. The Sunday is here!
It calleth to peace and to quiet;
We rest by the wayside, we cease from our toil.
When cometh the morrow
Of labor and duty,
The Lord is our help.

No. 30. HEAVENLY LIGHT.

Moderato. Spanish.

1. The light pours down from heaven, And en-ters where it may;
D. C. So let the mind's true sun-shine Be spread o'er earth as free,
2. The soul can shed a glo - ry On ev - 'ry work well done;
D. C. Then let each hu-man spir - it En - joy the vis-ion bright;

Fine.

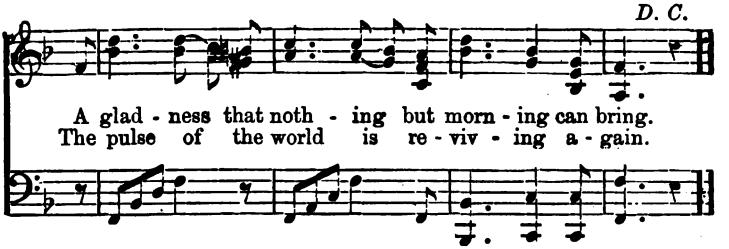
The eyes of all earth's children Are cheered with one bright day.
And fill men's wait-ing spir - its As wa - ters fill the sea.
As e - ven things most low-ly Are ra-diant in the sun.
The truth which comes from heaven Shall spread like heav'n's own light.

The morn - ing, the shin - ing, the beau - ti - ful morn - ing
The glad earth a-wak - ens, the sky and the o - cean,

A - ris - es, the sun-shine is all on the wing,
The riv - er and for - est, the mount - ain and plain;

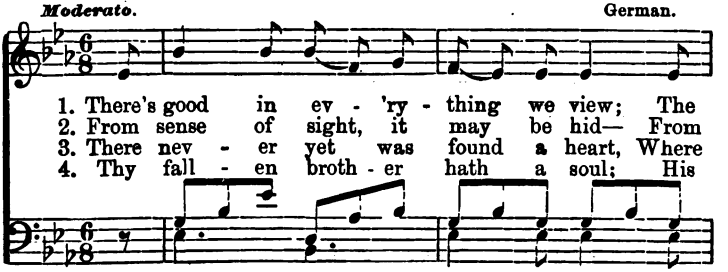
With fresh flush of glad - ness the land - scape a-dorn - ing—
All na - ture re-ech - oes with liv - ing com-mo - tion,

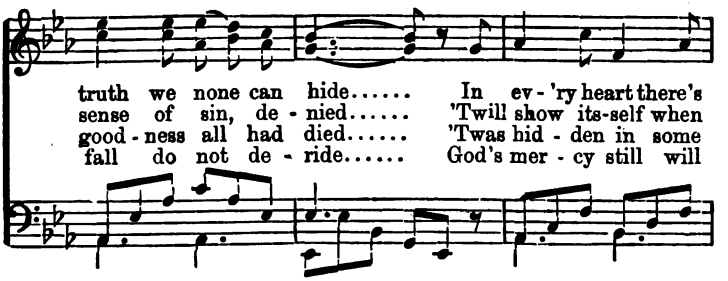
D. C.

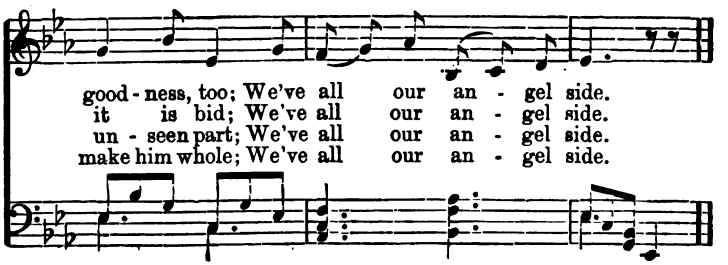


No. 31. WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Moderato. German.







No. 32. NATURE'S FREEDOM.

J. V. B. German.

Moderato.

1. Ev - 'ry-where in na - ture, Ev - 'ry-thing is free,
And her ev - 'ry crea - ture. Lives in Lib - er - ty.
2. And I know the reas - on Why they all are free,
Bud and bloom in seas - on, Bird and beast and tree.
3. Les-son plain and gen - tle, Hide with-in my breast,
On me Na-ture's man - tle Joy - ful - ly shall rest;

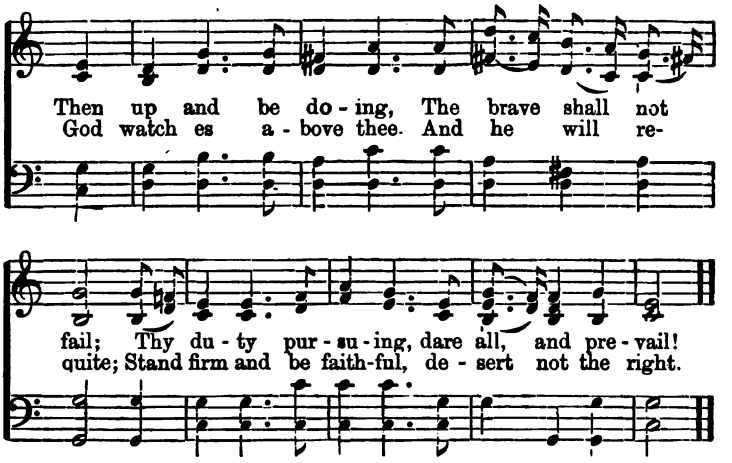
Stream-let on the mount - ain, Wind that rides the plain,
'Tis be-cause their na - ture Each one fol-lows true.
Faith - ful to my du - ty. My true na-ture's end,

Gush-ing spring and fount-ain, Driv-ing cloud and rain.
Ev-'ry-thing and crea-ture Does what it should do.
In me truth and beau-ty Shall with free - dom blend.

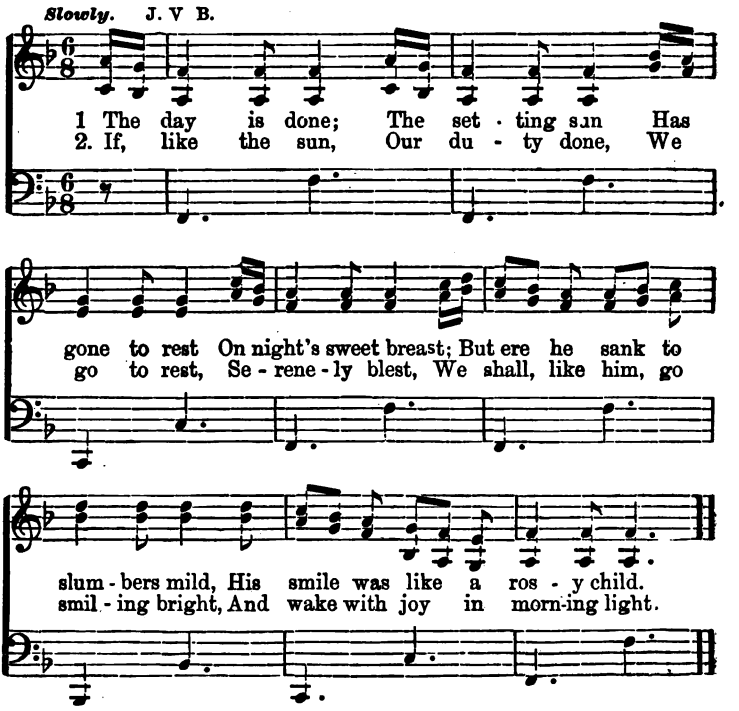
No. 33. BE FIRM AND BE FAITHFUL.

Brightly. German.

1. Be firm and be faith - ful; De - sert not the right;
The brave are the bold - er, The dark - er the night;
2. If scorn be thy por - tion, If ha - tred and loss,
If stripes or a pris - on, Re - mem-ber the cross;



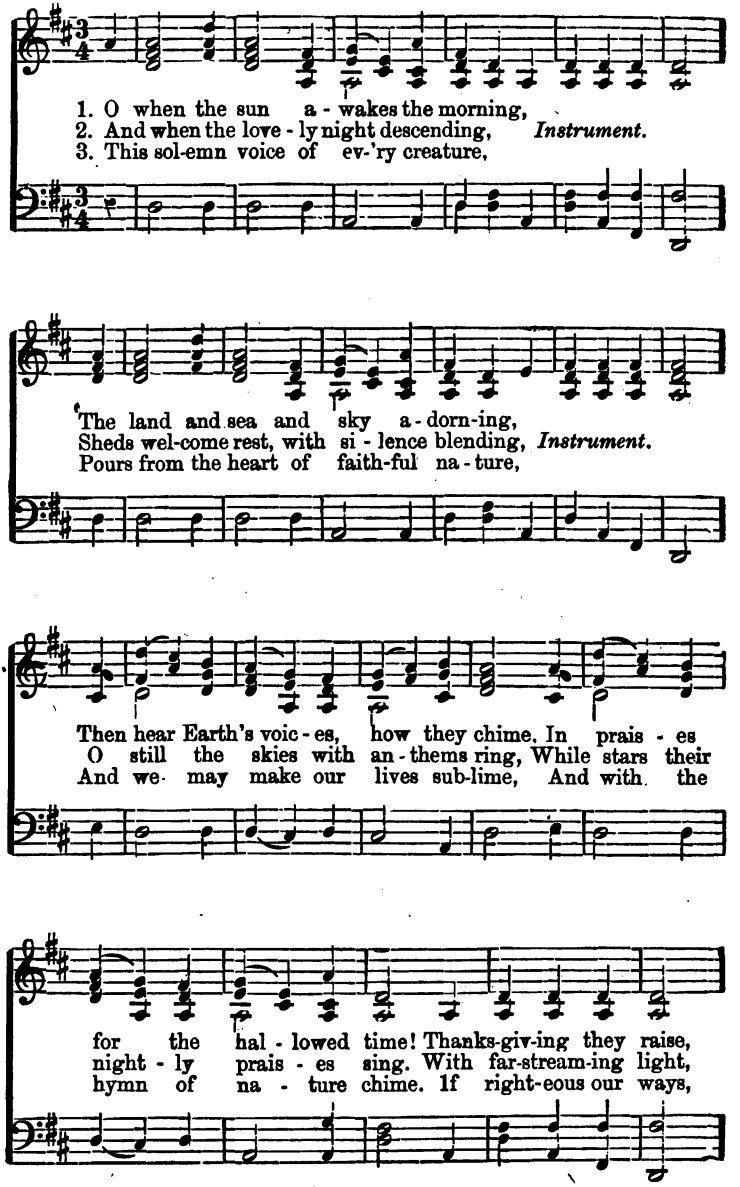
No. 34. "PEACE BE ON THIS HOUSE."



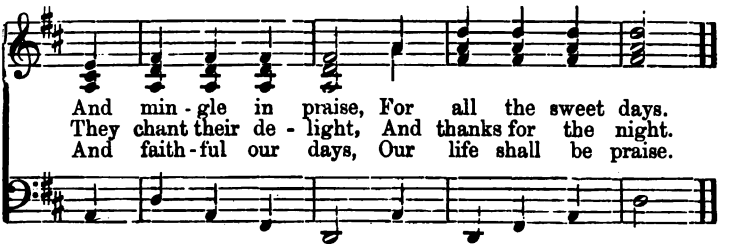
No 35. CLEAN HANDS AND A PURE HEART.

J. V. B. German.

Moderato.

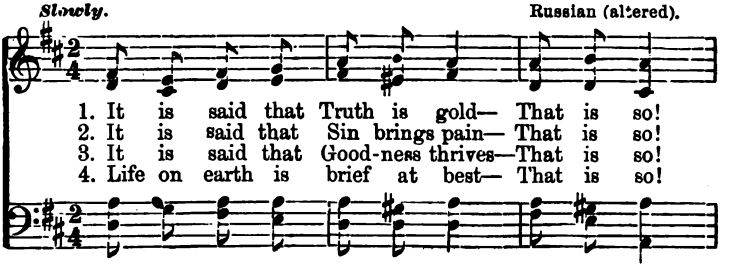


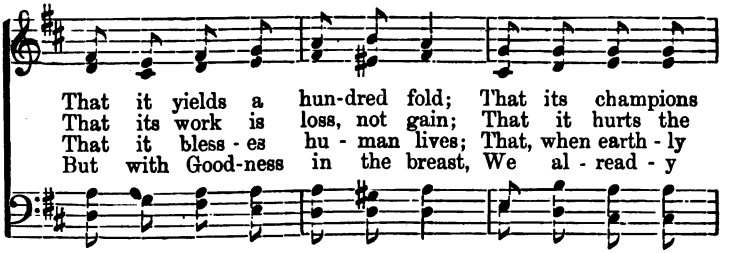
CLEAN HANDS AND A PURE HEART--Concluded.

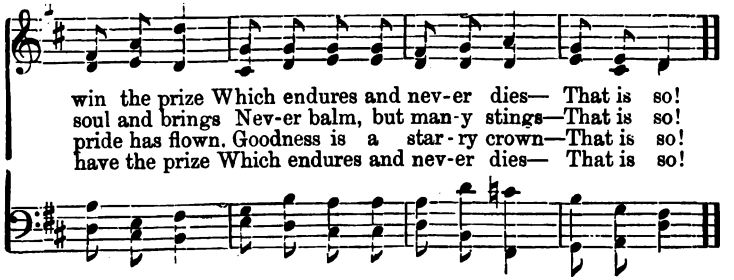


No. 36. THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Slowly. Russian (altered).







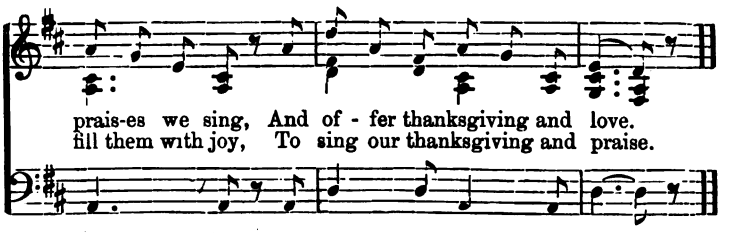
262 No. 37. HAIL! HAIL TO THEE, MELODY!

Moderato. German.

1. Hail! hail to thee, Mel - o - dy! daugh-ter of love! While glad - ly our voic-es we raise; O bear our hearts upward to man-sions a - bove, And speed our sweet anthems of praise. Hail! hail to thee, Har - mo - ny! spread thy light wing To waft our glad singing a - bove; O tune our bright voices, while

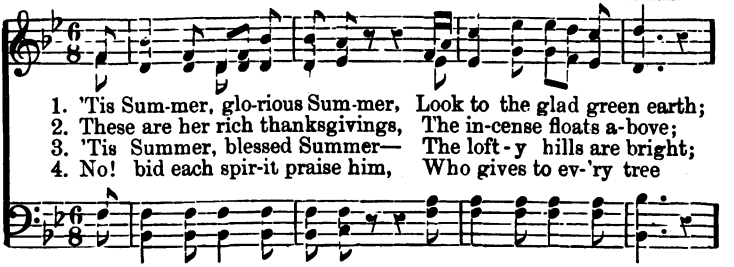
2. Hail! hail to thee, Mu - sic thy glo - ri - ous art, Go forth with its ho - li - est strain! Go calm the wild surg-es that roll o'er the heart, Fall soft - ly on grief and on pain. Sweet Mu - sic, pure beau - ty, that knows no al - loy, Thy loft - i - est hymn we would raise; O kin - dle our voic - es and

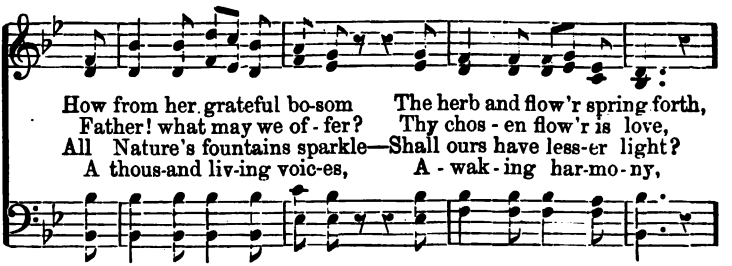
HAIL! HAIL TO THEE, MELODY!—Concluded.

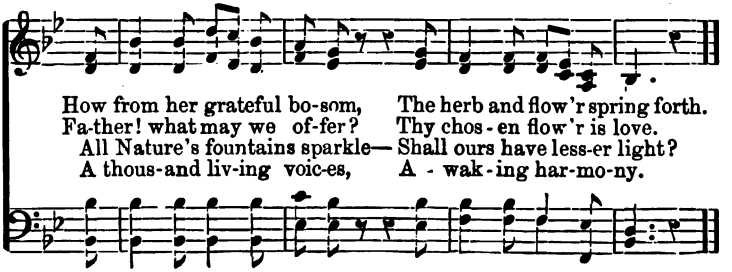


No. 38. THE GLORIOUS SUMMER.

German.







No. 39. HE MAKES HIS SUN TO RISE.

Andante. German.

1. Gen-tle ray of sun - light, gleam-ing From the
With ce-les - tial glo - ry beam-ing Ful. of
2. Like to thine is love's sweet mis-sion, On life's
Us to give a hap - py vis - ion, Of still

por - tals of the sky, light and life and joy: dai - ly path to shine; brigh - ter rays di - vine: Gilding ev - 'ry hill and Love will soothe the sick man's

moun-tain, Smil-ing on their rug - ged side, Cheer-ing
pil - low. Love will light the poor man's day, Love will

ev - 'ry crys-tal fountain, While its sparkling waters glide.
gild time's rolling bil-low. As it bears us on our way.

Moderato. German.

1. There's mu-sic in the midnight breeze, There's music in the morn;
2. The winds that sweep the mountain-top Their joyous echoes bear;
3. The heart, too, has its mel - o - dies, A con - se-crat - ed spring,

The day-beam and the ger - tle eve, Sweet sounds have ever borne;
Young Zephyrs on the streamlet play, And make sweet music there;
From which mysterious voic - es flow, And songs of gladness ring.

The val-ley hath its welcome notes, The grove its tuneful throng,
With rustling sound the for-est leaves Bend to the pass-ing breeze;
Why Nature's mu-sic—but that man May join the myriad throng

And o-cean's mighty caves resound With Nature's endless song.
And pleasant is the bus - y hum Of flow-er seek-ing bees.
Of all her glorious works in one Har-mo-nious burst of song.

No. 41. ALL SERVICE IS HALLOWED.

Not too fast. Danish.

1. You can-not pay with mon-ey, The mil-lion sons of toil;
The sail-or on the o-cean, The peas-ant on the soil;
2. The work-shop must be crowded To fill the home with light;
If plough-men did not la-bor, The po-et could not write;
3. Ye men of tho't and knowledge, Rise, like a band inspired
And po-ets let your vers-es With hope for man be fired;

The la-borer in the quar-ry, The hew-er of the coal;
Then let all work be hal-lowed, That man per-forms for man,
Till earth be-comes a tem-ple, And ev-'ry hu-man heart

Your mon-ey pays the hand, It can-not pay the soul,
And hon-est toil re-vered, As part of one great plan,
Shall join in one glad song, Each hap-py in his part,

Your mon-ey pays the hand, It can-not pay the soul.
And hon-est toil re-vered, As part of one great plan.
Shall join in one glad song, Each hap-py in his part.

A. F. B. German.

Earnestly.

1. We lift our tune-ful voic-es now, In fresh me-lo-dious song;
2. And ye who join the swelling lay, Sweet mel - o-dies em-ploy,

While youthful eyes with pleasure glow, To see our hap-py throng.
To help us on our upward way, And prais-es blend with joy.

And as the sweet and joy-ful tones As-cend from ev'ry child, Let
We own the ten-der constant care That guards us from above; Let

waves of cheer - ful prais-es flow, From pure hearts un- de- filed.
smiles in ev - 'ry face re - flect The heav'nly light of love.

Let waves of cheer ful prais-es flow, From pure hearts undefiled.
Let smiles in ev - 'ry face re-flect The heav'n-ly light of love.

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